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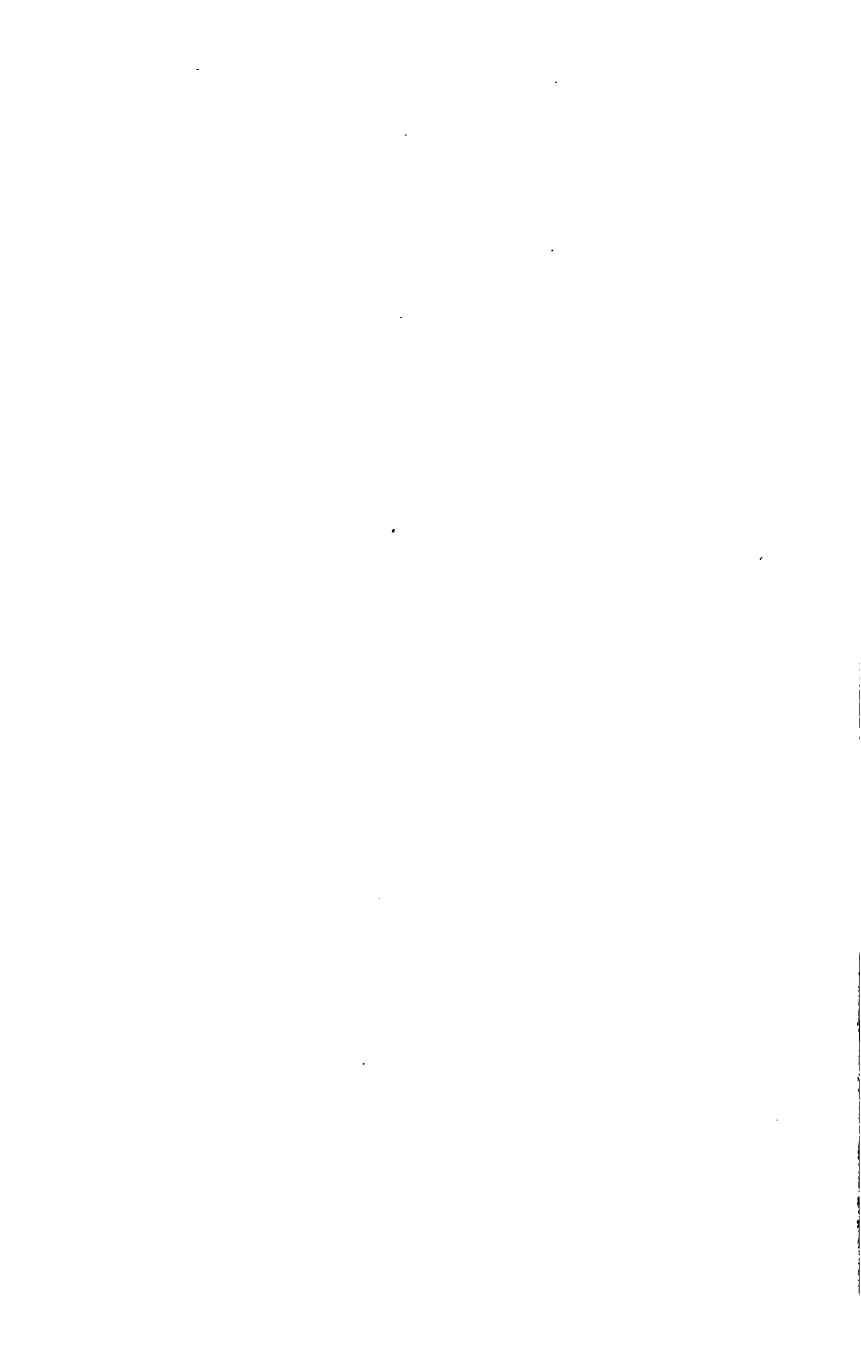
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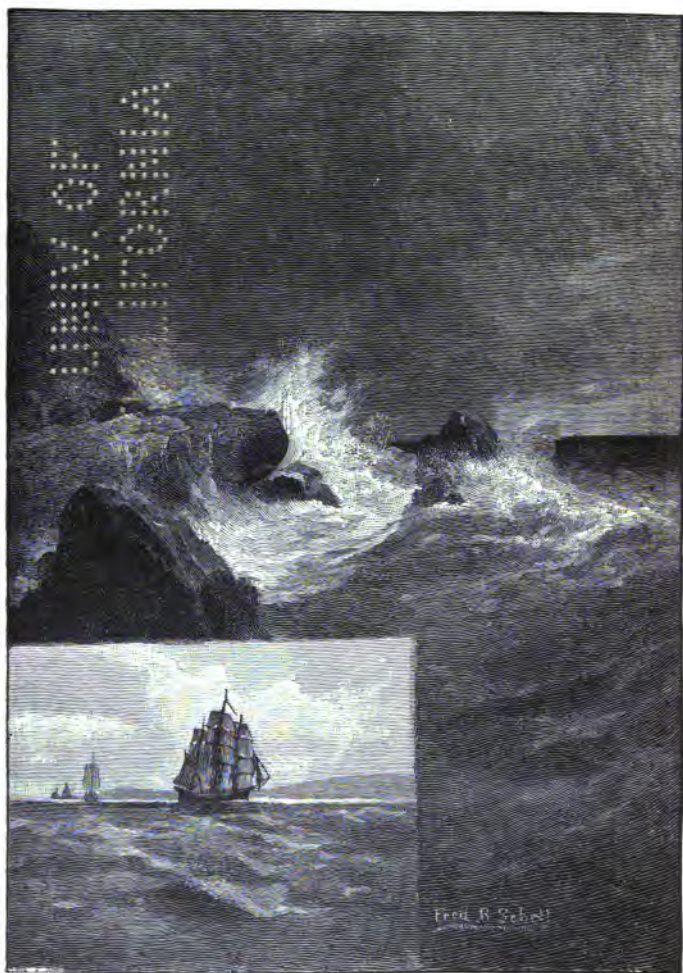
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GIFT OF
A. F. Morrison









“ Break, break, break,
On thy cold gray stones, O Sea!”

Page 539.





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RED-LETTER POEMS

BY

ENGLISH

MEN AND WOMEN.



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GIFT OF

A. F. Morrison

PREFACE.

IN preparing this collection of English verse, it has been the aim of the compiler to include such poems as are acknowledged to be among the best works of the authors here represented; and also to present, *in one compact, inexpensive volume, a popular handbook of English Poetry, from the time of Chaucer to the present day.*

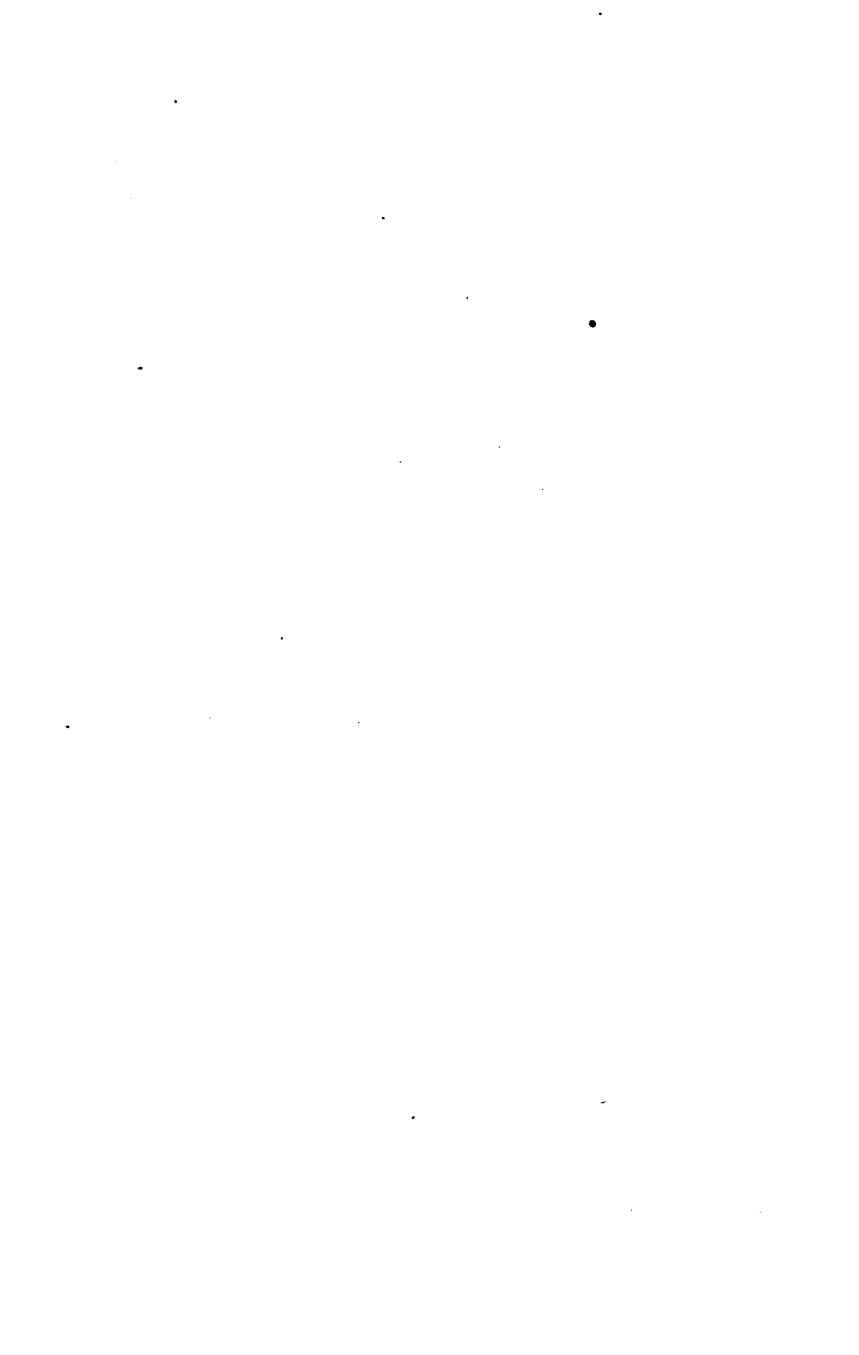
In the pursuance of this plan he has availed himself largely of the labor and judgment of others, in deciding what authors or selections should be included.

Among the works more frequently consulted, and from which numerous extracts have been made, are the following: viz., Ward's "English Poets," Palgrave's "Golden Treasury," Mackay's "Thousand and One Gems," Beeton's "Book of Poetry," "Living English Poets," and "English Poetesses."

A number of poems by authors now living brings the volume down to the latest period, and will doubtless prove of interest to many readers who have not access to the works of these writers.

The biographical data are from Johnson's "Cyclopedia," Ward's "English Poets," Allibone's "Dictionary of Authors," "Men of the Time," and other reliable sources.

An Index of Authors, Contents, and First Lines has been placed at the end of the volume.



CHAUCER.

1328-1400.

[GEOFFREY CHAUCER, born in London probably about 1328, died at Westminster in 1400. He was the son of a vintner; was page in Prince Lionel's household, served in the army, was taken prisoner in France. He was afterwards valet and squire to Edward III., and went as king's commissioner to Italy in 1372, and later. He was Controller of the Customs in the port of London from 1381 to 1386, was M. P. for Kent in 1386, Clerk of the King's Works at Windsor in 1389, and died poor. Mr. Furnivall divides his poetical history into four periods: (1) up to 1371, including the early poems: viz., the A. B. C., the *Compleynte to Pité*, the *Boke of the Duchesse*, and the *Compleynte of Mars*; (2) from 1372 to 1381, including the *Troilus and Criseyde*, *Anelida*, and the *Former Age*; (3) the best period, from 1381 to 1389, including the *Parlement of Foules*, the *House of Fame*, the *Legende of Goode Women*, and the chief of the *Canterbury Tales*; (4) from 1390 to 1400, including the latest *Canterbury Tales*, and the Ballades and Poems of Reflection and later age, of which the last few, like the *Steadfastness*, show failing power.]

PRAISE OF WOMEN.

FOR, this ye know well, tho' I wouldin
lie,

In women is all truth and steadfastness;
For, in good faith, I never of them sie
But much worship, bounty, and gentle-
ness,

Right coming, fair, and full of meeké-
ness;

Good, and glad, and lowly, I you en-
sure,

Is this goodly and angelic creatûre.

And if it hap a man be in disease,
she doth her business and her full pain
With all her might him to comfort and
please,

If fro his disease him she might restrain:
In word ne deed, I wis, she wold not
faine;

With all her might she doth her busi-
ness

To bringen him out of his heaviness.

Lo, here what gentleness these women
have,

If we could know it for our rudéness!
How busy they be us to keep and save

Both in hele and also in sicknès,
And alway right sorry for our distress!
In every manère thus shew they ruth,
That in them is all goodness and all
truth.

THE YOUNG SQUIRE.

WITH him there was his son, a youngé
Squire,

A lover and a lusty bachelor,
With lockés crull, as they were laid in
press.

Of twenty year of age he was I guess.
Of his stature he was of even length,
And wonderly deliver and great of
strength;

And he had been some time in cheva-
chie

In Flandres, in Artois, and in Picardy,
And borne him well, as of so little space,
In hope to standen in his lady's grace.

Embroidered was he, as it were a
mead

All full of freshé flowers white and red.
Singing he was or fluting all the day:

He was as fresh as is the month of
May.

Short was his gown, with sleevés long
and wide;
Well could he sit on horse, and fairé
ride.
He couldé songés well make, and indite,
Joust, and ~~like~~ dance, and well pourtray
and write.
So hot he lovéd, that by nightertale
He slept no more than doth the nightin-
gale.
Courteous he was, lowly and serviceable,
And carved before his father at the table.

ARCITA'S DYING ADDRESS.

"ALAS, the wo! alas, the painés strong
That I for you have suffered, and so long!
Alas, the death! — alas, mine Emelie!
Alas, departing of our company!
Alas, mine herté's queen! — alas, my
wife,
Mine herté's lady — ender of my life!
What is this world? What axen men to
have?
Now with his love, now in his coldé
grave
Alone! withouten any company,
Farewell, my sweet! — farewell, mine
Emelie?"

GOOD COUNSEL OF CHAUCER.

FLY from the press,¹ and dwell with
soothfastness;
Suffice unto thy good, though it be
small,
For hoard² hath hate, and climbing
tickleness;³
Preise⁴ hath envie, and weal is blent
o'er all.
Savor⁵ no more than thee behoven shall,
Rede⁶ well thy self that other fold can'st
rede,
And Truth thee shalt deliver — 'tis no
drede.⁷

That thee is sent receive in buxomness :
The wrestling of this world, asketh a
fall.
Here is no home, here is but wilderness.
Forth, pilgrim, forth — on, best out of
thy stall,
Look up on high, and thank the God
of all!
Weivith⁸ thy lust, and let thy ghost⁹
thee lead,
And Truth thee shalt deliver — 'tis no
drede.

- | | | |
|---------------------------|----------------------------|----------------------|
| ¹ The crowd. | ⁴ Commendation. | ⁷ Fear. |
| ² Treasure. | ⁵ Desire. | ⁸ Subdue. |
| ³ Uncertainty. | ⁶ Counsel. | ⁹ Spirit. |

THE EARL OF SURREY.

1517-1547.

[HENRY HOWARD was the eldest son of Thomas Earl of Surrey, by his second wife, the Lady Elizabeth Stafford, daughter of Edward Stafford, Duke of Buckingham. The date and place of his birth are alike unknown. It probably occurred in 1517. He became Earl of Surrey on the accession of his father to the dukedom of Norfolk in 1524. The incidents of his early life are buried in obscurity; the incidents of his later life rest on evidence rarely trustworthy and frequently apocryphal. He was beheaded on Tower Hill January 21, 1547, nominally on a charge of high treason, really in consequence of having fallen a victim to a Court intrigue, the particulars of which it is now impossible to unravel. With regard to the chronology of his various poems we have nothing to guide us. Though they were extensively circulated in manuscript during his lifetime, they were not printed till June, 1557, when they made their appearance, together with Wyatt's poems and several fugitive pieces by other authors, in *Tottel's Miscellany*.]

THE MEANS TO ATTAIN HAPPY LIFE.

[Translated from Martial.]

MARTIAL, the things that do attain
The happy life be these, I find;
The riches left, not got with pain,
The fruitful ground, the quiet mind.

The equal friend, no grudge, no strife,
No charge of rule nor governance;
Without disease, the healthful life;
The household of continuance.

The mean diet, no delicate fare;
True wisdom joined with simpleness;

The night discharged of all care,
Where wine the wit may not oppress.

The faithful wife, without debate;
Such sleeps as may beguile the night;
Contented with thine own estate,
Ne wish for death, ne fear his might.

GIVE PLACE, YE LOVERS.

GIVE place, ye lovers, here before
That spent your boasts and brags in
vain;
My lady's beauty passeth more
The best of yours, I dare well sayen,
Than doth the sun the candlelight,
Or brightest day the darkest night;

And thereto hath a troth as just
As had Penelope the fair;
For what she saith ye may it trust,
As it by writing sealed were; —
And virtues hath she many mo'
Than I with pen have skill to show.

I could rehearse, if that I would,
The whole effect of Nature's plaint,
When she had lost the perfect mould,
The like to whom she could not paint.
With wringing hands, how did she cry!
And what she said, I know it aye.

I know she swore, with raging mind,
Her kingdom only set apart,
There was no loss by law of kind
That could have gone so near her
heart;
And this was chiefly all her pain, —
"She could not make the like again."

Sith Nature thus gave her the praise
To be the chiefest work she wrought,
In faith, methink, some better ways
On your behalf might well be sought,
Than to compare, as ye have done,
To match the candle with the sun.

HOW NO AGE IS CONTENT WITH ITS OWN ESTATE.

LAYD in my quiet bed in study as I were,
I saw within my troubled head, a heap
of thoughts appear,

And every thought did shew so lyvely in
myne eyes,
That now I sight, and then I smilde, as
cause of thoughts did ryse.

I saw the little boy, in thought how oft
that he

Did wishe of God, to scape the rod, a tall
young man to be,

The young man eake that feles his bones
with paines opprest

How he would be a riche old man, to
live and lye at rest;

The riche olde man that sees his end
draw on so sore,

How he would be a boy againe to live so
much the more.

Whereat full oft I smylde, to see how all
those three

From boy to man, from man to boy,
would chop and change degree.

And musing thus, I think, the case is
very strange,

That man from wealth, to live in wo,
doth ever seke to change.

Thus thoughtfull as I lay, I sawe my
withered skyn,

How it doth shew my dented chewes,
the flesh was worn so thin,

And eke my tootheless chaps, the gates
of my right way,

That opes and shuttes, as I do speak,
do thus unto me say:

The white and horish heres, the messen-
gers of age,

That shew like lines of true belief, that
this life doth assuage,

Biddes thee lay hand, and feele them
hanging on thy chin.

The whiche doth write to ages past, the
third now coming in;

Hang up therefore the bitte, of thy yong
wanton tyme,

And thou that therein beaten art, the
happiest life defyne.

Whereat I sighed, and sayde, farewell
my wonted toye,

Trusse up thy packe, and trudge from
me, to every little boy,

And tell them thus from me, their time
most happy is,

If to theyr time they reason had, to
know the truth of this.

SIR THOMAS WYATT.

1503-1542.

[THOMAS WYATT, the eldest son of Sir Henry Wyatt, a baronet of ancient family, was born at Allington Castle, in Kent, in 1503. In the Court of Henry VIII. he soon became a conspicuous figure, famous for his wit, his learning, his poetical talents, his linguistic attainments, his skill in athletic exercises, his fascinating manners and his handsome person. From a courtier he developed into a statesman and a diplomatist, and in the duties incident to statesmanship and diplomacy most of his life was passed. He died at Sherborne, while on his road to Falmouth, and was buried there October 11, 1542. His poems were first printed in *Tottel's Miscellany* in 1557.]

*A DESCRIPTION OF SUCH A ONE
AS HE COULD LOVE.*

A FACE that should content me wonderous well,
Should not be fatt, but lovely to behold,
Of lively look all griepe for to repell
With right good grace so would I that it should.
Speak without word, such words as none can tell;
Her tress also should be of crisped gold.
With wit and these, perchaunce I might be tryde
And knit againe with knot that should not slide.

*COMPLAINT OF THE ABSENCE
OF HIS LOVE.*

SOE feeble is the thred that doth the burden stay,
Of my poor life in heavy plight that falleth in decay,
That but it have elsewhere some ayde or some succours,
The running spindle of my fate anon shall end his course.
For since the unhappy houre that dyd me to depart,
From my sweet weale one only hoape hath stayed my life apart,
Which doth perswade such words unto my sored mynde,
Maintaine thy selfe, O wofull wight, some better luck to find.
For though thou be deprived from thy desired sight
Who can thee tell, if thy returne before thy more delight;
Or who can tell thy loss if thou mayst once recover,

Some pleasant houres thy wo may wrap,
and thee defend and cover.
Thus in this trust, as yet it hath my life sustained,
But now (alas) I see it faint, and I by trust am trayned.
The tyme doth flete, and I see how the hours do bende,
So fast that I have scant the space to marke my coming end.
Westward the sunn from out the east scant shewd his lite,
When in the west he hies him strait within the dark of night
And comes as fast, where he began his path awry,
From east to west, from west to east, so doth his journey lye.
Thy lyfe so short, so frail, that mortal men lyve here,
Soe great a weight, so heavy charge the bodyes that we bere,
That when I think upon the distance and the space,
That doth so farre divide me from thy dere desired face,
I know not how t'attaine the winges that I require,
To lyft me up that I might fly to follow my desyre.
Thus of that hope that doth my lyfe somethyng susteyne,
Alas I fear, and partly feel full little doth remaine.
Eche place doth bring me griepe where I doe not behold,
Those lively eyes which of my thoughts, were wont the keys to hold.
Those thoughts were pleasant sweet whilst I enjoy'd that grace,
My pleasure past, my present pain, when I might well embrace.

And for because my want should more
 my woe increase,
 In watch and sleep both day and night
 my will doth never cease.
 That thing to wishe whereof synce I did
 lose the sight,
 Was never thing that mought in ought
 my wofull hart delight.
 Th' uneasy life I lead doth teach me for
 to mete,
 The floods, the seas, the land, the hills,
 that doth them intermete,
 Twene me and those shene lights that
 wonted for to clere,
 My darked pangs of cloudy thoughts as
 bright as Phebus sphere;
 It teacheth me also, what was my pleas-
 ant state,
 The more to feele by such record how
 that my welth doth bate.
 If such record (alas) provoke the in-
 flamed mynde,
 Which sprung that day that I dyd leave
 the best of me behynde,
 If love forgeat himselfe by length of
 absence let,
 Who doth me guid (O wofull wretch)
 unto this baited net:
 Where doth encrease my care, much
 better were for me,
 As dumm as stone all things forgott, still
 absent for to be.
 Alas the clear christall, the bright tran-
 splendant glasse,
 Doth not bewray the colours hid which
 underneath it hase.
 As doth the accumbred sprite the
 thoughtfull throwes discover,
 Of teares delyte of fervent love that in
 our hartes we cover,
 Out by these eyes, it sheweth that ever-
 more delight;
 In plaint and teares to seek redress, and
 eke both day and night.
 Those kindes of pleasures most wherein
 men soe rejoyce,
 To me they do redouble still of stormy
 sighes the voice.
 For, I am one of them, whom plaint
 doth well content,
 It fits me well my absent wealth me
 semes for to lament,

And with my teares t' assy to charge
 myne eyes twayne,
 Like as my hart above the brink is
 fraughted full of payne.
 And for because thereto, that these fair
 eyes do treatē,
 Do me provoke, I will returne, my plaint
 thus to repeate;
 For there is nothing els, so toucheth me
 within,
 Where they rule all, and I alone, nought
 but the case or skin.
 Wherefore I shall returne to them as
 well or spring,
 From whom descends my mortall wo,
 above all other thing.
 So shall myne eyes in paine accompany
 my heart,
 That were the guides, that did it lead of
 love to feel the smart.
 The crisped gold that doth surmount
 Appolloe's pride,
 The lively streames of pleasant starrs that
 under it doth glyde,
 Wherein the beames of love doe still
 increase theire heate,
 Which yet so far touch me to near in cold
 to make me sweat,
 The wise and pleasant take, so rare or
 else alone,
 That gave to me the curties gyft, that
 earst had never none.
 Be far from me alas, and every other
 thing,
 I might forbear with better will, then
 this that did me bring.
 With pleasand woord and cheer, redress
 of lingred payne,
 And wonted oft in kindled will, to vertue
 me to trayne.
 Thus am I forc'd to hear and hearken
 after news,
 My comfort scant, my large desire in
 doubtful trust renews.
 And yet with more delight to move my
 wofull case,
 I must complaine these hands, those
 armes, that firmly do embrace,
 Me from myself, and rule the sterne of
 my poor life,
 The sweet disdaynes, the pleasant
 wrathes, and eke the holy strife,

That wonted well to tune in temper just
and mete,
The rage, that oft did make me err by
furour undiscrete.
All this is hid from me with sharp and
ragged hills,
At others will my long abode, my depe
dyspayr fulfill.
And of my hope sometime ryse up by
some redresse,
It stumbleth straite for feable faint my
fear hath such excesse.
Such is the sort of hoape, the less for
more desyre,
And yet I trust e're that I dye, to see
that I require.
The resting-place of love, where virtue
dwells and growes,
There I desire my weary life sometime
may take repose,
My song thou shalt attaine, to find the
pleasant place,
Where she doth live by whom I live, may
chance to have this grace.
When she hath read and seen, the grieve
wherein I serve,
Between her brests she shall thee put,
there shall she thee reserve.
Then tell her, that I come, she shall me
shortly see,
And if for waight the body fayl, the soul
shall to her flee.

*THE AGED LOVER RENOUNCETH
LOVE.*

I LOTHE that I dyd love,
In youth that I thought swete,
As time requires for my behove,
Methinks they are not mete.
My lustes they do me leave,
My fancies all are fled,
And tract of time begynnes to weave
Gray heares upon my hed.
For age with stealing stepes
Hath clawde me with his crouche,
And lusty lyfe away she leapes
As there had been none such.
My muse doth not delight
Me as she dyd before,
My hand and pen are not in plight,

As they have been of yore.
For reason me denyes
This youthly ydle ryme,
And day by day to me cries,
Leave of these toyes in tyme.
The wrinkles in my browe,
The furrows in my face,
Say lymping age will lodge hym now,
Where youth must geve him place.
The harbinger of death,
To me I see him ride,
The cough, the cold, the gasping breath
Doth byd me to provyde
A pickax and a spade
And eke a shrowding shete,
A house of clay for to be made,
For such a geaste most mete.
Methinkes I hear the clarke
That knoles the carefull knell,
And byddes me leave my woful warke,
Ere nature me compell.
My kepers knit the knot,
That youth did laugh to skorne,
Of me that cleane shall be forgot,
As I had not been borne.
Thus must I youth geve up,
Whose badge I long dyd weare,
To them I yelde the wanton cup,
That better may it beare.
Lo, here the bare hed skull,
By whose balde signe I know,
That stouping age away shall pull
Which youthful yeres did sowe.
For beauty with her band
These croked cares hath wrought,
And shipped me into the land,
From whence I fyrst was brought.
And ye that byde behinde,
Have ye none other trust
As ye of clay were cast by kynd,
So shall ye waste to dust.

*THE LONGER LIFE THE MORE
OFFENCE.*

THE longer life the more offence,
The more offence the greater paine,
The greater paine the lesse defence,
The lesse defence the lesser gaine;
The loss of gaine long yll doth trye,
Wherefore come death and let me dye

The shorter life, less count I finde,
The less account the sooner made,
The account soon made, the merier mind,
The merier mynd doth thought evade;
Short life in truth this thing doth trye,
Wherefore come death and let me dye.

Come gentle death, the ebbe of care,
The ebbe of care, the flood of life,
The flood of life, the joyful fare,
The joyful fare, the end of strife,
The end of strife, that thing wish I,
Wherefore come death and let me die.

BEN JONSON.

1573-1637.

[Born 1573; educated at Westminster School and (according to Fuller) at St. John's College, Cambridge. After a brief connection with the trade of his step-father, a master brick-layer, he served as a volunteer in the Low Countries, and settled in London as a playwright not later than 1597. His first important comedy, *Every Man in his Humour*, was acted 1598; his first tragedy, *Sejanus*, 1603. His masques chiefly belong to the reign of James I., more especially to its earlier part. He wrote nothing for the stage from 1616 to 1625. After this he produced a few more plays, without permanently securing the favor of the public. Of these plays the last but two was *The New Inn*, the complete failure of which on the stage provoked Jonson's longer *Ode to Himself*. He enjoyed, however, in his later years, besides a fluctuating court patronage, the general homage of the English world of letters as its veteran chief. He died in London, August 6, 1637. The First Folio edition of his Works, published in 1616, included the Book of *Epigrams*, and the lyrics and epistles gathered under the heading *The Forest* in the same Folio; the Second Folio, published posthumously in 1641, contained the larger and (as its name implies) supplementary collection, called *Underwoods* by its author.]

THE SWEET NEGLECT.

STILL to be neat, still to be drest,
As you were going to a feast:
Still to be poud'red, still perfum'd:
Lady, it is to be presum'd,
Though art's hid causes are not found,
All is not sweet, all is not sound.

Give me a looke, give me a face,
That makes simplicitie a grace;
Robes loosely flowing, haire as free:
Such sweet neglect more taketh me,
Than all th' adulteries of art,
That strike mine eyes, but not my heart.

THE NOBLE NATURE.

It is not growing like a tree
In bulk, doth make Man better be
Or standing long an oak, three hundred year,
To fall a log at last, dry, bald, and sere:
A lily of a day
Is fairer far in May,
Although it fall and die that night —
It was the plant and flower of Light.
In small proportions we just beauties see;
And in short measures life may perfect be.

TRUTH.

[From *Hymenai*; or, the Solemnities of
Masque and Barriers at the marriage of
the Earl of Essex, 1606.]

UPON her head she wears a crown of
stars,
Through which her orient hair waves to
her waist,
By which believing mortals hold her
fast,
And in those golden cords are carried
even,
Till with her breath she blows them up
to heaven.
She wears a robe enchased with eagles'
eyes,
To signify her sight in mysteries:
Upon each shoulder sits a milk-white
dove,
And at her feet do witty serpents move:
Her spacious arms do reach from east
to west,
And you may see her heart shine through
her breast.
Her right hand holds a sun with burn-
ing rays,
Her left a curious bunch of golden keys,

With which heaven's gates she locketh
and displays.

A crystal mirror hangeth at her breast,
By which men's consciences are searched
and drest;

On her coach-wheels Hypocrisy lies
racked;

And squint-eyed Slander with Vainglory
backed

Her bright eyes burn to dust, in which
shines Fate:

An angel ushers her triumphant gait,
Whilst with her fingers fans of stars she
twists,

And with them beats back Error, clad
in mists.

Eternal Unity behind her shines,
That fire and water, earth and air com-
bines.

Her voice is like a trumpet loud and
shrill,

Which bids all sounds in earth and
heaven be still.

— EPODE.¹

[From *The Forest*.]

NOT to know vice at all, and keep true
state,

Is virtue and not Fate;

Next to that virtue, is to know vice well,
And her black spite expel.

Which to effect (since no breast is so
sure

Or safe, but she'll procure
Some way of entrance) we must plant a
guard

Of thoughts to watch and ward
At the eye and ear, the ports unto the
mind,

That no strange or unkind
Object arrive there, but the heart, our
spy

Give knowledge instantly
To wakeful reason, our affections' king:
Who, in th' examining,

Will quickly taste the treason, and com-
mit

Close the close cause of it.

¹ The following is only the earlier (general)
part of this fine Epode, "sung to deep ears."

'Tis the securest policy we have
To make our sense our slave.

But this true course is not embraced by
many —

By many? scarce by any.

For either our affections do rebel,

Or else the sentinel,

That should ring laram to the heart,
doth sleep;

Or some great thought doth keep
Back the intelligence, and falsely swears

They are base and idle fears

Whereof the loyal conscience so com-
plains.

Thus, by these subtle trains

Do several passions invade the mind,

And strike our reason blind.

— TO CELIA.

I.

DRINK to me only with thine eyes,

And I will pledge with mine;

Or leave a kiss within the cup,

And I'll not look for wine.

The thirst that from the soul doth rise,

Doth ask a drink divine:

But might I of Jove's nectar sup,

I would not change for thine.

II.

I sent thee late a rosy wreath,

Not so much honoring thee,

As giving it a hope, that there

It could not withered be;

But thou thereon didst only breathe,

And sent'st it back to me,

Since when it grows, and smells, I swear,

Not of itself but thee.

— JEALOUSY.

WRETCHED and foolish Jealousy,

How cam'st thou thus to enter me?

I ne'er was of thy kind:

Nor have I yet the narrow mind

To vent that poor desire,

That others should not warm them at
my fire:

I wish the sun should shine

On all men's fruits and flowers, as
well as mine.

But under the disguise of love,
Thou say'st thou only cam'st to prove
What my affections were.
Think'st thou that love is helped by fear?
Go, get thee quickly forth,
Love's sickness, and his noted want of
worth,
Seek doubting men to please,
I ne'er will owe my health to a disease.

SONG OF HESPERUS.

[From "Cynthia's Revels."]

QUEEN and huntress, chaste and fair,
Now the sun is laid to sleep,
Seated in thy silver chair,

State in wonted manner keep.
Hesperus entreats thy light,
Goddess excellently bright!

Earth, let not thy envious shade
Dare itself to interpose;
Cynthia's shining orb was made
Heaven to clear, when day did close.
Bless us then with wished sight,
Goddess excellently bright!

Lay thy bow of pearl apart,
And thy crystal-shining quiver:
Give unto the flying hart
Space to breathe how short soever;
Thou that mak'st a day of night,
Goddess excellently bright!



MICHAEL DRAYTON.

1563-1631.

[MICHAEL DRAYTON was born at Hartshull in Warwickshire about the year 1563. He died on the 23d of December, 1631, and lies buried in Westminster Abbey. In 1591 he published *The Harmony of the Church*, which was for some unknown reason refused a license, and has never been reprinted till recently. It was followed by *Idea* and *The Pastorals*, 1593; *Mortimeriados* (the Barons' Wars), 1596; *The Heroical Epistles* (one had been separately printed, 1598); *The Owl*, 1604; *Legends of Cromwell and others*, 1607-1613; *Polyolbion* (first eighteen books, 1612, whole, 1622); *The Battle of Agincourt*, 1626; besides minor works at intervals.]

THE QUEST OF CYNTHIA.

WHAT time the groves were clad in
green,
The fields drest all in flowers,
And that the sleek-hair'd nymphs were
seen
To seek them summer bowers.

Forth rov'd I by the sliding rills,
To find where Cynthia sat,
Whose name so often from the hills
The echoes wonder'd at.

When me upon my quest to bring,
That pleasure might excel,
The birds strove which should sweetliest
sing,
The flow'rs which should sweetest
smell.

Long wand'ring in the wood, said I,
"O whither's Cynthia gone?"
When soon the echo doth reply
To my last word — "Go on."

At length upon a lofty fir
It was my chance to find,
Where that dear name most due to her
Was carved upon the rind.

Which whilst with wonder I beheld,
The bees their honey brought,
And up the carved letters fill'd,
As they with gold were wrought.

And near that tree's more spacious root,
Then looking on the ground,
The shape of her most dainty foot
Imprinted there I found.

Which stuck there like a curious seal,
As though it should forbid
Us, wretched mortals, to reveal
What under it was hid.

Besides, the flowers which it had press'd,
Appeared to my view
More fresh and lovely than the rest,
That in the meadows grew.

The clear drops, in the steps that stood
Of that delicious girl,
The nymphs, amongst their dainty food,
Drunk for dissolved pearl.

The yielding sand, where she had trod,
Untouch'd yet with the wind,
By the fair posture plainly shew'd
Where I might Cynthia find.

When on upon my wayless walk
As my desires me draw,
I like a madman fell to talk
With everything I saw.

I ask'd some lilies, "Why so white
They from their fellows were?"
Who answer'd me, "That Cynthia's sight
Had made them look so clear."

I ask'd a nodding violet, "Why
It sadly hung the head?"
It told me, "Cynthia late past by,"
Too soon from it that fled.

A bed of roses saw I there,
Bewitching with their grace,
Besides so wond'rous sweet they were,
That they perfum'd the place.

I of a shrub of those inquir'd,
From others of that kind,
Who with such virtue them inspir'd?
It answer'd (to my mind):

"As the base hemlock were we such,
The poisoned'st weed that grows,
Till Cynthia, by her godlike touch,
Transform'd us to the rose.

"Since when those frosts that winter
brings
Which candy every green,

Renew us like the teeming springs,
And we thus fresh are seen."

At length I on a fountain light,
Whose brim with pinks was platted,
The bank with daffodillies dight
With grass like sleeve was matted:

When I demanded of that well
What pow'r frequented there;
Desiring it would please to tell
What name it us'd to bear:

It told me, "It was Cynthia's own,
Within whose cheerful brims,
That curious nymph had oft been known
To bathe her snowy limbs;

"Since when that water had the pow'r
Lost maidenhoods to restore
And make one twenty in an hour,
Of Æson's age before,"

And told me, "That the bottom clear,
Now lay'd with many a fett
Of seed pearl, e'er she bath'd her there
Was known as black as jet:

"As when she from the water came
Where first she touch'd the mould,
In balls the people made the same
For pomander, and sold."

When chance me to an arbour led,
Whereas I might behold;
Two blest elysiums in one sted,
The less the great infold;

The place which she had chosen out,
Herself in to repose:
Had they come down the gods no doubt
The very same had chose.

The wealthy Spring yet never bore
That sweet, nor dainty flower,
That damask'd not the chequer'd floor
Of Cynthia's summer bower.

The birch, the myrtle, and the bay,
Like friends did all embrace;
And their large branches did display,
To canopy the place.

Where she like Venus doth appear
 Upon a rosy bed;
 As lilies the soft pillows were,*
 Whereon she lay'd her head.

Heav'n on her shape such cost bestow'd,
 And with such bounties blest,
 No limb of hers but might have made
 A goddess at the least.

The flies by chance mesh'd in her hair,
 By the bright radiance thrown
 From her clear eyes, rich jewels were,
 They so like diamonds shone.

The meanest weed the soil there bare,
 Her breath did so refine,
 That it with woodbine durst compare,
 And eke the eglantine.

The dew which on the tender grass
 The evening had distill'd,
 To pure rose-water turned was,
 The shades with sweets that fill'd.

The winds were hush'd, no leaf so small
 At all was seen to stir:
 Whilst tuning to the waters' fall
 The small birds sing to her.

Where she too quickly me espies,
 When I too plainly see
 A thousand cupids from her eyes
 Shoot all at once at me.

"Into these secret shades (quoth she)
 How dar'st thou be so bold
 To enter, consecrate to me,
 Or touch this hallowed mould?"

"Those words (quoth she) I can pronounce,
 Which to that shape can bring
 Thee, which that hunter had, who once
 Saw Dian in the spring."

Bright nymph (again I thus reply),
 This cannot me afright:
 Had rather in thy presence die,
 Than live out of thy sight.

"I first upon the mountains high
 Built altars to thy name,

And grav'd it on the rocks thereby,
 To propagate thy fame.

"I taught the shepherds on the downs
 Of thee to form their lays:
 'Twas I that fill'd the neighboring towns
 With ditties of thy praise.

"Thy colors I devis'd with care,
 Which were unknown before:
 Which since that in their braided hair
 The nymphs and sylvans wore.

"Transform me to what shape you can,
 I pass not what it be:
 Yea, what most hateful is to man,
 So I may follow thee."

Which when she heard, full pearly floods
 I in her eyes might view.
 (Quoth she), "Most welcome to these
 woods
 Too mean for one so true.

"Here from the hateful world we'll live,
 A den of mere despight:
 To idiots only that doth give,
 Which be for sole delight.

"To people the infernal pit,
 That more and more doth strive;
 Where only villany is wit,
 And devils only thrive.

"Whose vileness us shall never awe:
 But here our sports shall be
 Such as the golden world first saw,
 Most innocent and free.

"Of simples in these groves that grow,
 We'll learn the perfect skill:
 The nature of each herb to know,
 Which cures and which can kill.

"The waxen palace of the bee,
 We seeking will surprise,
 The curious workmanship to see
 Of her full-laden thighs.

"We'll suck the sweets out of the comb,
 And make the gods repine,
 As they do feast in Jove's great room,
 To see with what we dine.

"Yet when there haps a honey fall,
We'll lick the syrup'd leaves,
And tell the bees that theirs is gall
To this upon the greaves.

"The nimble squirrel noting here,
Her mossy dray that makes,
And laugh to see the dusty deer
Come bounding o'er the brakes.

"The spider's web to watch we'll stand,
And when it takes the bee,
We'll help out of the tyrant's hand
The innocent to free.

"Sometime we'll angle at the brook,
The freckled trout to take,
With silken worms and bait the hooks
Which him our prey shall make.

"Of meddling with such subtle tools,
Such dangers that enclose,
The moral is, that painted fools
Are caught with silken shews.

"And when the moon doth once appear,
We'll trace the lower grounds,
When fairies in their ringlets there
Do dance their nightly rounds.

"And have a flock of turtle doves,
A guard on us to keep,
As witness of our honest loves,
To watch us till we sleep."

Which spoke, I felt such holy fires
To overspread my breast,
As lent life to my chaste desires,
And gave me endless rest.

By Cynthia thus do I subsist,
On earth heaven's only pride;
Let her be mine, and let who list
Take all the world beside.

TO HIS COY LOVE.

I PRAY thee love, love me no more,
Call home the heart you gave me,
I but in vain that saint adore,
That can, but will not save me :

These poor half kisses kill me quite ;
Was ever man thus served?
Amidst an ocean of delight,
For pleasure to be starved.

Show me no more those snowy breasts,
With azure rivers branched,
Where whilst my eye with plenty feasts,
Yet is my thirst not stanch'd.
O Tantalus, thy pains ne'er tell,
By me thou art prevented;
'Tis nothing to be plagu'd in hell,
But thus in heaven tormented.

Clip me no more in those dear arms,
Nor thy life's comfort call me;
O, these are but too powerful charms,
And do but more enthrall me.
But see how patient I am grown,
In all this coyle about thee;
Come, nice thing, let thy heart alone,
I cannot live without thee.

LOVE'S FAREWELL.

SINCE there's no help, come let us kiss
and part,—
Nay I have done, you get no more of
me;
And I am glad, yea glad with all my
heart,
That thus so cleanly I myself can
free;

Shake hands for ever, cancel all our vows,
And when we meet at any time again,
Be it not seen in either of our brows
That we one jot of former love retain.

Now at the last gasp of love's latest
breath,
When his pulse failing, passion speech-
less lies,
When faith is kneeling by his bed of
death,
And innocence is closing up his eyes,

—Now if thou would'st, when all have
given him over,
From death to life thou might'st him
yet recover !

THE BATTLE OF AGINCOURT.

FAIR stood the wind for France
 When we our sails advance,
 Nor now to prove our chance
 Longer will tarry;
 But putting to the main,
 At Kaux, the mouth of Seine,
 With all his martial train,
 Landed King Harry.

And taking many a fort,
 Furnish'd in warlike sort
 March'd toward Agincourt
 In happy hour;
 Skirmishing day by day
 With those that stop'd his way,
 Where the French gen'ral lay
 With all his power.

Which in his height of pride,
 King Henry to deride,
 His ransom to provide
 To the King sending;
 Which he neglects the while,
 As from a nation vile
 Yet with an angry smile,
 Their fall portending.

And turning to his men,
 Quoth our brave Henry then,
 Though they to one be ten,
 Be not amazed.
 Yet, have we well begun,
 Battles so bravely won
 Have ever to the sun
 By fame been raised.

And for myself, quoth he,
 This my full rest shall be,
 England ne'er mourn for me,
 Nor more esteem me.
 Victor I will remain,
 Or on this earth lie slain,
 Never shall she sustain
 Loss to redeem me.

Poictiers and Cressy tell,
 When most their pride did swell,
 Under our swords they fell,
 No less our skill is,

Than when our grandsire great,
 Claiming the regal seat,
 By many a warlike feat,
 Lop'd the French lilies.

The Duke of York so dread,
 The eager vanward led;
 With the main Henry sped,
 Amongst his henchman.
 Excester had the rear,
 A braver man not there,
 O Lord how hot they were
 On the false Frenchmen!

They now to fight are gone,
 Armor on armor shone,
 Drum now to drum did groan
 To hear, was wonder;
 That with cries they make,
 The very earth did shake,
 Trumpet to trumpet spake,
 Thunder to thunder.

Well it thine age became,
 O noble Erpingham,
 Which did the signal aim
 To our hid forces;
 When from a meadow by,
 Like a storm suddenly,
 The English archery
 Stuck the French horses.

With Spanish yew so strong,
 Arrows a cloth-yard long,
 That like to serpents stung
 Piercing the weather;
 None from his fellow starts,
 But playing manly parts,
 And like true English hearts,
 Stuck close together.

When down their bows they threw
 And forth their bilbows drew,
 And on the French they flew;
 Not one was tardy;
 Arms were from shoulders sent,
 Scalps to the teeth were rent,
 Down the French peasants went,
 Our men were hardy.

This while our noble king,
 His broad sword brandishing,

Down the French host did ding,
 As to o'erwhelm it;
 And many a deep wound lent,
 His arms with blood besprent
 And many a cruel dent
 Bruised his helmet.

Glo'ster, that duke so good,
 Next of the royal blood,
 For famous England stood,
 With his brave brother,
 Clarence, in steel so bright,
 Though but a maiden knight,
 Yet in that furious fight
 Scarce such another.

Warwick in blood did wade,
 Oxford the foe invade,
 And cruel slaughter made,
 Still as they ran up;
 Suffolk his axe did ply,
 Beaumont and Willoughby
 Bear them right doughtily,
 Ferrers and Fanhope.

Upon St. Crispin's day
 Fought was this noble fray,
 Which fame did not delay,
 To England to carry;
 O when shall Englishmen
 With such acts fill a pen,
 Or England breed again
 Such a King Harry?

SONNET.

LOVE in a humor play'd the prodigal,
 And bade my senses to a solemn feast;
 Yet more to grace the company withal,
 Invites my heart to be the chiefest guest:
 No other drink would serve this glut-
 ton's turn
 But precious tears distilling from mine
 eyne,
 Which with my sighs this epicure doth
 burn,
 Quaffing carouses in this costly wine;
 Where, in his cups o'ercome with foul
 excess,
 Straightways he plays a swaggering ruf-
 fian's part,

And at the banquet in his drunkenness,
 Slew his dear friend, my kind and truest
 heart:

A gentle warning (friends) thus may
 you see,
 What 'tis to keep a drunkard company.

LOVE BANISHED HEAVEN.

SONNET.

LOVE banish'd heaven, in earth was held
 in scorn,
 Wand'ring abroad in need and beggary;
 And wanting friends, though of a god-
 dess born,
 Yet crav'd the alms of such as passed
 by:
 I, like a man devout and charitable,
 Clothed the naked, lodg'd this wand'ring
 guest,
 With sighs and tears still furnishing his
 table,
 With what might make the miserable
 blest;
 But this ungrateful, for my good desert,
 Entic'd my thoughts against me to con-
 spire,
 Who gave consent to steal away my
 heart,
 And set my breast his lodging on a fire.
 Well, well, my friends, when beggars
 grow thus bold,
 No marvel then though charity grow
 cold.

SONNET.

If he, from heaven that filch'd that liv-
 ing fire,
 Condemn'd by Jove to endless torment be,
 I greatly marvel how you still go free,
 That far beyond Prometheus did aspire:
 The fire he stole, although of heavenly
 kind,
 Which from above he craftily did take,
 Of lifeless clods, us living men to make,
 He did bestow in temper of the mind:
 But you broke into heav'n's immortal
 store,

Where virtue, honor, wit, and beauty lay;
Which taking thence you have escap'd
away,
Yet stand as free as e'er you did before:
Yet old Prometheus punish'd for his
rape:
Thus poor thieves suffer, when the
greater 'scape.

KING HENRY TO FAIR
ROSAMOND.

THE little flow'rs dropping their honey'd
dew,
Which (as thou writ'st) do weep upon
thy shoe,
Not for thy fault (sweet Rosamond) do
moan,
Only lament that thou so soon art gone:
For if thy foot touch hemlock as it goes,
That hemlock's made far sweeter than
the rose.

My camp resounds with fearful shocks
of war,
Yet in my breast more dang'rous con-
flicts are;
Yet is my signal to the battle's sound
The blessed name of beauteous Rosa-
mond.
Accused be that heart, that tongue, that
breath,
Should think, should speak, or whisper
of thy death:
For in one smile or lower from thy sweet
eye
Consists my life, my hope, my victory.
Sweet Woodstock, where my Rosamond
doth rest,
Be blest in her, in whom thy king is
blest:
For though in France awhile my body
be,
My heart remains (dear paradise) in
thee.

WILLIAM DRUMMOND
OF HAWTHORNDEN.

1585-1649.

[WILLIAM DRUMMOND was born at the manor-house of Hawthornden, near Edinburgh, on December 13, 1585, and died there December 4, 1649. His chief poetical works are: *Tears on the Death of Moliades* (Prince Henry), 1613; *Poems*, 1616; *Forth Feasting, a panegyricke to the King's most excellent Majestie*, 1617; *Flowers of Sion*, 1623; *The Entertainment of the high and mighty monarch Charles*, 1633; *The Exequies of the Honourable Sir Anthony Alexander, Knight*, 1638. Besides these he wrote innumerable political pamphlets, etc., and a considerable historical work. More important are his well-known *Conversations with Ben Jonson*, of which an authentic copy was discovered by Mr. David Laing and printed by him in 1832. A unique copy of the *Poems*, printed on one side of the paper only, and containing Drummond's autograph corrections, is in the Bodleian Library. It varies most curiously from the later editions.]

SUMMONS TO LOVE.

PHOEBUS, arise!
And paint the sable skies
With azure, white, and red:
Rouse Memnon's mother from her Ti-
thon's bed
That she may thy career with roses
spread:

The nightingales thy coming each where
sing:
Make an eternal spring!
Give life to this dark world which lieth
dead;
Spread forth thy golden hair
In larger locks than thou wast wont
before,
And emperor-like decore

With diadem of pearl thy temples fair :
Chase hence the ugly night
Which serves but to make dear thy glorious light.

— This is that happy morn,
That day, long-wishéd day
Of all my life so dark,
(If cruel stars have not my ruin sworn
And fates my hopes betray),
Which, purely white, deserves
An everlasting diamond should it mark.
This is the morn should bring unto this grove

My Love, to hear and recompense my love.

Fair King, who all preserves,
But show thy blushing beams,
And thou two sweeter eyes
Shalt see than those which by Penéus' streams

Did once thy heart surprise.
Now, Flora, deck thyself in fairest guise :

If that ye winds would hear
A voice surpassing far Amphion's lyre,
Your furious chiding stay;
Let Zephyr only breathe,
And with her tresses play.

— The winds all silent are,
And Phoebus in his chair
Ensafroning sea and air
Makes vanish every star :
Night like a drunkard reels
Beyond the hills, to shun his flaming wheels :

The fields with flowers are deck'd in every hue,
The clouds with orient gold spangle their blue;

Here is the pleasant place —
And nothing wanting is, save She, alas !

TO A NIGHTINGALE.

SWEET bird, that sing'st away the early hours

Of winters past, or coming, void of care,
Well pleaséd with delights which present are,

Fair seasons, budding sprays, sweet-smelling flowers :

To rocks, to springs, to rills, from leafy bowers

Thou thy Creator's goodness dost declare,

And what dear gifts on thee he did not spare, —

A stain to human sense in sin that lowers.

What soul can be so sick, which by thy songs

(Attired in sweetness) sweetly is not driven

Quite to forget Earth's turmoils, spites, and wrongs,

And lift a reverend eye and thought to Heaven?

Sweet, artless songster, thou my mind dost raise

To airs of spheres, yes, and to angels' lays.

THE LESSONS OF NATURE.

Of this fair volume which we World do name,

If we the sheets and leaves could turn with care,

Of him who it corrects, and did it frame,
We clear might read the art and wisdom rare :

Find out his power which wildest powers doth tame,

His providence extending everywhere,
His justice which proud rebels doth not spare,

In every page, no period of the same.

But silly we, like foolish children, rest
Well pleased with color'd vellum, leaves of gold,

Fair dangling ribbands, leaving what is best,

On the great writer's sense ne'er taking hold;

Or if by chance we stay our minds on aught,

It is some picture on the margin wrought.

A GOOD THAT NEVER SATIS-
FIES THE MIND.

A GOOD that never satisfies the mind,
A beauty fading like the April flow'rs,
A sweet with floods of gall, that runs
combin'd
A pleasure passing ere in thought made
ours,
An honor that more fickle is than wind,
A glory at opinion's frown that low'rs,
A treasury which bankrupt time devours,

A knowledge than grave ignorance
more blind,
A vain delight our equals to command,
A style of greatness, in effect a dream,
A swelling thought of holding sea and
land,
A servile lot, deck'd with a pompous
name,
Are the strange ends we toil for here
below,
Till wisest death make us our errors
know.

JOHN DONNE.

1573-1631.

[BORN 1573, in London; his mother being a descendant of Sir Thomas More. He studied both at Oxford and Cambridge, and also at Lincoln's Inn; travelled in Italy and Spain, "and returned perfect in their languages." He was afterwards in the service of Lord Chancellor Ellesmere and others, and in 1610 was persuaded by James I. "to enter into sacred orders." In 1621 the king made him Dean of St. Paul's, and he held other benefices. He died in 1631. Izaak Walton's celebrated *Life* was prefixed to his *Eighty Sermons*, fol., 1640; and this *Life* asserts that "most of his poems were written before the twentieth year of his age." The *Poems* were collected and first published posthumously in 1633; but Harl. MS. 5110 (British Museum), is entitled, "Jhon Dunne, his Satyres anno domini 1593."]]

SONG.

SWEETEST love, I do not go
For weariness of thee,
Nor in hope the world can show
A fitter love for me;
But since that I
Must die at last, 'tis best
Thus to use myself in jest
By feigned deaths to die.

Yesternight the Sun went hence,
And yet is here to-day,
He hath no desire nor sense,
Nor half so short a way;
Then fear not me,
But believe that I shall make
Hastier journeys, since I take
More wings and spurs than he.

O, how feeble is man's power,
That if good fortune fall,
Cannot add another hour,
Nor a lost hour recall.]

But come bad chance,
And we join to't our strength,
And we teach it art and length,
Itself o'er us t' advance.

When thou sigh'st thou sigh'st not
wind,
But sigh'st my soul away;
When thou weep'st unkindly kind,
My life's blood doth decay.
It cannot be
That thou lov'st me, as thou say'st;
If in thine my life thou waste,
Thou art the life of me.

Let not thy divining heart
Forethink me any ill,
Destiny may take my part
And may thy fears fulfil;
But think that we
Are but laid aside to sleep:
They who one another keep
Alive, ne'er parted be.

FROM "VERSES TO SIR HENRY
WOTTON."

BE then thine own home, and in thyself
dwell;
Inn anywhere; continuance maketh
Hell.
And seeing the snail, which everywhere
doth roam,
Carrying his own house still, is still at
home:
Follow (for he's easy pac'd) this snail,
Be thine own palace, or the world's thy
jail.
But in the world's sea do not like cork
sleep
Upon the water's face, nor in the deep
Sink like a lead without a line: but as
Fishes glide, leaving no print where
they pass,
Nor making sound, so closely thy course
go;
Let men dispute whether thou breathe
or no:
Only in this be no Galenist. To make
Court's hot ambitions wholesome, do not
take
A dram of country's dulness; do not add
Correctives, but as chymics purge the
bad.
But, sir, I advise not you, I rather do
Say o'er those lessons which I learn'd
of you:
Whom, free from Germany's schisms,
and lightness
Of France, and fair Italie's faithlessness,

Having from these suck'd all they had
of worth
And brought home that faith which you
carry'd forth,
I thoroughly love: but if myself I've won
To know my rules, I have, and you have,
Donne.

THE MESSAGE.

SEND home my long stray'd eyes to me,
Which, oh! too long have dwelt on thee;
But if they there have learned such ill,
Such forc'd fashions
And false passions,
That they be
Made by thee
Fit for no good sight, keep them still.

Send home my harmless heart again,
Which no unworthy thought could stain;
But if it be taught by thine
To make jestings
Of protestings,
And break both
Word and oath,
Keep it still, 'tis none of mine.

Yet send me back my heart and eyes,
That I may know and see thy lies,
And may laugh and joy when thou
Art in anguish,
And dost languish
For some one
That will none,
Or prove as false as thou dost now.



SIR EDWARD DYER.

1550-1607.

[BORN about 1550, at Sharpham, near Glastonbury; educated at Balliol College, Oxford; ambassador to Denmark, 1589; knighted, 1596; died, 1607.]

TO PHILLIS THE FAIR SHEP-
HERDESS.

My Phillis hath the morning Sun,
At first to look upon her:
And Phillis hath morn-waking birds,
Her rising still to honor.

My Phillis hath prime feathered flow-
ers,
That smile when she treads on them:
And Phillis hath a gallant flock
That leaps since she doth own them,
But Phillis hath too hard a heart,
Alas, that she should have it!

It yields no mercy to desert
Nor grace to those that crave it.

Sweet Sun, when thou look'st on,
Pray her regard my moan!
Sweet birds when you sing to her
To yield some pity woo her!
Sweet flowers that she treads on,
Tell her, her beauty dreads one.
And if in life her love she nill agree me,
Pray her before I die, she will come see me.

MY MIND TO ME A KINGDOM IS.

My mind to me a kingdom is,
Such present joys therein I find,
That it excels all other bliss
That earth affords or grows by kind:
Though much I want which most would
have,
Yet still my mind forbids to crave.

No princely pomp, no wealthy store,
No force to win the victory,
No wily wit to salve a sore,
No shape to feed a loving eye;
To none of these I yield as thrall:
For why? My mind doth serve for all.

I see how plenty [surfeits] oft,
And hasty climbers soon do fall;
I see that those which are aloft
Mishap doth threaten most of all;
They get with toil, they keep with fear;
Such cares my mind could never bear.

Content to live, this is my stay;
I seek no more than may suffice;
I press to bear no haughty sway;
Look, what I lack my mind supplies:
Lo, thus I triumph like a king,
Content with that my mind doth bring.

Some have too much, yet still do crave;
I little have, and seek no more.
They are but poor, though much they
have,
And I am rich with little store;
They poor, I rich; they beg, I give;
They lack, I leave; they pine, I live.

I laugh not at another's loss;
I grudge not at another's pain;
No worldly waves my mind can toss;
My state at one doth still remain:
I fear no foe, I fawn no friend;
I loathe not life, nor dread my end.

Some weigh their pleasure by their lust,
Their wisdom by their rage of will;
Their treasure is their only trust;
A cloaked craft their store of skill:
But all the pleasure that I find
Is to maintain a quiet mind.

My wealth is health and perfect ease:
My conscience clear my chief de-
fence;
I neither seek by bribes to please,
Nor by deceit to breed offence:
Thus do I live; thus will I die;
Would all did so as well as I!

EDMUND SPENSER.

1552-1598-9.

[EDMUND SPENSER was born in London about 1552. He was educated at Merchant Taylors' School: his first poetical performances, translations from Petrarch and Du Bellay, published without his name in a miscellaneous collection, belong to the time of his leaving school in 1569. From that year to 1576 he was at Pembroke Hall, Cambridge. In 1579 he was in London, acquainted with Philip Sidney, and in Lord Leicester's household. In 1580 was published, but without his name, *The Shepheards Calender*; and in the autumn of that year he went to Ireland with Lord Grey of Wilton, as his private secretary. The remainder of his life, with the exception of short visits to England, was spent in Ireland, where he held various subordinate offices, and where he settled on a grant of forfeited land at Kilcolman, in the county of Cork. In 1589 he accompanied Sir Walter Raleigh to London, and in 1590 published the first three books of *The*

Faerie Queene. In 1591 he returned to Ireland, and a miscellaneous collection of compositions of earlier and later dates (*Complaints*) was published in London. In June, 1594, he married, and the next year, 1595, he again visited London, and in Jan., 1595-6, published the second instalment of *The Faerie Queene* (iv-vi). With the same date, 1595, were published his *Colin Clouts Come Home again*, an account of his visit to the Court in 1589-90, and his *Amoretti Sonnets*, and an *Epithalamion*, relating to his courtship and marriage. At the end of 1598 his house was sacked and burnt by the Munster rebels, and he returned in great distress to London. He died at Westminster, Jan. 16, 1598-9, and was buried in the Abbey.]

THE MINISTRY OF ANGELS.

AND is there care in Heaven? And is
there love

In heavenly spirits to these creatures
base,

That may compassion of their evils
move?

There is:—else much more wretched
were the case

Of men than beasts: but O! th' exceed-
ing grace

Of highest God, that loves his creatures
so,

And all his works with mercy doth em-
brace,

That blessed angels he sends to and fro,
To serve to wicked man, to serve his foe!

How oft do they their silver bowers leave
To come to succor us that succor want!
How oft do they with golden pinions
cleave

The flitting skies, like flying pursuivant,
Against foul fiends to aid us militant!

They for us fight, they watch and duly
ward,

And their bright squadrons round about
us plant;

And all for love, and nothing for reward:
O, why should heavenly God to men have
such regard?

UNA AND THE LION.

ONE day, nigh weary of the irksome way,
From her unhasty beast she did alight;
And on the grass her dainty limbs did
lay

In secret shadow, far from all men's
sight;

From her fair head her fillet she undight,
And laid her stole aside: her angel's
face,

As the great eye of Heaven, shined
bright,

And made a sunshine in the shady place;
Did never mortal eye behold such hea-
venly grace.

It fortunéd, out of the thickest wood
A ramping lion rushéd suddenly,
Hunting full greedy after salvage blood:
Soon as the royal virgin he did spy,
With gaping mouth at her ran greed-
ily,

To have at once devoured her tender
corse:

But to the prey when as he drew more
nigh,

His bloody rage assuagéd with remorse,
And, with the sight amazed, forgot his
furious force.

Instead thereof he kissed her weary feet,
And licked her lily hands with fawning
tongue;

As he her wrongéd innocence did weet.
O how can beauty master the most
strong,

And simple truth subdue avenging
wrong!

Whose yielded pride and proud sub-
mission,

Still dreading death, when she had
marked long,

Her heart 'gan melt in great compas-
sion;

And drizzling tears did shed for pure
affection.

"The lion, lord of every beast in field,"
Quoth she, "his princely puissance doth
abate,

And mighty proud to humble weak does
yield,

Forgetful of the hungry rage, which late
Him pricked, in pity of my sad estate:—

But he, my lion, and my noble lord,
How does he find in cruel heart to hate
Her, that him lov'd, and ever most
adored
As the god of my life? why hath he me
abhorred?"

Redounding tears did choke th' end of
her plaint,
Which softly echoed from the neighbor
wood;
And, sad to see her sorrowful constraint,
The kingly beast upon her gazing stood;
With pity calmed, down fell his angry
mood.
At last, in close heart shutting up her
pain,
Arose the virgin born of heavenly brood,
And to her snowy palfrey got again,
To seek her stray'd champion if she
might attain.

The lion would not leave her desolate,
But with her went along, as a strong
guard
Of her chaste person, and a faithful mate
Of her sad troubles and misfortunes
hard:
Still, when she slept, he kept both
watch and ward;
And, when she waked, he waited dili-
gent,
With humble service to her will pre-
pared:
From her fair eyes he took commandé-
ment,
And ever by her looks conceiv'd her
intent.

SWEET IS THE ROSE.

SWEET is the rose, but grows upon a
brere;
Sweet is the juniper, but sharp his
bough;
Sweet is the eglantine, but pricketh
near;
Sweet is the furbloom, but his branches
rough;
Sweet is the cyprus, but his rind is
tough;

Sweet is the nut, but bitter is his pill;
Sweet is the broom flower, but yet sour
enough;
And sweet is moly, but his root is ill;
So, every sweet, with sour is tempered
still,
That maketh it be coveted the more:
For easy things that may be got at will
Most sorts of men do set but little store.
Why then should I account of little pain,
That endless pleasure shall unto me gain.

THE HERMITAGE.

A LITTLE lowly hermitage it was,
Down in a dale, hard by a forest's side,
Far from resort of people that did pass
In travel to and fro: a little wide
There was an holy chapel edifyde,
Wherein the hermit duly wont to say
His holy things each morn and eventide;
Thereby a crystal stream did gently play,
Which from a sacred fountain welled
forth alway.

THE RED CROSS KNIGHT.

A GENTLE knight was pricking on the
plain,
Yclad in mighty arms and silver shield,
Wherein old dints of deep wounds did
remain,
The cruel marks of many a bloody field;
Yet arms till that time did he never
wield:
His angry steed did chide his foaming
bit,
As much disdainig to the curb to yield:
Full jolly knight he seem'd, and fair did
sit,
As one for knightly guists and fierce
encounters fit.
And on his breast a bloody cross he
bore,
The dear remembrance of his dying
Lord,
For whose sweet sake that glorious
badge he wore,

And dead, as living, ever him ador'd:
 Upon his shield the like was also scor'd,
 For sovereign hope, which in his help
 he had.
 Right, faithful, true he was in deed and
 word:
 But of his cheer did seem too solemn
 sad:
 Yet nothing did he dread, but ever was
 ydrad.

Upon a great adventure he was bond,
 That greatest Gloriana to him gave,
 (That greatest glorious Queen of Faery
 Lond)
 To win him worship, and her grace to
 have,
 Which of all earthly things he most did
 crave.
 And ever, as he rode, his heart did
 yearn
 To prove his puissance in battle brave;
 Upon his foe, and his new force to learn;
 Upon his foe, a dragon horrible and
 stern.

THE TRUE WOMAN.

THRICE happy she that is so well assur'd
 Unto herself, and settled so in heart,
 That neither will for better be allur'd,
 Ne fears to worse with any chance to
 start,
 But like a steady ship doth strongly part
 The raging waves, and keeps her course
 aright;
 Ne ought for tempest doth from it de-
 part,
 Ne ought for fairer weather's false de-
 light.
 Such self-assurance need not fear the
 spight
 Of grudging foes, ne favor seek of
 friends;
 But in the stay of her own stedfast
 might,
 Neither to one herself or other bends.
 Most happy she that most assur'd doth
 rest,
 But he most happy who such one loves
 best.

THE SEASONS.

So forth issued the Seasons of the year;
 First lusty Spring, all dight in leaves and
 flowers
 That freshly budded, and new blossoms
 did bear,
 In which a thousand birds had built
 their bowers,
 That sweetly sung to call forth para-
 mours;
 And in his hand a javelin he did bear,
 And on his head (as fit for warlike
 stours)
 A gilt engraven morion he did wear,
 That as some did him love, so others did
 him fear.

Then came the jolly Summer, being dight
 In a thin silken cassock colored green
 That was unlined all, to be more light,
 And on his head a garland well beseen
 He wore, from which, as he had chafed
 been,
 The sweat did drop, and in his hand he
 bore
 A bow and shaft, as he in forest green
 Had hunted late the libbard or the boar,
 And now would bathe his limbs, with
 labor heated sore.

Then came the Autumn, all in yellow
 clad,
 As though he joyed in his plenteous
 store,
 Laden with fruits that made him laugh,
 full glad
 That he had banished Hunger, which
 to fore
 Had by the belly oft him pinched sore;
 Upon his head a wreath, that was en-
 roled
 With ears of corn of every sort, he bore,
 And in his hand a sickle he did hold,
 To reap the ripened fruits the which the
 earth had yold.

Lastly came Winter, clothed all in frize,
 Chattering his teeth for cold that did
 him chill,
 Whilst on his hoary beard his breath
 did freeze,

And the dull drops that from his pur-
pled bill
As from a limbeck did adown distil;
In his right hand a tipped staff he held,
With which his feeble steps he stayed
still,
For he was faint with cold and weak
with eld
That scarce his loosed limbs he able was
to weld.

LOVE IN ABSENCE.

LIKE as the culver on the bared bough
Sits mourning for the absence of her
mate,
And in her songs sends many a wishful
vow
For his return, that seems to linger late;
So I alone, now left disconsolate,
Mourn to myself the absence of my love,
And wandering here and there all deso-
late,
Seek with my plaints to match that
mournful dove.
Ne joy of ought that under heaven doth
hove
Can comfort me, but her own joyous
sight,
Whose sweet aspect both god and man
can move,
In her unspotted pleasance to delight:
Dark is my day whiles her fair light I
miss,
And dead my life, that wants such lively
bliss.

*ASTROPHEL (SIR PHILIP SID-
NEY).*

"WOODS, hills, and rivers, now are
desolate,
Sith he is gone, the which them all did
grace;
And all the fields do wail their widow
state,
Sith death their fairest flower did late
deface:
The fairest flower in field that ever grew
Was Astrophel; that was we all may rue.

"What cruel hand of cursed foe un-
known
Hath cropt the stalk which bore so fair
a flower?
Untimely cropt, before it well were
grown,
And clean defaced in untimely hour;
Great loss to all that ever him did see,
Great loss to all, but greatest loss to me.

"Break now your girlonds, O ye shep-
herds' lasses!
Sith the fair flower which them adorn'd
is gone;
The flower which them adorn'd is gone
to ashes,
Never again let lass put girlond on:
Instead of girlond wear sad cypress now,
And bitter elder broken from the bough.

"Ne ever sing the love-lays which he
made;
Who ever made such lays of love as he?
Ne ever read the riddles which he said
Unto yourselves to make you merry
glee:
Your merry glee is now laid all abed,
Your merry maker now, alas! is dead.

"Death, the devourer of all world's de-
light,
Hath robbed you, and reft fro me my
joy;
Both you and me, and all the world, he
quite
Hath robb'd of joyance, and left sad
annoy.
Joy of the world, and shepherds' pride
was he;
Shepherds, hope never like again to see.

"O Death! that hast us of such riches
reft,
Tell us, at least, what hast thou with it
done?
What is become of him whose flower
here left
Is but the shadow of his likeness gone?
Scarce like the shadow of that which
he was,
Nought like, but that he like a shade
did pass,

"But that immortal spirit, which was
deck'd
With all the dowries of celestial grace,
By sovereign choice from th' heavenly
quires select,
And lineally deriv'd from angels' race,
O what is now of it become? aread:
Aye me! can so divine a thing be dead:

"Ah! no: it is not dead, ne can it die,
But lives for aye in blissful paradise,
Where like a new-born babe it soft
doth lie
In bed of lilies, wrapt in tender wise,
And compass'd all about with roses
sweet,
And dainty violets from head to feet.

"There thousand birds, all of celestial
brood,
To him do sweetly carol day and night,
And with strange notes, of him well
understood,
Lull him to sleep in angel-like delight;
Whilst in sweet dream to him pre-
sented be
Immortal beauties, which no eye may see.

"But he them sees, and takes exceeding
pleasure
Of their divine aspects, appearing plain,
And kindling love in him beyond all
measure;
Sweet love, still joyous, never feeling
pain;
For what so goodly form he there doth
see
He may enjoy, from jealous rancor free.

"There liveth he in everlasting bliss,
Sweet Spirit! never fearing more to die,
Ne dreading harm from any foes of his,
Ne fearing savage beasts' more cruelty,
Whilst we here wretches wail his private
lack,
And with vain vows do often call him
back.

"But live thou there still, happy, happy
Spirit!
And give us leave thee here thus to
lament;

Not thee that dost thy heaven's joy in-
herit,
But our own selves, that here in dole
are drent.
Thus do we weep and wail, and wear
our eyes,
Mourning in others our own miseries."

THE GARDEN OF BEAUTY.

COMING to kiss her lips (such grace I
found),
Me seem'd I smelt a garden of sweet
flow'rs,
That dainty odors from them threw
around,
For damsels fit to deck their lovers'
bow'rs.
Her lips did smell like unto gilliflowers,
Her ruddy cheeks like unto roses red,
Her snowy brows like budded bella-
moures,
Her lovely eyes like pinks but newly
spred,
Her goodly bosom like a strawberry bed,
Her neck like to a bunch of cullam-
bines,
Her breast like lilies ere their leaves be
shed,
Her nipples like young blossom'd jessa-
mines:
Such fragrant flow'rs do give most odor-
ous smell,
But her sweet odor did them all excel.

THE BRIDAL DAY.

"OPEN the temple-gates unto my love,
Open them wide that she may enter in,
And all the posts adorn as doth behove,
And all the pillars deck with garlands
trim,
For to receive this saint with honor
due,
That cometh in to you.
With trembling steps and humble reve-
rence
She cometh in before th' Almighty's
view;

Of her, ye virgins! learn obedience,
When so ye come into these holy places,
To humble your proud faces.

Bring her up to th' high altar, that she
may

The sacred ceremonies there partake,
The which do endless matrimony make;
And let the roaring organs loudly play
The praises of the Lord, in lively notes,
The whiles with hollow throats
The choristers the joyous anthems sing,
That all the woods may answer, and
their echo ring.

"Behold whilom she before the altar
stands,

Hearing the holy priest that to her
speaks,

And blesses her with his two happy
hands,

How red the roses flush up in her
cheeks!

And the pure snow, with goodly vermil
stain,

Like crimson dy'd in grain,
That even the angels, which continually
About the sacred altar do remain,
Forget their service, and about her fly,
Gif peeping in her face, that seems
more fair

The more they on it stare;
But her sad eyes, still fast'ned on the
ground,

Are governed with goodly modesty,
That suffers not one look to glance
awry,

Which may let in a little thought un-
sound.

Why blush ye, Love! to give to me
your hand,

The pledge of all your band?

Sing, ye sweet angels! Alleluia sing,
That all the woods may answer, and
your echo ring.

"Now all is done: bring home the bride
again,

Bring home the triumph of our victory:
Bring home with you the glory of her
gain,

With joyance bring her, and with jollity.
Never had man more joyful day than this,

Whom Heaven would heap with bliss.
Make feast, therefore, now all this live-
long day,

This day for ever to me holy is;
Pour out the wine without restraint or
stay,

Pour not by cups, but by the belly-full:
Pour out to all that wull,

And sprinkle all the posts and walls
with wine,

That they may sweat, and drunken be
withal:

Crown ye god Bacchus with a coronal,
And Hymen also crown with wreaths of
vine,

And let the Graces dance unto the rest,
For they can do it best,

The whiles the maidens do their carol
sing,

To which the woods shall answer, and
their echo ring.

"Ring ye the bells, ye young men of
the town,

And leave your wonted labors for this
day;

This day is holy; do you write it down,
That ye for ever it remember may.

"Now cease, ye damsels! your delights
forepast,

Enough it is that all the day was yours;
Now day is done, and night is nighing
fast,

Now bring the bride into the bridal
bowers;

Now night is come, now soon her dis-
array,

And in her bed her lay;

Lay her in lilies and in violets,

And silken curtains over her display,

And odor'd sheets, and arras coverlets.

Behold how goodly my fair love does
lie,

In proud humility;

Like unto Maia, when as Jove her took

In Tempe, lying on the flow'ry grass,

'Twixt sleep and wake, after she weary
was

With bathing in the Acidalian brook:

Now it is night, ye damsels may be gone,
And leave my love alone,

And leave likewise your former lays to
sing;
The woods no more shall answer, nor
your echo ring.

THE POWER OF POETRY TO
CONFER FAME.

ONE day I wrote her name upon the
strand,
But came the waves and washed it
away;
Again I wrote it with a second hand,
But came the tide, and made my pains
his prey.

Vain man! said she, that doth in vain
assay

A mortal thing so to immortalize,
For I myself shall like to this decay,
And eke my name be wiped out like
wise.

Not so, quoth I, let baser things devise
To die in dust, but you shall live by
fame:

My verse your virtues rare shall eter-
nize,

And in the heavens write your glorious
name,

Where, when as Death shall all the
world subdue,

Our love shall live, and later life renew.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

1554-1586.

[PHILIP SIDNEY was the eldest son of the well-known Sir Henry Sidney, President of Wales and Lord Deputy of Ireland under Elizabeth, and through his mother, Lady Mary Dudley, grandson of the Duke of Northumberland executed in 1553, and nephew of Lord Leicester. He was born at Penshurst, Nov. 29, 1554; he entered Shrewsbury School, Oct. 17, 1564, on the same day as his friend and biographer, Fulke Greville, afterwards Lord Brooke; and in 1568 he was sent to Christ Church, Oxford. From May 1572 to May 1575 Sidney was abroad, in France, Germany, and Italy; sheltered in Sir Francis Walsingham's house in Paris on the night of St. Bartholomew, and spending a considerable time at Frankfort with Hubert Languet, the reformer, afterwards his constant correspondent. In 1575 he appeared at Elizabeth's Court, and took part in the Kenilworth progress. In 1577 he was sent as English ambassador to Rodolph II., at Prague, returning the same year. He seems to have made acquaintance with Harvey and Spenser in 1578, and in 1580, while he was in retirement at Penshurst, after his letter of remonstrance to the Queen on the Anjou match, he and his sister, the well-known Countess of Pembroke, produced a joint poetical version of the Psalms, and the *Arcadia* was begun (published 1590). He returned to Court in the autumn of 1580, and the *Astrophel and Stella* sonnets (published 1591) probably date from the following year. *The Apologie for Poetrie* was written in or about 1581 (the first known edition is that of London, 1595). Sidney was knighted in the same year. In 1583 he married Frances, daughter of Sir Francis Walsingham, and was for the second time a member of Parliament. In Nov., 1584, he was appointed governor of Flushing, and nearly two years later, on Sept. 22, 1586, received his fatal wound at the battle of Zutphen. A complete edition of Sidney's poems was published by the Rev. A. B. Grosart, London, 1877.

SONNETS FROM ASTROPHEL
AND STELLA.

I.

LOVING in truth, and fain in verse my
love to show.
That she, dear she, might take some
pleasure of my pain, —
Pleasure might cause her read, reading
might make her know,
Knowledge might pity win, and pity
grace obtain, —

I sought fit words to paint the blackest
face of woe;

Studying inventions fine, her wits to
entertain,

Oft turning others' leaves, to see if
thence would flow

Some fresh and fruitful showers upon
my sun-burn'd brain.

But words came halting forth, wanting
Invention's stay;

Invention, Nature's child, fled step-
dame Study's blows;

And others' feet still seem'd but strangers in my way.

Thus, great with child to speak, and helpless in my throes,

Biting my truant pen, beating myself for spite;

Fool, said my Muse to me, look in thy heart and write.

5.

It is most true that eyes are form'd to serve

The inward light, and that the heavenly part

Ought to be King, from whose rules who do swerve,

Rebels to nature, strive for their own smart.

It is most true, what we call Cupid's dart

An image is, which for ourselves we carve,

And, fools, adore in temple of our heart,
Till that good god make church and churchmen starve:

True, that true beauty virtue is indeed,
Whereof this beauty can be but a shade,
Which, elements with mortal mixture breed:

True, that on earth we are but pilgrims made,

And should in soul up to our country move:

True, and yet true — that I must Stella love.

31.

With how sad steps, O Moon, thou climb'st the skies!

How silently, and with how wan a face!

What, may it be that even in heavenly place

That busy archer his sharp arrows tries!

Sure, if that long-with-love-acquainted eyes

Can judge of love, thou feel'st a lover's case,

I read it in thy looks; thy languisht grace,

To me, that feel the like, thy state describes.

Then, even of fellowship, O Moon, tell me,

Is constant love deem'd there but want of wit?

Are beauties there as proud as here they be?

Do they above love to be lov'd, and yet Those lovers scorn whom that love did possess?

Do they call virtue there ungratefulness?

32.

Morpheus, the lively son of deadly Sleep,
Witness of life to them that living die,

A prophet oft, and oft an history,
A poet eke, as humors fly or creep;

Since thou in me so sure a power dost keep,

That never I with clos'd-up sense do lie,
But by thy work my Stella I descry,

Teaching blind eyes both how to smile and weep;

Vouchsafe, of all acquaintance, this to tell,

Whence hast thou ivory, rubies, pearl, and gold,

To show her skin, lips, teeth, and head so well?

Fool! answers he; no Indies such treasures hold;

But from thy heart, while my sire charmeth thee,

Sweet Stella's image I do steal to me.

87.

When I was forced from Stella ever dear —

Stella, food of my thoughts, heart of my heart —

Stella, whose eyes make all my tempests clear —

By Stella's laws of duty to depart;

Alas, I found that she with me did smart;

I saw that tears did in her eyes appear;

I saw that sighs her sweetest lips did part,

And her sad words my sadden'd sense did hear.

For me, I wept to see pearls scattered so;

I sighed hersighs, and wailed for her woe;
Yet swam in joy, such love in her was
seen.

Thus, while th' effect most bitter was to
me,

And nothing then the cause more sweet
could be,

I had been vexed, if vexed I had not
been.

90.

Stella, think not that I by verse seek
fame,

Who seek, who hope, who love, who
live but thee;

Thine eyes my pride, thy lips mine his-
tory:

If thou praise not, all other praise is
shame.

Nor so ambitious am I, as to frame

A nest for my young praise in laurel
tree:

In truth, I swear I wish not there should
be

Graved in my epitaph a poet's name.

Nor, if I would, could I just title make,
That any laud thereof to me should
grow,

Without my plumes from others' wings
I take:

For nothing from my wit or will doth flow,

Since all my words thy beauty doth en-
dite,

And love doth hold my hand, and makes
me write.

107.

Stella, since thou so right a princess art
Of all the powers which life bestows on
me,

That ere by them ought undertaken be,
They first resort unto that sovereign
part;

Sweet, for a while give respite to my
heart,

Which pants as though it still should
leap to thee:

And on my thoughts give thy lieuten-
ancy

To this great cause, which needs both
use and art.

And as a queen, who from her presence
sends

Whom she employs, dismiss from thee
my wit,

Till it have wrought what thy own will
attends,

On servants' shame oft masters' blame
doth sit:

O let not fools in me thy works reprove,
And scorning say, "See what it is to
love!"



JOHN LYLY.

1554-1606.

[LITTLE is known of Lyly's life. He was born in Kent, in 1554, studied at Magdalen College, Oxford, was patronized by Lord Burghley, and wrote plays for the Child players at the Chapel Royal,—the "aery of children," alluded to in Hamlet, "little eyases, that cry out on the top of the question and are most tyrannically clapped for't." He died in 1606. His *Euphues* was published, first part in 1579, second part in 1580.]

CUPID AND CAMPASPE.

[From *Alexander and Campaspe*.]

CUPID and my Campaspe play'd
At cards for kisses; Cupid paid:
He stakes his quiver, bow and arrows,
His mother's doves, and team of sparrows;
Loses them too; then down he throws
The coral of his lip, the rose

Growing on's cheek (but none knows
how),

With these, the crystal of his brow,

And then the dimple of his chin;

All these did my Campaspe win.

At last he set her both his eyes,

She won, and Cupid blind did rise.

O Love! has she done this to thee?

What shall, alas! become of me?

THOMAS LODGE.

1556-1625.

[THOMAS LODGE was born in Lincolnshire about 1556, entered Trinity College, Oxford, in 1573, and died of the plague at Low Leyton, in Essex, in 1625. The most important of his numerous works are, *Scilla's Metamorphosis*, 1589; *Rosalynde Euphues' Golden Legacy*, 1590; *Phyllis*, 1593; *A Fig for Momus*, 1595; *A Margarite of America*, 1596.]

ROSALIND'S COMPLAINT.

LOVE in my bosom, like a bee,
Doth suck his sweet;
Now with his wings he plays with me,
Now with his feet.
Within mine eyes he makes his nest,
His bed amidst my tender breast;
My kisses are his daily feast,
And yet he robs me of my rest:
Ah, wanton, will you ?

And if I sleep, then pierceth he
With pretty slight,
And makes his pillow of my knee
The livelong night.
Strike I the lute, he tunes the string;
He music plays if I but sing;
He lends my every lovely thing,
Yet, cruel, he my heart doth sting:
Ah, wanton, will you ?

Else I with roses every day
Will whip you hence,
And bind you when you long to play,
For your offence.
I'll shut my eyes to keep you in,
I'll make you fast it for your sin,
I'll count your power not worth a
pin:
Alas ! what hereby shall I win,
If he gainsay me ?

What if I beat the wanton boy
With many a rod ?
He will repay me with annoy,
Because a god.
Then sit thou softly on my knee,
And let thy bower my bosom be;
Lurk in my eyes, I like of thee,
O Cupid ! so thou pity me;
Spare not, but play thee.

ROBERT GREENE.

1560-1592.

[ROBERT GREENE was born at Norwich, probably in 1560. He was a graduate of St. John's College, Cambridge, in 1578, but took his degree of M.A. five years later at Clare Hall. After this he travelled in Italy and Spain, and, returning to London, gained his living as a playwright and pamphleteer. He died in Dowgate, Sept. 3, 1592. His first work was the novel of *Mamilia*, 1580, which was followed by a rapid succession of tales, poems, plays, and pamphlets. His most remarkable lyrics appeared in *Menaphon*, 1587; *Never Too Late*, 1590; and *The Mourning Garment*, 1590.]

A DEATH-BED LAMENT.

DECEIVING world, that with alluring toys
Hast made my life the subject of thyscorn,
And scornest now to lend thy fading joys,
T' out-length my life, whom friends
have left forlorn;
How well are they that die ere they be
born,
And never see thy slights, which few
men shun,
Till unawares they helpless are undone !

O that a year were granted me to live,
And for that year my former wits re-
stored !
What rules of life, what counsel I would
give,
How should my sin with sorrow be de-
plored !
But I must die of every man abhorred :
Time loosely spent will not again be
won ;
My time is loosely spent, and I undone.

ROBERT SOUTHWELL. •

1562-1595.

[BORN at Horsham St. Faith's, Norfolk, about 1562; entered the Society of Jesus, 1578, at Rome; accompanied Father Garnet to England, was captured; and was executed at Tyburn, 1594-5. *St. Peter's Complaint, with other Poems*, was first published in 1595; *Maconiae* in the same year; *Marie Magdalen's Funerall Teares*, 1609.]

TIMES GO BY TURNS.

THE lopped tree in time may grow again;
Most naked plants renew both fruit
and flower;
The sorest wight may find release of pain,
The driest soil suck in some moist'-
ning shower;
Times go by turns and chances change
by course,
From foul to fair, from better hap to
worse.

The sea of Fortune doth not ever flow,
She draws her favors to the lowest ebb;
Her tide hath equal times to come
and go,
Her loom doth weave the fine and
coarsest web;
No joy so great but runneth to an end,
No hap so hard but may in time amend.

Not always fall of leaf nor ever spring,
No endless night, yet not eternal day;
The saddest birds a season find to sing,
The roughest storm a calm may soon
allay;
Thus with succeeding turns God tem-
pereth all,
That man may hope to rise, yet fear to
fall.

A chance may win that by mischance
was lost;
The well that holds no great, takes
little fish;
In some things all, in all things none
are cross'd,
Few all they need, but none have all
they wish;
Unmeddled joys here to no man befall,
Who least hath some, who most hath
never all.

THOMAS DEKKER.

[In a tract dated 1637, Dekker speaks of himself as a man of threescore years. This is the only clue to his age that has been discovered. He was born in London, and apparently lived all his life there, as playwright, pamphleteer, and miscellaneous literary hack. His plays were published separately at various dates from 1600 to 1636. He frequently worked with other dramatists, Webster, Middleton, Massinger, Ford, etc.]

SWEET CONTENT.

ART thou poor, yet hast thou golden
slumbers?

Oh, sweet content!

Art thou rich, yet is thy mind per-
plexed?

Oh, punishment!

Dost thou laugh to see how fools are
vexed

To add to golden numbers, golden
numbers?

O, sweet content!

Work apace, apace, apace, apace;
Honest labor bears a lovely face;

Then hey noney, noney, hey noney,
noney.

Canst drink the waters of the crisped
spring?

O, sweet content!

Swimmest thou in wealth, yet sink'st
in thine own tears?

O, punishment!

Then he that patiently want's burden
bears,

No burden bears, but is a king, a king!
O, sweet content!

Work apace, apace, &c.

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE.

1564-1593.

[CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE was born at Canterbury, in February, 1564, and educated at the King's School, in his birth-place, and at Benet (Corpus Christi) College, Cambridge. He was killed in a tavern brawl, and was buried at Deptford, June 1, 1593. The dates and order of his works are somewhat uncertain. Of his plays, the first, *Tamburlaine the Great*, a tragedy in two parts, must have been acted in public by 1587. It was followed by *The Tragical History of Dr. Faustus*, *The Jew of Malta* (probably in 1589 or 1590), *The Massacre at Paris* (not earlier than the end of 1589), *Edward II.*, and *The Tragedy of Queen Dido*, which was probably left unfinished at Marlowe's death, and completed by Nash. Another play, *Lust's Dominion*, was for some time wrongly attributed to Marlowe; but, in return for this injustice, the probability that he may have had at least a share in Shakespeares's 2 and 3 *Henry VI.*, or in the plays on which those dramas were based, is now rather widely admitted. Of his poems, the translations of Ovid's *Amores* and the first book of Lucan's *Pharsalia* are of uncertain date. *The Passionate Shepherd to his Love* was first printed complete in *England's Helicon*, 1600, but is quoted in *The Jew of Malta*. *Hero and Leander* was left unfinished at Marlowe's death; Chapman completed it, dividing Marlowe's fragment into two parts, which now form the first two Sestiads of the poem.]

THE PASSIONATE SHEPHERD
TO HIS LOVE.

COME live with me, and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove,
That valleys, groves, or hill, or field,
Or woods and steepy mountains yield;

Where we will sit upon the rocks,
And see the shepherds feed their flocks,
By shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing anadrigals.

And I will make thee beds of roses,
And then a thousand fragrant posies,
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle,
Embroidered all with leaves of myrtle;

A gown made of the finest wool,
Which from our pretty lambs we pull;
Slippers, lined choicely for the cold,
With buckles of the purest gold;

A belt of straw and ivy-buds,
With coral clasps and amber studs:
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Come live with me and be my love.

Thy silver dishes, for thy meat,
As precious as the gods do eat,
Shall, on an ivory table, be
Prepared each day for thee and me.

The shepherd swains shall dance and sing
For thy delight each May morning.
If these delights thy mind may move,
Come live with me and be my love.

ANSWER BY SIR WALTER
RALEIGH.

IF all the world and love were young,
And truth in every shepherd's tongue,
These pretty pleasures might me move
To live with thee and be thy love.

But time drives flocks from field to fold,
When rivers rage and rocks grow cold,
Then Philomel becometh dumb,
And age complains of cares to come.

The flowers do fade, and wanton fields
To wayward winter reckoning yields;
A honey tongue, a heart of gall,
Is fancy's spring, but sorrow's fall.

Thy gowns, thy shoes, thy beds of roses,
Thy cap, thy kirtle, and thy posies,
Soon break, soon wither, soon forgotten;
In folly ripe, in reason rotten.

Thy belt of straw and ivy-buds,
Thy coral clasps and amber studs,
All these in me no means can move,
To come to thee and be thy love.

What should we talk of dainties, then,
Of better meat than's fit for men?
These are but vain: that's only good
Which God hath bless'd and sent for food.

But could youth last, and love still breed,
Had joys no date, nor age no need;
Then those delights thy mind might move,
To live with thee and be thy love.

WILLIAM BROWNE.

1588-1643.

[WILLIAM BROWNE was born at Tavistock in 1588, and died, probably, in the year 1643. He went to Oxford as a member of Exeter College; entered the Inner Temple in 1612; published his elegy on Prince Henry in a volume along with another by his friend Christopher Brooke in 1613; the first book of his *Britannia's Pastorals* in the same year; his *Shepherd's Pipe* in 1614; and the second book of his *Pastorals* in 1616, the year of the death of Shakespeare. The third book of his *Britannia's Pastorals* was unknown till 1851, when it was published for the Percy Society from a manuscript in the Cathedral Library at Salisbury. The most complete edition of Browne is that published in the Roxburghe Library by Mr. W. Carew Hazlitt in 1868.]

WILLY, OR GLIDE SOFT YE
SILVER FLOODS.

GLIDE soft ye silver floods,
And every spring;
Within the shady woods,
Let no bird sing!
Nor from the grove a turtle dove
Be seen to couple with her love,
But silence on each dale and mountain
dwell,
Whilst Willy bids his friend and joy
farewell.

But (of great Thetis' train)
Ye mermaids fair,
That on the shores do plain
Your sea-green hair,
As ye in trammels knit your locks
Weep ye; and so enforce the rocks
In heavy murmurs through the broad
shores tell
How Willy bade his friend and joy
farewell.

Cease, cease, ye murmuring winds
To move a wave;
But if with troubled minds
You seek his grave;
Know 'tis as various as yourselves,
Now in the deep, then on the shelves,
His coffin toss'd by fish and surges fell,
Whilst Willy weeps and bids all joy
farewell.

Had he, Arion like,
Been judg'd to drown,
He on his lute could strike
So rare a swon;
A thousand dolphins would have
come,
And jointly strive to bring him
home.

But he on shipboard dy'd, by sickness
fell,
Since when his Willy bade all joy fare-
well.

Great Neptune hear a swain!
His coffin take,
And with a golden chain
(For pity) make
It fast unto a rock near land!
Where ev'ry calmy morn I'll stand,
And ere one sheep out of my fold I
tell,
Sad Willy's pipe shall bid his friend
farewell.

THE PRAISE OF SPENSER.

ALL their pipes were still,
And Colin Clout began to tune his quill
With such deep art that every one was
given
To think Apollo, newly slid from
Heaven,
Had ta'en a human shape to win his
love,
Or with the western swains for glory
strove.
He sung th' heroic knights of Faïery-
land
In lines so elegant, of such command,
That had the Thracian played but half
so well,
He had not left Eurydice in Hell.
But ere he ended his melodious song
An host of angels flew the clouds among,
And rapt this swan from his attentive
mates,
To make him one of their associates

In Heaven's fair quire: where now he
sings the praise
Of Him that is the first and last of days
Divinest Spenser, heaven-bred, happy
muse!

Would any power into my brain infuse
Thy worth, or all that poets had be-
fore,
I could not praise till thou deserv'st no
more.



JAMES SHIRLEY.

1596-1667.

[SHIRLEY was born in London about the year 1596, and lived through the Civil War and Commonwealth into the Restoration, dying in 1667. His copious dramatic activity began in 1625, in which year he produced the comedy entitled *Love's Tricks*. Before this, in 1618, he had published an imitation of *Venus and Adonis* under the title of *Echo*. His plays were produced in rapid succession up to 1641. In 1646 he published a volume of poems, chiefly erotic, and two small volumes of Masques, etc., in 1653 and 1659.]

DEATH'S FINAL CONQUEST.

THE glories of our birth and state,
Are shadows, not substantial things;
There is no armor against fate:
Death lays his icy hand on kings.
Sceptre and crown
Must tumble down,
And in the dust be equal made
With the poor crooked scythe and
spade.

Some men with swords may reap the
field,
And plant with laurels where they kill;
But their strong nerves at last must yield.
They tame but one another still;
Early or late,
They stoop to fate,
And must give up their murmuring
breath,
When they, pale captives! creep to
death.

The garlands wither on your brow;
Then boast no more your mighty
deeds;
Upon death's purple altar, now,
See where the victor victim bleeds!

All heads must come
To the cold tomb,
Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet and blossom in the dust.

VICTORIOUS MEN OF EARTH.

VICTORIOUS men of earth, no more
Proclaim how wide your empires are;
Though you bind in every shore,
And your triumphs reach as far
As night or day;
Yet you proud monarchs must obey,
And mingle with forgotten ashes, when
Death calls ye to the crowd of common
men.

Devouring famine, plague, and war,
Each able to undo mankind,
Death's servile emissaries are:
Nor to these alone confin'd:
He hath at will
More quaint and subtle ways to kill;
A smile or kiss, as he will use the
art,
Shall have the cunning skill to break a
heart.

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

1579-1625.

[JOHN FLETCHER was born in December, 1579, at Rye in Sussex, where his father, who ultimately became Bishop of London, was minister. He was admitted pensioner at Benet College, Cambridge, in 1591; and little is known of his life between this date and the period of his connection with Beaumont.

FRANCIS BEAUMONT was the son of Sir F. Beaumont, of Grace-Dieu in Leicestershire, and was born at that place, probably in 1585. He resided for a short time at Broadgates Hall (now Pembroke College), Oxford, and was entered of the Inner Temple in 1600.

Not many years after this we may suppose the friendship between the two poets to have begun. "They lived together on the Bank side," in Southwark, "not far from the Play-house" (the Globe), and wrote for the theatre. The most celebrated of their joint productions were produced probably between 1608 and 1611. But the common life which has been described by Aubrey, and is itself almost a poem (if partly a comic one), must have been disturbed in 1513, when Beaumont married. In the spring of 1616 he died. So far as is known, Fletcher remained single till his death, which took place in August, 1625.]

FROM "THE MAID'S TRAGEDY."

[By Beaumont and Fletcher.]

LAY a garland on my hearse
Of the dismal yew;
Maidens, willow branches bear;
Say, I died true.

My love was false, but I was firm
From my hour of birth.
Upon my buried body lie
Lightly, gentle earth!

*LINES ON THE TOMBS IN
WESTMINSTER.*

[By Beaumont.]

MORTALITY, behold and fear!
What a change of flesh is here!
Think how many royal bones
Sleep within this heap of stones;
Here they lie had realms and lands,
Who now want strength to stir their
hands;
Where from their pulpits seal'd with
dust
They preach, "In greatness is no trust."
Here's an acre sown indeed
With the richest royall'st seed
That the earth did e'er suck in,
Since the first man died for sin:
Here the bones of birth have cried,
"Though gods they were, as men they
died":

Here are sands, ignoble things,
Dropt from the ruin'd sides of kings:
Here's a world of pomp and state,
Buried in dust, once dead by fate.

*FROM "THE FAITHFUL
SHEPHERDESS."*

[By Fletcher.]

I.

THE SATYR.

HERE be grapes whose lusty blood
Is the learned poet's good;
Sweeter yet did never crown
The head of Bacchus; nuts more brown
Than the squirrel's teeth that crack
them;
Deign, O fairest fair, to take them!
For these black-eyed Dryope
Hath oftentimes commanded me
With my clasped knee to climb:
See how well the lusty time
Hath deck'd their rising cheeks in red,
Such as on your lips is spread.
Here be berries for a queen,
Some be red, some be green;
These are of that luscious meat
The great god Pan himself doth eat:
All these, and what the woods can yield,
The hanging mountain or the field,
I freely offer, and ere long
Will bring you more, more sweet and
strong;

Till when, humbly leave I take,
Lest the great Pan do awake,
That sleeping lies in a deep glade,
Under a broad beech's shade.
I must go, I must run
Swifter than the fiery sun.

II.

THE RIVER GOD TO AMORET.

I AM this fountain's god. Below
My waters to a river grow,
And 'twixt two banks with osiers set,
That only prosper in the wet,
Through the meadows do they glide,
Wheeling still on every side,
Sometime winding round about
To find the evenest channel out.
And if thou wilt go with me,
Leaving mortal company,
In the cool streams shalt thou lie,
Free from harm as well as I;
I will give thee for thy food
No fish that useth in the mud,
But trout and pike, that love to swim
Where the gravel from the brim
Through the pure streams may be seen;
Orient pearl fit for a queen
Will I give, thy love to win,
And a shell to keep them in;
Not a fish in all my brook
That shall disobey thy look,
But, when thou wilt, come gliding by
And from thy white hand take a fly:
And to make thee understand
How I can my waves command,
They shall bubble whilst I sing,
Sweeter than the silver string.

The Song.

Do not fear to put thy feet
Naked in the river sweet;
Think not leach or newt or toad
Will bite thy foot, when thou hast
trod;
Nor let the water rising high,
As thou wad'st in, make thee cry
And sob; but ever live with me,
And not a wave shall trouble thee!

III.

THE SATYR.

THOU divinest, fairest, brightest,
Thou most powerful maid and whitest,
Thou most virtuous and most blessed,
Eyes of stars, and golden tressed
Like Apollo! tell me, sweetest,
What new service now is meetest
For the Satyr? Shall I stray
In the middle air, and stay
The sailing rack, or nimbly take
Hold by the moon, and gently make
Suit to the pale queen of night
For a beam to give thee light?
Shall I dive into the sea
And bring thee coral, making way
Through the rising waves that fall
Like snowy fleeces? Dearest, shall
I catch thee wanton fawns, or flies
Whose woven wings the summer dyes
Of many colors? get thee fruit,
Or steal from heaven old Orpheus' lute?
All these I'll venture for, and more,
To do her service all these woods adore.

FROM "THE NICE VALOUR."

[By Fletcher.]

HENCE, all you vain delights,
As short as are the nights
Wherein you spend your folly!
There's nought in this life sweet,
If man were wise to see't,
But only melancholy;
O sweetest melancholy!
Welcome, folded arms and fixed eyes,
A sigh that piercing mortifies,
A look that's fasten'd to the ground,
A tongue chain'd up without a sound!
Fountain heads and pathless groves,
Places which pale passion loves!
Moonlight walks, when all the fowls
Are warmly hous'd save bats and owls!
A midnight bell, a parting groan,
These are the sounds we feed upon;
Then stretch our bones in a still gloomy
valley;
Nothing's so dainty sweet, as lovely
melancholy.

FROM "THE QUEEN OF COR-
INTH."

[By Fletcher.]

WEEP no more, nor sigh, nor groan;
Sorrow calls no time that's gone;
Violets plucked the sweetest rain

Makes not fresh nor grow again;
Trim thy locks, look cheerfully;
Fate's hid ends eyes cannot see;
Joys as winged dreams fly fast,
Why should sadness longer last?
Grief is but a wound to woe;
Gentlest fair, mourn, mourn no mo.



WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

1564-1616.

[WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE was born at Stratford on Avon, in April, 1564; there also he died, April 23d (old style), 1616. The following are the titles of his poems, with the dates of publication: *Venus and Adonis*, 1593; *The Rape of Lucrece*, 1594; *The Passionate Pilgrim* (a miscellany which includes only a few pieces by Shakespeare), 1599; *The Phoenix and the Turtle* (printed with pieces on the same subject by other poets of the time, at the end of Robert Chester's *Love's Martyr, or Rosalin's Complaint*), 1601; *Sonnets*, 1609; *A Lover's Complaint* (in the same volume with the *Sonnets*), 1609.]

ADVICE OF POLONIUS TO HIS
SON, ON SETTING FORTH ON
HIS TRAVELS.[From *Hamlet*.]

GIVE thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any unproportioned thought his act,
Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar.
The friends thou hast, and their adop-
tion tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hooks of
steel;
But do not dull thy palm with enter-
tainment
Of each new-hatch'd, unfledg'd con-
rade. Beware
Of entrance to a quarrel; but, being in,
Bear it, that the opposer may beware of
thee.
Give every man thine ear, but few thy
voice:
Take each man's censure, but reserve
thy judgment.
Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
But not express'd in fancy; rich not
gaudy;
For the apparel oft proclaims the man;
And they in France, of the best rank
and station,
Are most select and generous, chief in
that.

Neither a borrower nor a lender be:
For loan oft loses both itself and friend;
And borrowing dulls the edge of hus-
bandry.
This above all—to thine own self be
true;
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou can'st not then be false to any
man.
Farewell; my blessing season this in
thee.

HAMLET'S SOLILOQUY ON LIFE
AND DEATH.

To be, or not to be,—that is the ques-
tion:—
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous
fortune;
Or to take arms against a sea of
troubles,
And, by opposing, end them?—To
die,—to sleep,—
No more;—and, by a sleep, to say we
end
The heart-ache, and the thousand natu-
ral shocks
That flesh is heir to,—'tis a consum-
mation

Devoutly to be wish'd. To die;—to sleep;—

To sleep! perchance to dream;—ay, there's the rub!

For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,

When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,

Must give us pause; there's the respect That makes calamity of so long life:

For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,

The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,

The pangs of despis'd love, the law's delay,

The insolence of office, and the spurns That patient merit of the unworthy takes,

When he himself might his quietus make With a bare bodkin? who would fardels bear,

To grunt and sweat under a weary life; But that the dread of something after death,—

The undiscovered country, from whose bourn

No traveller returns,—puzzles the will; And makes us rather bear those ills we have,

Than fly to others that we know not of? Thus conscience does make cowards of us all;

And thus the native hue of resolution Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought;

And enterprises of great pith and moment,

With this regard, their currents turn a-wry, And lose the name of action.

Thou com'st in such a questionable shape,

That I will speak to thee; I'll call thee Hamlet,

King, father, royal Dane: O, answer me:

Let me not burst in ignorance! but tell Why thy canoniz'd bones, hearsed in death,

Have burst their cerements! why the sepulchre,

Wherein we saw thee quietly inurn'd, Hath oped his ponderous and marble jaws,

To cast thee up again! What may this mean,

That thou, dead corse, again, in complete steel,

Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the moon, Making night hideous; and we fools of nature,

So horribly to shake our disposition, With thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls?

*HAMLET'S ESTEEM FOR
HORATIO.*

NAY, do not think I flatter:

For what advancement may I hope from thee,

That no revenue hast but thy good spirits

To feed and clothe thee? Why should the poor be flattered?

No, let the candied tongue lick absurd pomp;

And crook the pregnant hinges of the knee,

Where thrift may follow fawning. Dost thou hear?

Since my dear soul was mistress of her choice,

And could of men distinguish her election,

She hath seal'd thee for herself; for thou hast been

As one, in suffering all, that suffers nothing;

A man that fortune's buffets and rewards

*HAMLET'S ADDRESS TO HIS
FATHER'S GHOST.*

ANGELS and ministers of grace defend us!—

Be thou a spirit of health, or goblin damn'd,

Bring with thee airs from heaven, or blasts from hell,

Be thy intents wicked or charitable,

Hath ta'en with equal thanks: and
 bless'd are those
 Whose blood and judgment are so well
 co-mingled,
 That they are not a pipe for Fortune's
 finger
 To sound what stop she please: Give
 me that man
 That is not passion's slave, and I will
 wear him
 In my heart's core, ay, in my heart of
 hearts,
 As I do thee.

A LOVER'S LAMENT.

[From *Twelfth Night*.]

COME away, come away, death,
 And in sad cypress let me be laid;
 Fly away, fly away, breath;
 I am slain by a fair cruel maid.
 My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,
 O, prepare it;
 My part of death no one so true
 Did share it.

Not a flower, not a flower sweet,
 On my black coffin let there be strown;
 Not a friend, not a friend greet
 My poor corpse, where my bones shall
 be thrown.
 A thousand thousand sighs to save,
 Lay me, O, where
 Sad true lover ne'er find my grave
 To weep there.

HUMAN NATURE.

[From *The Tempest*.]

THESE our actors,
 As I foretold you, were all spirits, and
 Are melted into air, into thin air:
 And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,
 The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous
 palaces,
 The solemn temples, the great globe
 itself;
 Yea, all which it inherit shall dissolve;
 And, like this insubstantial pageant
 faded,

Leave not a rack behind. We are such
 stuff
 As dreams are made on, and our little life
 Is rounded with a sleep.

LIFE.

[From *Macbeth*.]

TO-MORROW, and to-morrow, and to-
 morrow,
 Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
 To the last syllable of recorded time;
 And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
 The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief
 candle!
 Life's but a walking shadow; a poor
 player,
 That struts and frets his hour upon the
 stage,
 And then is heard no more; it is a tale
 Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
 Signifying nothing.

THE VISIONARY DAGGER.

[From *Macbeth*.]

Is this a dagger which I see before me,
 The handle toward my hand? Come,
 let me clutch thee.
 I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.
 Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible
 To feeling as to sight? or art thou but
 A dagger of the mind; a false creation,
 Proceeding from the heat-oppressed
 brain?
 I see thee yet, in form as palpable
 As this which now I draw.
 Thou marshall'st me the way that I was
 going;
 And such an instrument I was to use.
 Mine eyes are made the fools o' the
 other senses,
 Or else worth all the rest; I see thee
 still,
 And on thy blade and dudgeon gouts of
 blood,
 Which was not so before. — There's no
 such thing:
 It is the bloody business, which informs
 Thus to mine eyes.

REMORSE.

[From *Macbeth*.]

WHENCE is that knocking?

How is't with me, when every noise
appals me?What hands are here? Ha! they pluck
out mine eyes!Will all great Neptune's ocean wash
this bloodClean from my hand? No; this my hand
will ratherThe multitudinous seas incarnadine,
Making the green one red.

EDGAR'S DEFIANCE OF EDMUND.

[From *King Lear*.]

DRAW thy sword;

That if my speech offend a noble heart,
Thy arm may do thee justice: here is
mine.Behold, it is the privilege of mine honors,
My oath, and my profession: I protest,—
Maugre thy strength, youth, place, and
eminence,Despite thy victor sword, and fire-new
fortune,Thy valor, and thy heart,—thou art a
traitor:False to thy gods, thy brother, and thy
father;Conspirant 'gainst this high illustrious
prince;And from the extremest upward of thy
head,To the descent and dust beneath thy feet,
A most toad-spotted traitor. Say thou,
"No,"This sword, this arm, and my best spirits,
are bentTo prove upon thy heart, whereto I speak,
Thou liest.

THE STORM.

[From *King Lear*.]POOR naked wretches, wheresoe'er you
are,That bide the pelting of this pitiless
storm,How shall your houseless heads, and
unfed sides,Your looped and windowed raggedness,
defend youFrom seasons such as these? O! I have
ta'enToo little care of this. Take physic,
pomp;Expose thyself to feel what wretches
feel;That thou mayest shake the superflux to
them,

And show the heavens more just.

CLEOPATRA ON THE CYDNUS.

[From *Antony and Cleopatra*.]THE barge she sat in, like a burnish'd
throne,Burn'd on the water: the poop was
beaten gold;Purple the sails, and so perfumed, that
The winds were love-sick with them:
the oars were silver;Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke,
and madeThe water which they beat to follow
faster,As amorous of their strokes. For her
own person,It beggar'd all description; she did lie
In her pavilion (cloth of gold, of tissue),
O'er picturing that Venus, where we see,
The fancy outwork nature: on each
side her,Stood pretty dimpled boys, like smiling
Cupids,With divers-color'd fans, whose wind
did seemTo glow the delicate cheeks which they
did cool,

And what they undid, did.

Her gentlewomen, like the Nereides,
So many mermaids, tended her i' the
eyes,And made their bends adornings; at
the helmA seeming mermaid steers: the silken
tackle

Swell with the touches of those flower-
soft hands,
That yarely frame the office. From the
barge
A strange invisible perfume hits the
sense
Of the adjacent wharfs. The city cast
Her people out upon her; and Antony,
Enthroned i' the market-place, did sit
alone,
Whistling to the air; which, but for
vacancy,
Had gone to gaze on Cleopatra too,
And make a gap in nature.

THE SEVEN AGES OF MAN.

[From *As You Like It*.]

ALL the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely
players:
They have their exits and their en-
trances;
And one man in his time plays many
parts,
His acts being seven ages. At first,
the Infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurse's
arms.
And then, the whining School-boy, with
his satchel,
And shining morning face, creeping
like snail
Unwillingly to school. And then, the
 Lover,
Sighing like furnace, with a woful
ballad
Made to his mistress' eye-brow. Then
a Soldier;
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like
the pard,
Jealous in honor, sudden and quick in
quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth. And
then, the Justice,
In fair round belly, with good capon
lined,
With eyes severe, and beard of formal
cut,

Full of wise saws and modern instances;
And so he plays his part. The sixth
age shifts
Into the lean and slipper'd Pantaloon,
With spectacles on nose, and pouch on
side;
His youthful hose well saved, a world
too wide
For his shrunk shank; and his big
manly voice,
Turning again toward childish treble,
pipes
And whistles in his sound. Last scene
of all,
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is second childishness and mere obli-
vion,
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans
everything.

THE USES OF ADVERSITY.

[From *As You Like It*.]

Now my co-mates, and brothers in exile,
Hath not old custom made this life more
sweet
Than that of painted pomp? are not
these woods
More free from peril than the envious
court?
Here feel we but the penalty of Adam,
The seasons' difference; as the icy fang,
And churlish chiding of the winter's
wind,
Which, when it bites and blows upon
my body,
Even 'till I shrink with cold, I smile,
and say,
This is no flattery; these are counsellors
That feelingly persuade me what I am.
Sweet are the uses of adversity,
Which, like the toad, ugly and veno-
mous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head.
And this our life, exempt from public
haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the
running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in every-
thing.

INGRATITUDE.

[From *As You Like It*.]

BLOW, blow thou winter wind,
 Thou art not so unkind
 As man's ingratitude;
 Thy tooth is not so keen,
 Because thou art not seen,
 Although thy breath be rude.
 Heigh, ho! sing heigh ho! unto the
 green holly:
 Most friendship is feigning, most loving
 mere folly:
 Then heigh, ho, the holly!
 This life is most jolly.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
 That dost not bite so nigh
 As benefits forgot:
 Though thou the waters warp,
 Thy sting is not so sharp
 As friend remember'd not.
 Heigh, ho! sing heigh ho! etc.

 UNDER THE GREENWOOD
 TREE.
[From *As You Like It*.]

UNDER the greenwood tree
 Who loves to lie with me,
 And tune his merry note
 Unto the sweet bird's throat,
 Come hither, come hither, come hither;
 Here shall he see
 No enemy,
 But winter and rough weather.

Who doth ambition shun,
 And loves to lie i' the sun,
 Seeking the food he eats,
 And pleas'd with what he gets,
 Come hither, come hither, come hither;
 Here shall he see
 No enemy,
 But winter and rough weather.

SHYLOCK'S REMONSTRANCE
WITH ANTONIO.[From *Merchant of Venice*.]

SIGNIOR Antonio, many a time and oft,
 In the Rialto you have rated me
 About my monies and my usances:
 Still have I borne it with a patient shrug;
 For sufferance is the badge of all our
 tribe;

You call me — misbeliever, cut-throat
 dog,

And spit upon my Jewish gaberdine,
 And all for use of that which is mine own.
 Well then, it now appears you need my
 help:

Go to then; you come to me, and you
 say,

"Shylock, we would have monies":
 you say so;

You that did void your rheum upon my
 beard,

And foot me as you spurn a stranger cur
 Over your threshold; monies is your suit:
 What should I say to you? should I
 not say

"Hath a dog money? is it possible
 A cur can lend three thousand ducats?"

or
 Shall I bend low, and in a bondsman's
 key,

With 'bated breath, and whispering
 humbleness,

Say this, —

"Fair sir, you spit on me on Wednesday
 last:

You spurn'd me such a day; another
 time

You called me — dog; and for these
 courtesies

I'll lend you thus much monies?"

 THE DECEIT OF APPEARANCES.
[From *Merchant of Venice*.]

THE world is still deceiv'd with orna-
 ment.

In law, what plea so tainted and corrupt,
 But, being season'd with a gracious voice,
 Obscures the show of evil? In religion,

What damned error, but some sober brow
Will bless it, and approve it with a text,
Hiding the grossness with fair orna-
ment?

There is no vice so simple, but assumes
Some mark of virtue on its outward parts.
How many cowards, whose hearts are
all as false

As stairs of sand, wear yet upon their
chins

The beards of Hercules and frowning
Mars;

Who, inward search'd, have livers white
as milk?

And these assume but valor's excrement,
To render them redoubted. Look on
beauty,

And you shall see 'tis purchased by the
weight;

Which therein works a miracle in nature,
Making them lightest that wear most of
it:

So are those crisped snaky golden locks,
Which make such wanton gambols with
the wind,

Upon supposed fairness, often known
To be the dowry of a second head,
The skull that bred them in the sepul-
chre.

Thus ornament is but the guiled shore
To a most dangerous sea; the beaute-
ous scarf

Veiling an Indian beauty; in a word,
The seeming truth which cunning times
put on

To entrap the wisest.

MERCY.

[From *Merchant of Venice*.]

THE quality of Mercy is not strain'd;
It droppeth, as the gentle rain from
heaven,

Upon the place beneath. It is twice
bless'd;

It blesseth him that gives and him that
takes.

'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it be-
comes

The thronèd monarch better than his
crown.

His sceptre shows the force of temporal
power,

The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of
kings;

But mercy is above this sceptred sway, —
It is enthronèd in the hearts of kings,
It is an attribute to God himself;

And earthly power doth then show
likest God's,

When mercy seasons justice. There-
fore, Jew,

Though justice be thy plea, consider
this, —

That, in the course of justice, none of
us

Should see salvation. We do pray for
mercy;

And that same prayer doth teach us all
to render

The deeds of mercy.

CELESTIAL MUSIC.

[From *Merchant of Venice*.]

How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon
this bank!

Here will we sit, and let the sounds of
music

Creep in our ears: soft stillness and the
night

Become the touches of sweet harmony.
Sit, Jessica. Look, how the floor of

heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright

gold:
There's not the smallest orb, which thou

behold'st,
But in his motion like an angel sings,

Still quiring to the young-eyed cheru-
bims, —

Such harmony is in immortal souls;
But whilst this muddy vesture of decay

Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear
it.

Come, ho, and wake Diana with a
hymn!

With sweetest touches pierce your mis-
tress' ear,

And draw her home with music.

QUEEN ELIZABETH.

[From *Midsummer Night's Dream*.]

I SAW, but thou could'st not,
 Flying between the cold moon and the
 earth,
 Cupid all-armed: a certain aim he took
 At a fair vestal throned by the west,
 And loosed his love-shaft smartly from
 his bow,
 As it should pierce a hundred thousand
 hearts;
 But I might see young Cupid's fiery shaft
 Quench'd in the chaste beams of the
 watery moon,
 And the imperial votaress passéd on,
 In maiden meditation, fancy-free.

THE POWER OF IMAGINATION.

[From *Midsummer Night's Dream*.]

THE poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
 Doth glance from heaven to earth, from
 earth to heaven;
 And, as imagination bodies forth
 The forms of things unknown, the poet's
 pen
 Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy
 nothing
 A local habitation and a name.

FEMININE FRIENDSHIP.

[From *Midsummer Night's Dream*.]

O, AND is all forgot?
 All school-days' friendship, childhood
 innocence?
 We, Hermia, like two artificial gods,
 Have with our needles created both one
 flower,
 Both on one sampler, sitting on one
 cushion,
 Both warbling of one song, both in one
 key;
 As if our hands, our sides, voices, and
 minds,
 Had been incorporate. So we grew
 together,

Like to a double cherry, seeming parted,
 But yet a union in partition,
 Two lovely berries moulded on one
 stem:
 So, with two seeming bodies, but one
 heart;
 Two of the first, like coats in heraldry,
 Due but to one, and crowned with one
 crest.
 And will you rent our ancient love
 asunder,
 To join with men in scorning your poor
 friend?
 It is not friendly, 'tis not maidenly:
 Our sex, as well as I, may chide you for
 it,
 Though I alone do feel the injury.

BEATRICE.

[From *Much Ado about Nothing*.]

DISDAIN and scorn ride sparkling in her
 eyes,
 Misprising what they look on; and her
 wit
 Values itself so highly, that to her
 All matter else seems weak; she cannot
 love,
 Nor take no shape nor project of affec-
 tion,
 She is so self-endear'd,
 I never yet saw man,
 How wise, how noble, young, how
 rarely featured,
 But she would spell him backward; if
 fair-faced,
 She'd swear the gentleman should be
 her sister;
 If black, why, nature, drawing of an
 antic,
 Made a foul blot: if tall, a lance ill-
 headed;
 If low, an agate very vilely cut:
 If speaking, why, a vane blown with all
 winds:
 If silent, why, a block moved with none.
 So turns she every man the wrong side
 out;
 And never gives to truth and virtue, that
 Which simpleness and merit purchaseth.

SIGH NO MORE, LADIES.[From *Much Ado about Nothing*.]

SIGH no more, ladies, sigh no more;
 Men were deceivers ever;
 One foot in sea, and one on shore;
 To one thing constant never:
 Then sigh not so,
 But let them go,
 And be you blithe and bonny;
 Converting all your sounds of woe
 Into, Hey nonny, nonny.

Sing no more ditties, sing no mo
 Of dumps so dull and heavy;
 The fraud of men was ever so,
 Since summer first was leavy,
 Then sigh not so,
 But let them go,
 And be you blithe and bonny;
 Converting all your sounds of woe
 Into, Hey nonny, nonny.

A WOMAN'S TONGUE.[From *Taming of the Shrew*.]

THINK you, a little din can daunt my ears?
 Have I not in my time heard lions roar?
 Have I not heard the sea, puff'd up with winds,
 Rage like an angry boar, chafed with sweat?
 Have I not heard great ordnance in the field,
 And heaven's artillery thunder in the skies?
 Have I not in a pitched battle heard
 Loud 'larums, neighing steeds, and trumpets' clang?
 And do you tell me of a woman's tongue;
 That gives not half so great a blow to the ear,
 As will a chestnut in a farmer's fire.

THE MIND ALONE VALUABLE.[From *Taming of the Shrew*.]

FOR 'tis the mind that makes the body rich:
 And as the sun breaks through the darkest clouds,
 So honor peereth in the meanest habit.
 What! is the jay more precious than the lark,
 Because his feathers are more beautiful?
 Or is the adder better than the eel,
 Because his painted skin contents the eyes?
 O, no, good Kate: neither art thou the worse
 For this poor furniture and mean array.

A WIFE'S DUTY.[From *Taming of the Shrew*.]

FIE, fie! unkitt that threatening unkind brow;
 And dart not scornful glances from those eyes,
 To wound thy lord, thy king, thy governor:
 It blots thy beauty, as frost bites the meads:
 Confounds thy fame, as whirlwinds shake fair buds;
 And in no sense is meet, or amiable.
 A woman moved is like a fountain troubled,
 Muddy, ill-seeming, thick, bereft of beauty;
 And, while it is so, none so dry or thirsty
 Will deign to sip or touch one drop of it.
 Thy husband is thy lord, thy life, thy keeper,
 Thy head, thy sovereign; one that cares for thee,
 And for thy maintenance; commits his body
 To painful labor, both by sea and land;
 To watch the night in storms, the day in cold,
 While thou liest warm at home, secure and safe;
 And craves no other tribute at thy hands,

But love, fair looks, and true obedience : —

Too little payment for so great a debt.
Such duty as the subject owes the prince,
Even such a woman oweth to her husband :

And, when she's froward, peevish, sullen, sour,

And not obedient to his honest will,
What is she but a foul contending rebel,
And graceless traitor to her loving lord ! —

I am ashamed that women are so simple
To offer war where they should kneel
for peace ;

Or seek for rule, supremacy, and sway,
When they are bound to serve, love, and obey.

Why are our bodies soft, and weak, and smooth,

Unapt to toil and trouble in the world,
But that our soft conditions and our hearts

Should well agree with our external parts ?

MIRTHFULNESS.

[From *Love's Labour's Lost*.]

A MERRIER man,
Within the limit of becoming mirth,
I never spent an hour's talk withal :
His eye begets occasion for his wit ;
For every object that the one doth catch,
The other turns to a mirth-moving jest ;
Which his fair tongue (conceit's expositor)

Delivers in such apt and gracious words,
That aged ears play truant at his tales,
And younger hearings are quite ravished
So sweet and voluble in his discourse.

THE POWER OF LOVE.

[From *Love's Labour's Lost*.]

BUT love, first learned in a lady's eyes,
Lives not alone immured in the brain ;
But, with the motion of all elements,
Courses as swift as thought in every power ;

And gives to every power a double power,

Above their functions and their offices.

It adds a precious seeing to the eye :

A lover's eyes will gaze an eagle blind ;

A lover's ear will hear the lowest sound,

When the suspicious head of theft is stopp'd ;

Love's feeling is more soft and sensible
Than are the tender horns of cockled snails ;

Love's tongue proves dainty Bacchus gross in taste ;

For valor, is not love a Hercules,

Still climbing trees in the Hesperides ?

Subtle as sphinx ; as sweet and musical
As bright Apollo's lute, strung with his hair ;

And, when love speaks, the voice of all the gods

Makes heaven drowsy with the harmony,

Never durst poet touch a pen to write

Until his ink were temper'd with love's sighs :

O, then his lines would ravage savage ears,

And plant in tyrants mild humility.

WINTER.

[From *Love's Labour's Lost*.]

WHEN icicles hang by the wall,

And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,

And Tom bears logs into the hall,

And milk comes frozen home i' the pail ;

When blood is nipt, and ways be foul,

Then nightly sings the staring owl,

Tu-whoo !

Tu-whit ; tu-whoo ! a merry note,

While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

When all aloud the wind doth blow,

And coughing drown the parson's saw,

And birds sit brooding in the snow,

And Marion's nose looks red and raw ;

When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,

Then nightly sings the staring owl,

Tu-whoo !

Tu-whit ! tu-whoo ! a merry note,

While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

SERENADE TO SYLVIA.[From *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*.]

WHO is Sylvia? what is she,
That all our swains commend her?
Holy, fair, and wise is she;
The heavens such grace did lend her,
That she might admir'd be.

Is she kind, as she is fair?
For beauty lives with kindness;
Love doth to her eyes repair,
To help him of his blindness;
And, being helped, inhabits there.

Then to Sylvia let us sing,
That Sylvia is excelling;
She excels each mortal thing
Upon the dull earth dwelling:
To her let us garlands bring.

THE ABUSE OF AUTHORITY.[From *Measure for Measure*.]

COULD great men thunder
As Jove himself does, Jove would ne'er
be quiet,
For every pelting, petty officer,
Would use his heaven for thunder,
nothing but thunder —
Merciful heaven!
Thou rather, with thy sharp and sulphurous bolt,
Splitt'st the unwedgeable and gnarled
oak,
Than the soft myrtle: O, but man, proud
man!
Drest in a little brief authority
Most ignorant of what he's most assured,
His glassy essence, — like an angry ape,
Plays such fantastic tricks before high
heaven,
As make the angels weep.

THE FEAR OF DEATH.[From *Measure for Measure*.]

AY, but to die, and go we know not
where;
To lie in cold obstruction, and to rot;

This sensible warm motion to become
A kneaded clod; and the delighted spirit
To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside
In thrilling regions of thick-ribb'd ice;
To be imprison'd in the viewless winds,
And blown with restless violence about
The pendent world; or to be worse than
worst
Of those, that lawless and incertain
thoughts
Imagine howling! — 'tis too horrible!
The weariest and most loathed worldly
life
That age, ache, penury, and imprison-
ment
Can lay on nature, is a paradise
To what we fear of death.

SLANDER.[From *Cymbeline*.]

No, 'tis slander;
Whose edge is sharper than the sword:
whose tongue
Outvenoms all the worms of Nile; whose
breath
Rides on the posting winds, and doth
believe
All corners of the world: kings, queens,
and states,
Maids, matrons, nay, the secrets of the
grave
This viperous slander enters.

HARK! HARK! THE LARK![Cloten's Song, from *Cymbeline*.]

HARK! hark! the lark at heaven's gate
sings,
And Phœbus 'gins arise,
His steeds to water at those springs
On chalic'd flowers that lies;
And winking Mary-buds begin
To ope their golden eyes;
With every thing that pretty is
My lady sweet, arise.

OTHELLO'S ACCOUNT OF HIS
COURTSHIP OF DESDEMONA.

[From *Othello*.]

MOST potent, grave, and reverend signiors,

My very noble and approved good masters,—

That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter,

It is most true; true, I have married her;
The very head and front of my offending
Hath this extent, no more. Rude am I

in my speech,
And little bless'd with the set phrase of peace;

For since these arms of mine had seven years' pith,

Till now some nine moons wasted, they have used

Their dearest action in the tented field;
And little of this great world can I speak,
More than pertains to feats of broil and battle;

And therefore little shall I grace my cause,

In speaking for myself. Yet, by your gracious patience,

I will a round unvarnish'd tale deliver
Of my whole course of love; what drugs,
what charms,

What conjuration, and what mighty magic

(For such proceeding I am charged withal),

I won his daughter with.

Her father loved me; oft invited me;
Still questioned me the story of my life,
From year to year; the battles, sieges,
fortunes,

That I have pass'd.

I ran it through, even from my boyish days,

To the very moment that he bade me tell it.

Wherein I spake of most disastrous chances,

Of moving accidents by flood, and field;
Of hair-breadth 'scapes i' the imminent

deadly breach;
Of being taken by the insolent foe,

And sold to slavery; of my redemption thence,

And portance in my travel's history:
Wherein of antres vast, and deserts idle,

Rough quarries, rocks, and hills, whose heads touch heaven,

It was my hint to speak;—such was the process;—

And of the cannibals that each other eat,
The Anthropophagi, and men whose

heads
Do grow beneath their shoulders. This to hear,

Would Desdemona seriously incline:
But still the house affairs would draw

her thence;
Which ever as she could with haste

despatch,
She'd come again, and with a greedy ear

Devour up my discourse: which I observing,

Took once a pliant hour, and found good means

To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart,

That I would all my pilgrimage dilate,
Whereof by parcels she had something

heard,
But not intently. I did consent;

And often did beguile her of her tears,
When I did speak of some distressful

stroke,
That my youth suffer'd. My story being

done,
She gave me for my pains a world of sighs:

She swore—In faith, 'twas strange,
'twas passing strange;

'Twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful:
She wish'd she had not heard it; yet she

wish'd
That Heaven had made her such a man:

she thank'd me;
And bade me, if I had a friend that loved

her,
I should but teach him how to tell my

story,
And that would woo her. Upon this

hint, I spake:
She loved me for the dangers I had

pass'd;
And I loved her, that she did pity them.

This only is the witchcraft I have used.

OTHELLO'S DESPAIR.

O NOW, for ever
 Farewell the tranquil mind! farewell
 content!
 Farewell the plumed troop, and the big
 wars
 That make ambition virtue! O, farewell!
 Farewell the neighing steed, and the
 shrill trump,
 The spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing
 fife,
 The royal banner; and all quality,
 Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glo-
 rious war!
 And O you mortal engines, whose rude
 throats
 The immortal Jove's dread clamors coun-
 terfeit,
 Farewell! Othello's occupation's gone!

OTHELLO'S DYING SPEECH.

SOFT you; a word or two before you go.
 I have done the state some service, and
 they know it;
 No more of that. I pray you, in your
 letters,
 When you shall these unlucky deeds
 relate,
 Speak of me as I am; nothing extenuate,
 Nor set down aught in malice: then
 must you speak
 Of one that loved not wisely, but too well.
 Of one not easily jealous, but, being
 wrought,
 Perplex'd in the extreme; of one, whose
 hand,
 Like the base Judean, threw a pearl
 away,
 Richer than all his tribe; of one whose
 subdu'd eyes,
 Albeit unus'd to the melting mood,
 Drop tears as fast as the Arabian trees
 Their medicinal gum. Set you down
 this:
 And say besides, — that in Aleppo once,
 Where a malignant and a turban'd Turk
 Beat a Venetian, and traduc'd the state,
 I took by the throat the circumcised dog,
 And smote him — thus. [*Stabs himself.*]

THE GARDEN SCENE.

[From *Romeo and Juliet.*]

Romeo. HE jests at scars that never
 felt a wound. —
 But, soft! what light through yonder
 window breaks!
 It is the east, and Juliet is the sun! —
 Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon,
 Who is already sick and pale with grief,
 That thou her maid art far more fair
 than she:
 Be not her maid, since she is envious:
 Her vestal livery is but sick and green,
 And none but fools do wear it; cast it
 off. —
 It is my lady; O, it is my love:
 O, that she knew she were! —
 She speaks, yet she says nothing; what
 of that?
 Her eye discourses, I will answer it. —
 I am too bold, 'tis not to me she speaks:
 Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven,
 Having some business, do entreat her
 eyes
 To twinkle in their spheres till they re-
 turn.
 What if her eyes were there, they in her
 head:
 The brightness of her cheek would
 shame those stars,
 As daylight doth a lamp; her eye in
 heaven
 Would through the airy region stream
 so bright,
 That birds would sing, and think it were
 not night.
 See, how she leans her cheek upon her
 hand!
 O, that I were a glove upon that hand,
 That I might touch that cheek!

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

[From *Romeo and Juliet.*]

'Tis but thy name that is mine enemy;
 Thou art thyself, though not a Monta-
 gue.
 What's Montague? it is nor hand, nor
 foot,
 Nor arm, nor face, nor any other part

Belonging to a man. O, be some other name!

What's in a name? that which we call a rose

By any other name would smell as sweet:

So Romeo would, were he not Romeo call'd,

Retain that dear perfection which he owes,

Without that title: — Romeo, doff thy name:

And for that name, which is no part of thee,

Take all myself.

RELUCTANCE TO PART.

[From *Romeo and Juliet*.]

Juliet. WILT thou be gone? It is not yet near day.

It was the nightingale, and not the lark, That pierced the fearful hollow of thine ear;

Nightly she sings on yon pomegranate tree:

Believe me, love, it was the nightingale.

Romeo. It was the lark, the herald of the morn,

No nightingale: look, love, what envious streaks

Do lace the severing clouds in yonder east;

Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day

Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops:

I must be gone and live, or stay and die.

Juliet. Yon light is not daylight, I know it, I:

It is some meteor that the sun exhales,

To be to thee this night a torch-bearer,

And light thee on thy way to Mantua;

Therefore stay yet, thou need'st not to be gone.

Romeo. Let me be ta'en, let me be put to death:

I am content, so thou wilt have it so.

I'll say, yon gray is not the morning's eye,

'Tis but the pale reflex of Cynthia's brow,

Nor that is not the lark, whose notes do beat

The vaulty heaven so high above our heads:

I have more care to stay than will to go; —

Come, death, and welcome! Juliet wills it so, —

How is't, my soul? let's talk, it is not day.

Juliet. It is, it is, hie hence, be gone, away;

It is the lark that sings so out of tune, Straining harsh discords, and unpleasing sharps.

Some say, the lark makes sweet division; This doth not so, for she divideth us:

Some say, the lark and loathed toad change eyes;

O, now I would they had chang'd voices too!

Since arm from arm that voice doth us affray,

Hunting thee hence with hunts-up to the day.

O, now be gone; more light and light it grows.

PERFECTION NEEDS NO ADDITION.

[From *King John*.]

To gild refined gold, to paint the lily, To throw a perfume on the violet,

To smooth the ice, or add another hue Unto the rainbow, or with taper-light

To seek the beauteous eye of heaven to garnish,

Is wasteful and ridiculous excess.

THE CURSES OF ROYALTY.

[From *King John*.]

It is the curse of kings to be attended By slaves that take their humors for a warrant

To break within the bloody house of life;

And, on the winking of authority,
To understand a law; to know the
meaning
Of dangerous majesty, when, perchance,
it frowns
More upon humor than advised respect.

How oft the sight of means to do ill
deeds,
Makes deeds ill done! Hadst not thou
been by,
A fellow by the hand of nature marked,
Quoted, and sign'd, to do a deed of
shame,
This murder had not come into my
mind.
But, taking note of thy abhorr'd as-
pect,—
Finding thee fit for bloody villany,
Apt, liable, to be employ'd in danger,
I faintly broke with thee of Arthur's
death;
And thou, to be endeared to a king,
Made it no conscience to destroy a
prince.

Hadst thou but shook thy head, or
made a pause,
When I spake darkly what I purposed;
Or turn'd an eye of doubt upon my
face,
As bid me tell my tale in express
words;
Deep shame had struck me dumb,
made me break off,
And those thy fears might have wrought
fears in me.

THE TRAGICAL FATE OF KINGS.

[From *King Richard II.*]

OF comfort no man speak:
Let's talk of graves, of worms, and epi-
taphs;
Make dust our paper, and with rainy
eyes
Write sorrow on the bosom of the earth.
Let's choose executors, and talk of
wills;

And yet not so,—for what can we be-
queath,
Save our deposed bodies to the ground?
Our lands, our lives, and all are Boling-
broke's,
And nothing can we call our own but
death,
And that small model of the barren
earth
Which serves as paste and cover to our
bones.
For heaven's sake let us sit upon the
ground,
And tell sad stories of the death of
kings:—
How some have been deposed, some
slain in war:
Some haunted by the ghosts they have
deposed:
Some poison'd by their wives; some
sleeping kill'd;
All murder'd:—for within the hollow
crown
That rounds the mortal temples of a
king
Keeps Death his court: and there the
antic sits,
Scoffing his state, and grinning at his
pomp;
Allowing him a breath, a little scene,
To monarchize, be fear'd, and kill with
looks;
Infusing him with self and vain con-
ceit,—
As if this flesh, which walls about our
life,
Were brass impregnable; and humor'd
thus,
Comes at the last, and with a little pin
Bores through his castle wall, and—
farewell king!
Cover your heads, and mock not flesh
and blood
With solemn reverence; throw away
respect,
Tradition, form, and ceremonious duty,
For you have but mistook me all this
while:
I live with bread like you, feel want,
taste grief,
Need friends: subjected thus,
How can you say to me I am a king?

PRINCE HENRY'S DEFENCE OF
HIMSELF.[From *King Henry IV.*]

God forgive them, that have so much
sway'd

Your majesty's good thoughts away from
me!

I will redeem all this on Percy's head,
And, in the closing of some glorious day,
Be bold to tell you that I am your son;
When I will wear a garment all of blood,
And stain my favors in a bloody mask,
Watch, wash'd away, shall scour my
shame with it.

And that shall be the day, whene'er it
lights,

That this same child of honor and re-
nown,

This gallant Hotspur, this all-praised
knight,

And your unthought-of Harry chance
to meet:

For every honor sitting on his helm,
Would they were multitudes; and on
my head

My shames redoubled! for the time will
come

That I shall make this northern youth
exchange

His glorious deeds for my indignities.

Percy is but my factor, good my lord,
To engross up glorious deeds on my be-
half;

And I will call him to so strict account,
That he shall render every glory up,
Yea, even the slightest worship of his
time,

Or I will tear the reckoning from his
heart.

This, in the name of God, I promise
here:

The which, if He be pleas'd I shall per-
form,

I do beseech your majesty may salve
The long-grown wounds of my intem-
perance:

If not, the end of life cancels all bands;
And I will die a hundred thousand
deaths,

Ere break the smallest parcel of this
vow.

PRINCE HENRY'S SPEECH ON
THE DEATH OF HOTSPUR.[From *King Henry IV.*]

FARE thee well, great heart!

Ill-weav'd ambition, how much art thou
shrunk!

When that this body did contain a spirit,
A kingdom for it was too small a bound:
But now, two paces of the vilest earth
Is room enough: — this earth, that bears
thee dead,

Bears not alive so stout a gentleman.

If thou wert sensible of courtesy,

I should not make so dear a show of
zeal: —

But let my favors hide thy mangled face;
And, even in thy behalf, I'll thank myself
For doing these fair rites of tenderness.
Adieu, and take thy praise with thee to
heaven:

Thy ignomy sleep with thee in thy
grave,

But not remember'd in thy epitaph!

HENRY'S SOLILOQUY ON SLEEP.

[From *King Henry IV.*]

How many thousand of my poorest sub-
jects

Are at this hour asleep! — O sleep, O
gentle sleep,

Nature's soft nurse, how have I frighted
thee,

That thou no more wilt weigh my eye-
lids down,

And steep my senses in forgetfulness?

Why rather, Sleep, liest thou in smoky
cribs,

Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee,

And hush'd with buzzing night-flies to
thy slumber;

Than in the perfumed chambers of the
great,

Under the canopies of costly state,

And lull'd with sounds of sweetest mel-
ody?

O thou dull god! why liest thou with
the vile,

In loathsome beds, and leav'st the kingly
couch,

A watch-case, or a common 'larum bell?
Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast,
Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his
brains

In cradle of the rude imperious surge.
And in the visitation of the winds,
Who take the ruffian billows by the top,
Curling their monstrous heads, and hang-
ing them

With deaf'ning clamors in the slippery
clouds,

That, with the hurly, death itself
awakes? —

Canst thou, O partial Sleep, give thy re-
pose

To the wet sea-boy in an hour so rude;
And, in the calmest and most stillest
night,

With all appliances and means to boot,
Deny it to a king? — Then, happy low,
lie down!

Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.

*KING HENRY'S SPEECH BEFORE
THE BATTLE OF AGINCOURT.*

[From *King Henry V.*]

HE that outlives this day, and comes
safe home,

Will stand a tip-toe when this day is
nam'd,

And rouse him at the name of Crispian.

He that shall live this day, and see old
age,

Will yearly on the vigil feast his friends,
And say — To-morrow is Saint Crispian :

Then will he strip his sleeve, and show
his scars,

And say, These wounds I had on Cris-
pin's day.

Old men forget; yet all shall be forgot,
But he'll remember, with advantages,

What feats he did that day; then shall
our names,

Familiar in their mouths as household
words, —

Harry the king, Bedford and Exeter,
Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and
Gloster, —

Be in their flowing cups freshly remem-
ber'd.

This story shall the good man teach his
son;

And Crispin Crispian shall ne'er go by,
From this day to the ending of the
world,

But we in it shall be remembered, —
We few, we happy few, we band of
brothers;

For he to-day that sheds his blood with
me,

Shall be my brother; be he ne'er so
vile,

This day shall gentle his condition :
And gentlemen in England, now a-bed,
Shall think themselves accurs'd, they
were not here;

And hold their manhoods cheap, whiles
any speaks

That fought with us upon Saint Cris-
pin's day.

A GOOD CONSCIENCE.

[From *King Henry VI.*]

WHAT stronger breast-plate than a heart
untainted?

Thrice is he arm'd that hath his quarrel
just;

And he but naked though lock'd up in
steel

Whose conscience with injustice is cor-
rupted.

*THE KING'S ENVY OF A SHEP-
HERD'S LIFE.*

[From *King Henry VI.*]

O GOD! methinks it were a happy life,
To be no better than a homely swain;

To sit upon a hill, as I do now,
To carve out dials quaintly, point by

point,
Thereby to see the minutes how they
run :

How many make the hour full com-
plete,

How many hours bring about the day,
How many days will finish up the year,

How many years a mortal man *may*
live.

When this is known, then to divide the times :

So many hours must I tend my flock ;
 So many hours must I take my rest ;
 So many hours must I contemplate ;
 So many hours must I sport myself ;

So many years ere I shall shear the fleece ;

So minutes, hours, days, weeks, months, and years,

Pass'd over to the end they were created,
 Would bring white hairs unto a quiet grave.

Ah, what a life were this ! how sweet !
 how lovely !

*RICHARD DUKE OF GLOSTER'S
 DESCRIPTION OF HIMSELF.*

[From *King Henry VI.*]

Why, I can smile, and murder while I smile ;

And cry, content, to that which grieves my heart ;

And wet my cheeks with artificial tears,
 And frame my face to all occasions ;

I'll drown more sailors than the mermaid shall ;

I'll slay more gazers than the basilisk ;

I'll play the orator as well as Nestor ;

Deceive more slyly than Ulysses could,

And, like a Sinon, take another Troy ;

I can add colors to the chameleon ;

Change shapes with Proteus for advantages,

And set the murd'rous Machiavel to school.

Can I do this and cannot get a crown ?

*DYING WORDS OF WARWICK
 THE KING MAKER.*

[From *King Henry VI.*]

THESE eyes, that now are dimm'd with death's black veil,

Have been as piercing as the mid-day sun,

To search the secret treasons of the world :

The wrinkles in my brows, now fill'd with blood,

Were liken'd oft to kingly sepulchres :
 For who liv'd king, but I could dig his grave ?

And who durst smile when Warwick bent his brow ?

Lo, now my glory smear'd in dust and blood !

My parks, my walks, my manors that I had,

Even now forsake me ; and of all my lands,

Is nothing left me, but my body's length !

Why, what is pomp, rule, reign, but earth and dust ?

And, live we how we can, yet die we must.

*THE DUKE OF GLOSTER ON
 HIS DEFORMITY.*

[From *King Richard III.*]

Now is the winter of our discontent

Made glorious summer by this sun of York ;

And all the clouds that lour'd upon our house,

In the deep bosom of the ocean buried.

Now are our brows bound with victorious wreaths ;

Our bruised arms hung up for monuments ;

Our stern alarums, chang'd to merry meetings,

Our dreadful marches to delightful measures.

Grim-visag'd war hath smooth'd his wrinkled front ;

And now, instead of mounting barbed steeds,

To fright the souls of fearful adversaries, —

He capers nimbly in a lady's chamber,

To the lascivious pleasing of a lute.

But I, that am not shaped for sportive tricks,

Nor made to court an amorous looking-glass ;

I, that am rudely stamp'd, and want
 love's majesty,
 To strut before a wanton ambling
 nymph;
 I, that am curtail'd of this fair propor-
 tion,
 Cheated of feature by dissembling na-
 ture,
 Deform'd, unfinish'd, sent before my
 time
 Into this breathing world, scarce half
 made up,
 And that so lamely and unfashionable,
 That dogs bark at me, as I halt by
 them; —
 Why I, in this weak piping time of
 peace,
 Have no delight to pass away the time;
 Unless to spy my shadow in the sun,
 And descant on mine own deformity;
 And therefore, — since I cannot prove
 a lover,
 To entertain these fair well spoken
 days, —
 I am determined to prove a villain,
 And hate the idle pleasures of these
 days.

*CARDINAL WOLSEY ON THE
 VICISSITUDES OF LIFE.*

[From *King Henry VIII.*]

FAREWELL, a long farewell, to all my
 greatness,
 This is the state of man; to-day he puts
 forth
 The tender leaves of hope, to-morrow
 blossoms,
 And bears his blushing honors thick
 upon him;
 The third day comes a frost, a killing
 frost;
 And, when he thinks, good easy man,
 full surely
 His greatness is a ripening, — nips his
 root,
 And then he falls, as I do. I have ven-
 tured,
 Like little wanton boys that swim on
 bladders,
 This many summers in a sea of glory;

But far beyond my depth; my high-
 blown pride
 At length broke under me; and now
 has left me,
 Weary, and old with service, to the
 mercy
 Of a rude stream, that must forever
 hide me.
 Vain pomp and glory of this world, I
 hate ye;
 I feel my heart new open'd: O, how
 wretched
 Is that poor man that hangs on princes'
 favors!
 There is, betwixt that smile we would
 aspire to,
 That sweet aspect of princes, and their
 ruin,
 More pangs and fears, than wars or
 women have;
 And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
 Never to hope again.

WOLSEY TO CROMWELL.

[From *King Henry VIII.*]

THUS far hear me, Cromwell;
 And — when I am forgotten, as I shall
 be,
 And sleep in dull cold marble, where
 no mention
 Of me more must be heard of — say, —
 taught thee,
 Say, Wolsey, — that once trod the way
 of glory,
 And sounded all the depths and shoals
 of honor, —
 Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to
 rise in;
 A sure and safe one, though thy master
 missed it.
 Mark but my fall, and that that ruin'd me.
 Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away
 ambition:
 By that sin fell the angels; how can
 man, then,
 The image of his Maker, hope to win
 by it?
 Love thyself last: cherish those hearts
 that hate thee;

Corruption wins not more than honesty.
 Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
 To silence envious tongues. Be just,
 and fear not:
 Let all the ends thou aim'st at, be thy
 country's,
 Thy God's, and truth's. Then if thou
 fall'st, O Cromwell,
 Thou fall'st a blessed martyr! — Serve
 the King,
 And, — pr'ythee, lead me in;
 There take an inventory of all I have,
 To the last penny, 'tis the King's: my
 robe,
 And my integrity to Heaven, is all
 I dare now call mine own. O Crom-
 well, Cromwell!
 Had I but serv'd my God with half the
 zeal
 I serv'd my King, he would not in mine
 age
 Have left me naked to mine enemies.

**TAKE, O TAKE THOSE LIPS
AWAY.**

[From *Measure for Measure*.]

TAKE, O take those lips away,
 That so sweetly were forsworn;
 And those eyes, the break of day,
 Lights that do mislead the morn
 But my kisses bring again,
 Seals of love, but seal'd in vain.

Hide, O hide those hills of snow,
 Which thy frozen bosom bears,
 On whose tops the pinks that grow
 Are of those that April wears:
 But first set my poor heart free,
 Bound in those icy chains by thee.

LOVE AND LUST.

[From *Venus and Adonis*.]

LOVE comforteth like sunshine after rain;
 But Lust's effect is tempest after sun;
 Love's gentle spring doth always fresh
 remain;
 Lust's winter comes, ere summer half
 be done.
 Love surfeits not; Lust like a glutton dies:
 Love is all truth; Lust full of forged lies.

SUNRISE.

[From *Venus and Adonis*.]

LO! here the gentle lark, weary of rest,
 From his moist cabinet mounts up on
 high,
 And wakes the morn'ing, from whose
 silver breast
 The sun ariseth in his majesty;
 Who doth the world so gloriously be-
 hold,
 The cedar-tops and hills seem bur-
 nish'd gold.

LUCRETIA SLEEPING.

[From *Rape of Lucrece*.]

HER lily hand her rosy cheek lies under,
 Cozening the pillow of a lawful kiss;
 Who, therefore angry, seems to part in
 sunder,
 Swelling on either side to want his bliss;
 Between whose hills her head entombed
 is;

Without the bed her other fair hand was,
 On the green coverlet, whose perfect
 white
 Show'd like an April daisy on the grass,
 With pearly sweat, resembling dew of
 night.
 Her eyes, like marigolds, had sheath'd
 their light,
 And canopied in darkness sweetly lay,
 Till they might open to adorn the day.

Her hair, like golden threads, play'd with
 her breath;
 O modest wantons! wanton modesty!
 Showing life's triumph in the map of
 death,
 And death's dim look in life's mortality.
 Each in her sleep themselves so beautify,
 As if between them twain there were no
 strife,
 But that life liv'd in death, and death in
 life.

Her breasts, like ivory globes circled
 with blue,
 A pair of maiden worlds unconquered,

Save of their lord, no bearing yoke they
 knew,
 And him by oath they truly honored.

WHAT WIN I IF I GAIN?

[From *Rape of Lucrece*.]

WHAT win I if I gain the thing I seek?
 A dream, a breath, a froth of fleeting
 joy.
 Who buys a minute's mirth to wail a
 week?
 Or sells eternity to get a toy?
 For one sweet grape, who will the wine
 destroy?
 Or what fond beggar, but to touch the
 crown,
 Would with the sceptre strait be struck-
 en down?

*VENUS WITH THE DEAD BODY
 OF ADONIS.*

[From *Venus and Adonis*.]

SHE looks upon his lips, and they are
 pale;
 She takes him by the hand, and that is
 cold;
 She whispers in his ear a heavy tale,
 As if he heard the woeful words she
 told:
 She lifts the coffer-lids that close his
 eyes,
 Where, lo, two lamps burnt out in
 darkness lies!

Two glasses, where herself herself beheld
 A thousand times, and now no more re-
 flect;
 Their virtue lost, wherein they late ex-
 cell'd,
 And every beauty robb'd of his effect.
 Wonder of time! (quoth she) this is
 my spite,
 That, thou being dead, the day should
 yet be light.

Since thou art dead, lo! here I prophesy,
 Sorrow on love hereafter shall attend;
 It shall be waited on with jealousy,
 Find sweet beginning, but unsavory
 end;
 Ne'er settled equally, but high or low;
 That all love's pleasure shall not match
 his woe.

It shall be fickle, false, and full of fraud,
 And shall be blasted in a breathing-
 while,
 The bottom poison, and the top o'er-
 straw'd
 With sweets that shall the sharpest sight
 beguile.
 The strongest body shall it make most
 weak,
 Strike the wise dumb, and teach the
 fool to speak.

It shall be sparing, and too full of riot,
 Teaching decrepid age to tread the
 measures;
 The staring ruffian shall it keep in quiet,
 Pluck down the rich, enrich the poor
 with treasures;
 It shall be raging mad, and silly mild,
 Make the young old, the old become
 a child.

It shall suspect where is no cause of
 fear;
 It shall not fear where it should most
 distrust;
 It shall be merciful, and too severe,
 And most deceiving when it seems most
 just;
 Perverse it shall be, when it seems
 most toward,
 Put fear to valor, courage to the cow-
 ard.

It shall be cause of war and dire events,
 And set dissention 'twixt the son and
 sire;
 Subject and servile to all discontents,
 As dry combustious matter is to fire.
 Sith in his prime, death doth my love
 destroy,
 They that love best, their loves shall
 not enjoy.

By this, the boy that by her side lay kill'd
 Was melted like a vapor from her sight,
 And in his blood, that on the ground
 lay spill'd,
 A purple flower sprung up, chequer'd
 with white,
 Resembling well his pale cheeks, and
 the blood
 Which in round drops upon their
 whiteness stood.

She bows her head the new-sprung
 flower to smell,
 Comparing it to her Adonis' breath;
 And says within her bosom it shall dwell,
 Since he himself is reft from her by death:
 She crops the stalk, and in the breach
 appears
 Green dropping sap, which 'she com-
 pares to tears.

Poor flower! (quoth she) this was thy
 father's guise
 (Sweet issue of a more sweet-smelling
 sire),
 For every little grief to wet his eyes,
 To grow unto himself was his desire,
 And so 'tis thine; but know, it is as
 good
 To wither in my breast as in his blood.

Here was thy father's bed, here in my
 breast,
 Thou art the next of blood, and 'tis thy
 right;
 Low in this hollow cradle take thy rest,
 My throbbing heart shall rock thee day
 and night:
 There shall not be one minute of an
 hour,
 Wherein I will not kiss my sweet love's
 flower.

Thus weary of the world, away she hies,
 And yokes her silver doves, by whose
 swift aid
 Their mistress, mounted, through the
 empty skies
 In her light chariot quickly is convey'd;
 Holding their course to Paphos, where
 their queen
 Means to immure herself, and not be
 seen.

SONNETS.

TO HIS LOVE.

18.

SHALL I compare thee to a summer's
 day?
 Thou art more lovely and more temper-
 ate:
 Rough winds do shake the darling buds
 of May,
 And summer's lease hath all too short a
 date:

Sometime too hot the eye of heaven
 shines,
 And often is his gold complexion
 dimm'd:
 And every fair from fair sometime de-
 clines,
 By chance, or nature's changing course,
 untrimm'd.

But thy eternal summer shall not fade
 Nor lose possession of that fair thou
 owest;
 Nor shall death brag thou wanderest in
 his shade,
 When in eternal lines to time thou grow-
 est.

So long as men can breathe, or eyes
 can see,
 So long lives this, and this gives life to
 thee.

ABSENCE.

57.

BEING your slave, what should I do but
 tend
 Upon the hours and times of your desire?
 I have no precious time at all to spend
 Nor services to do, till you require:

Nor dare I chide the world-without-end
 hour
 Whilst I, my sovereign, watch the clock
 for you,
 Nor think the bitterness of absence
 sour
 When you have bid your servant once
 adieu:

Nor dare I question with my jealous
thought
Where you may be, or your affairs sup-
pose,
But like a sad slave, stay and think of
nought
Save, where you are, how happy you
make those; —

So true a fool is love, that in your will,
Though you do anything, he thinks no
ill.

TIME AND LOVE.

64.

WHEN I have seen by Time's fell hand
defaced
The rich proud cost of out-worn buried
age;
When sometime lofty towers I see down-
razed,
And brass eternal slave to mortal rage;

When I have seen the hungry ocean
gain
Advantage on the kingdom of the shore,
And the firm soil win of the watery
main,
Increasing store with loss, and loss with
store;

When I have seen such interchange of
state,
Or state itself confounded to decay,
Ruin hath taught me thus to ruminate —
That Time will come and take my Love
away: —

This thought is as a death, which
cannot choose
But weep to have that which it fears to
lose.

65.

SINCE brass, nor stone, nor earth, nor
boundless sea,
But sad mortality o'ersways their power,
How with this rage shall beauty hold a
plea,
Whose action is no stronger than a flow-
er?

O how shall summer's honey breath
hold out
Against the wreckful siege of battering
days,
When rocks impregnable are not so stout
Nor gates of steel so strong, but time
decays?

O fearful meditation! where, alack!
Shall Time's best jewel from Time's
chest lie hid?
Or what strong hand can hold his swift
foot back,
Or who his spoil of beauty can forbid?

O! none, unless this miracle have
might,
That in black ink my love may still shine
bright.

SOUL AND BODY.

146.

POOR Soul, the centre of my sinful
earth,
Fool'd by those rebel powers that thee
array,
Why dost thou pine within and suffer
dearth,
Painting thy outward walls so costly gay?

Why so large cost, having so short a
lease,
Dost thou upon thy fading mansion
spend?
Shall worms, inheritors of this excess,
Eat up thy charge? is this thy body's
end?

Then, Soul, live thou up on thy servant's
loss,
And let that pine to aggravate thy store;
Buy terms divine in selling hours of
dross;
Within be fed, without be rich no
more: —

So shalt thou feed on death, that feeds
on men,
And death once dead, there's no more
dying then.

A MADRIGAL.

[From *The Passionate Pilgrim*.]

Crabbed Age and Youth
 Cannot live together:
 Youth is full of pleasure,
 Age is full of care;
 Youth like summer morn,
 Age like winter weather,
 Youth like summer brave,
 Age like winter bare:

Youth is full of sport,
 Age's breath is short,
 Youth is nimble, Age is lame:
 Youth is hot and bold,
 Age is weak and cold,
 Youth is wild, and Age is tame: —
 Age, I do abhor thee,
 Youth, I do adore thee;
 O! my Love, my Love is young!
 Age, I do defy thee —
 O sweet shepherd, hie thee,
 For methinks thou stay'st too long.



SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

1552-1618.

[BORN, 1552; executed, 1618. No early collected edition of his poems exists; such as were printed at all appeared for the most part in the Miscellanies of the time.]

THE SOUL'S ERRAND.

Go, soul, the body's guest,
 Upon a thankless errand!
 Fear not to touch the best;
 The truth shall be thy warrant.
 Go, since I needs must die,
 And give the world the lie.

Go, tell the Court — it glows
 And shines like rotten wood;
 Go, tell the Church — it shows
 What's good, and doth no good.
 If Church and Court reply,
 Then give them both the lie.

Tell Potentates — they live
 Acting by others' action,
 Not loved unless they give,
 Not strong but by a faction.
 If Potentates reply,
 Give Potentates the lie.

Tell men of high condition
 That rule affairs of state —
 Their purpose is ambition,
 Their practice — only hate.
 And if they once reply,
 Then give them all the lie.

Tell them that brave it most,
 They beg for more by spending
 Who, in their greatest cost,
 Seek nothing but commending.
 And if they make reply,
 Then give them all the lie.

Tell Zeal — it lacks devotion;
 Tell Love — it is but lust;
 Tell Time — it is but motion;
 Tell Flesh — it is but dust.
 And wish them not reply,
 For thou must give the lie.

Tell Age — it daily wasteth;
 Tell Honor — how it alters;
 Tell Beauty — how she blasteth;
 Tell Favor — how it falters.
 And as they shall reply,
 Give every one the lie.

Tell Wit — how much it wrangles
 In tickle points of niceness;
 Tell Wisdom — she entangles
 Herself in over-wiseness.
 And when they do reply,
 Straight give them both the lie.

Tell Physic — of her boldness;
 Tell Skill — it is pretension;
 Tell Charity — of coldness;
 Tell Law — it is contention.
 And as they do reply,
 So give them still the lie.

Tell Fortune — of her blindness;
 Tell Nature — of decay;
 Tell Friendship — of unkindness;
 Tell Justice — of delay.
 And if they will reply,
 Then give them all the lie.

Tell Arts — they have no soundness,
 But vary by esteeming;
 Tell Schools — they want profoundness,
 And stand too much on seeming.
 If Arts and Schools reply,
 Give Arts and Schools the lie.

Tell Faith — it's fled the City;
 Tell — how the Country erreth;
 Tell — Manhood shakes off pity;
 Tell — Virtue least preferreth.
 And if they do reply,
 Spare not to give the lie.

So when thou hast, as I
 Commanded thee, done blabbing,
 Although to give the lie
 Deserves no less than stabbing,
 Yet stab at thee who will,
 No stab the soul can kill.

DULCINA.

[Ascribed to Sir Walter Raleigh on doubtful authority.]

As at noon Dulcina rested
 In her sweet and shady bower,
 Came a shepherd, and requested
 In her lap to sleep an hour.
 But from her look
 A wound he took

So deep, that for a further boon
 The nymph he prays.
 Whereto she says,
 Forego me now, come to me soon.

But in vain she did conjure him
 To depart her presence so;
 Having a thousand tongues to allure him,
 And but one to bid him go;
 Where lips invite,
 And eyes delight,
 And cheeks, as fresh as rose in June,
 Persuade delay;
 What boots she say,
 Forego me now, come to me soon?

He demands what time for pleasure
 Can there be more fit than now;
 She says, night gives love that leisure,
 Which the day cannot allow.
 He says, the sight
 Improves delight;
 Which she denies: night's murky noon
 In Venus' plays
 Makes bold, she says;
 Forego me now, come to me soon.

But what promise or profession
 From his hands could purchase scope,
 Who would sell the sweet possession
 Of such beauty for a hope?
 Or for the sight
 Of lingering night
 Forego the present joys of noon?
 Though ne'er so fair
 Her speeches were,
 Forego me now, come to me soon.

How, at last, agreed these lovers?
 She was fair, and he was young:
 The tongue may tell what th' eye dis-
 covers;
 Joys unseen are never sung.
 Did she consent,
 Or he relent;
 Accepts he night, or grants she noon;
 Left he her a maid,
 Or not; she said,
 Forego me now, come to me soon.

GEORGE WITHER.

1588-1667.

[GEORGE WITHER was born at Brentworth in Hampshire, June 11, 1588, and died in the year 1667; his literary achievement, both in verse and prose, being proportioned to his length of years. The dates of his chief works are as follows: 1612, the *Elegy on Prince Henry*; 1613, *Epithalamia*; 1613, *Abuses Stript and Whipt*; 1615, *Fidelia and Shepherd's Hunting*. To the same year must also be ascribed his share in Browne's *Shepherd's Pipe*; 1618, the *Motto*; 1622, the *Mistress of Philarete*; 1623, the *Hymns and Songs of the Church*; 1628, *Britain's Remembrancer*; 1634, *Emblems*; 1641, *Hallelujah*.

The above list is very far indeed from exhausting the complete catalogue of Wither's voluminous works. He was an ardent politician, and in the stirring times of the Civil War was perpetually pouring forth songs and broadsheets in justification of the cause he had taken up. Probably no library in England possesses an absolutely complete collection of Wither's works. Certainly the British Museum and the Bodleian do not. The Rev. T. Corser, of Stand, near Manchester, is said to have had the fullest collection in existence, but that has been since dispersed. The poems have been collected by the Spenser Society, but it is a matter for regret that they are not to be had in a more generally accessible form. It is one of the most striking blemishes of Chalmers' collection that Wither is absolutely ignored in it. Of modern editors of portions of his works the chief is Sir Egerton Brydges, who republished the *Shepherd's Hunting* and the *Fidelia* at the beginning of this century, and also gave long extracts from Wither's other poems in his *Censura Literaria*. The *Hymns and Songs of the Church*, and the *Hallelujah* were republished for Russell Smith in 1856 and 1857.]

SLEEP, BABY, SLEEP!

SLEEP, baby, sleep! what ails my dear,
What ails my darling thus to cry?
Be still, my child, and lend thine ear,
To hear me sing thy lullaby.
My pretty lamb, forbear to weep;
Be still, my dear; sweet baby, sleep.

Thou blessed soul, what canst thou fear?
What thing to thee can mischief do?
Thy God is now thy father dear,
His holy Spouse thy mother too.
Sweet baby, then forbear to weep;
Be still, my babe; sweet baby, sleep.

Though thy conception was in sin,
A sacred bathing thou hast had;
And though thy birth unclean hath been,
A blameless babe thou now art made.
Sweet baby, then forbear to weep;
Be still, my dear; sweet baby, sleep.

While thus thy lullaby I sing,
For thee great blessings ripening be;
Thine Eldest Brother is a king,
And hath a kingdom bought for thee.
Sweet baby, then forbear to weep;
Be still, my babe; sweet baby, sleep.

Sweet baby, sleep, and nothing fear;
For whosoever thee offends
By thy protector threaten'd are,
And God and angels are thy friends.
Sweet baby, then forbear to weep;
Be still, my babe; sweet baby, sleep.

When God with us was dwelling here,
In little babes He took delight;
Such innocents as thou, my dear,
Are ever precious in His sight.
Sweet baby, then forbear to weep;
Be still, my babe; sweet baby, sleep.

A little infant once was He;
And strength in weakness then was laid
Upon His virgin mother's knee,
That power to thee might be convey'd.
Sweet baby, then forbear to weep;
Be still, my babe; sweet baby, sleep.

In this thy frailty and thy need
He friends and helpers doth prepare,
Which thee shall cherish, clothe, and feed,
For of thy weal they tender are.
Sweet baby, then forbear to weep;
Be still, my babe; sweet baby, sleep.

The King of kings, when He was born,
 Had not so much for outward ease;
 By Him such dressings were not worn,
 Nor such like swaddling-clothes as
 these.

Sweet baby, then forbear to weep;
 Be still, my babe; sweet baby, sleep.

Within a manger lodged thy Lord,
 Where oxen lay, and asses fed:
 Warm rooms we do to thee afford,
 An easy cradle or a bed.
 Sweet baby, then forbear to weep;
 Be still, my babe; sweet baby, sleep.

The wants that He did then sustain
 Have purchased wealth, my babe, for
 thee;
 And by His torments and His pain
 Thy rest and ease securèd be.
 My baby, then forbear to weep;
 Be still, my babe; sweet baby, sleep.

Thou hast, yet more, to perfect this,
 A promise and an earnest got
 Of gaining everlasting bliss,
 Though thou, my babe, perceiv'st it
 not,
 Sweet baby, then forbear to weep;
 Be still, my babe; sweet baby, sleep.

SHALL I, WASTING IN DESPAIR.

SHALL I, wasting in despair,
 Die because a woman's fair?
 Or make pale my cheeks with care
 'Cause another's rosy are?
 Be she fairer than the day,
 Or the flow'ry meads in May,
 If she be not so to me,
 What care I how fair she be?

Should my heart be griev'd or pin'd
 'Cause I see a woman kind?
 Or a well-dispos'd nature
 Join'd with a lovely feature?
 Be she meeker, kinder than
 Turtle-dove or pelican,
 If she be not so to me,
 What care I how kind she be?

Shall a woman's virtues move
 Me to perish for her love?
 Or her well-deservings, known,
 Make me quite forget my own?
 Be she with that goodness blest
 Which may gain her name of best,
 If she be not such to me,
 What care I how good she be?

'Cause her fortune seems too high,
 Shall I play the fool and die?
 Those that bear a noble mind,
 Where they want of riches find,
 Think what with them they would do
 That without them dare to woo;
 And unless that mind I see,
 What care I how great she be?

Great, or good, or kind, or fair,
 I will ne'er the more despair:
 If she love me, this believe,
 I will die ere she shall grieve:
 If she slight me when I woo,
 I can scorn and let her go,
 For if she be not for me,
 What care I for whom she be?

WHEN WE ARE UPON THE SEAS.

[From *Hallelujah.*]

ON those great waters now I am,
 Of which I have been told,
 That whosoever thither came
 Should wonders there behold.
 In this unsteady place of fear,
 Be present, Lord, with me;
 For in these depths of water here
 I depths of danger see.

A stirring courser now I sit,
 A headstrong steed I ride,
 That champs and foams upon the bit
 Which curbs his lofty pride.
 The softest whistling of the winds
 Doth make him gallop fast;
 And as their breath increased he finds
 The more he maketh haste.

Take Thou, oh Lord! the reins in hand,
 Assume our Master's room;

Vouchsafe Thou at our helm to stand,
And pilot to become.
Trim Thou the sails, and let good speed
Accompany our haste;
Sound Thou the channels at our need,
And anchor for us cast.

A fit and favorable wind
To further us provide;
And let it wait on us behind,
Or lackey by our side. [sands,
From sudden gusts, from storms, from
And from the raging wave;
From shallows, rocks, and pirates' hands,
Men, goods, and vessel save.

Preserve us from the wants, the fear,
And sickness of the seas;
But chiefly from our sins, which are
A danger worse than these.
Lord! let us also safe arrive
Where we desire to be;
And for Thy mercies let us give
Due thanks and praise to Thee.

THE PRAYER OF OLD AGE.

[From third part of *Hallelujah*.]

As this my carnal robe grows old,
Soil'd, rent, and worn by length of
years,
Let me on that by faith lay hold
Which man in life immortal wears;
So sanctify my days behind,
So let my manners be refined,
That when my soul and flesh must
part,
There lurk no terrors in my heart.

So shall my rest be safe and sweet
When I am lodg'd in my grave;
And when my soul and body meet,
A joyful meeting they shall have;
Their essence then shall be divine,
This muddy flesh shall starlike shine,
And God shall that fresh youth restore
Which will abide for evermore.



SIR HENRY WOTTON.

1568-1639.

[BORN, 1568; died, 1639. "How happy is he born and taught," said to have been printed in 1614; see *Courtly Poets*, ed. Hannah, 1875. It was quoted to Drummond by Ben Jonson in 1618 or 1619: "Sir Edward [Henry] Wotton's verses of a happy life he hath by heart." "You meaner beauties of the night," printed with music in Est's *Sixth Set of Books*, 1624. It was probably written a few years before. In 1651, *Reliquiae Wottonianae*.]

THE CHARACTER OF A HAPPY LIFE.

How happy is he born and taught
That serveth not another's will,
Whose armor is his honest thought,
And simple truth his utmost skill!

Whose passions not his master's are,
Whose soul is still prepar'd for death,
Untied unto the world by care
Of public fame or private breath.

Who envies none that chance doth raise,
Nor vice hath ever understood;
How deepest wounds are given by praise,
Nor rules of state, but rules of good.

Who hath his life from rumors freed,
Whose conscience is his strong re-
treat;
Whose state can neither flatterers feed,
Nor ruin make oppressors great.

Who God doth late and early pray
More of his grace than gifts to lend,
And entertains the harmless day
With a religious book or friend.

This man is freed from servile hands,
Of hope to rise, or fear to fall;
Lord of himself, though not of lands,
And having nothing, yet hath all.

YOU MEANER BEAUTIES.

You meaner beauties of the night,
That poorly satisfy our eyes
More by your number than your light, —
You common people of the skies,
What are you when the moon shall rise?

Ye violets that first appear,
By your pure purple mantles known,
Like the proud virgins of the year,
As if the spring were all your own, —
What are you when the rose is blown?

Ye curious chanters of the wood,
That warble forth dame Nature's lays,
Thinking your passion understood
By your weak accents, — what's your
praise
When Philomel her voice shall raise?

So when my mistress shall be seen,
In sweetness of her looks and mind,
By virtue first, then choice, a queen,
Tell me if she was not design'd
Th' eclipse and glory of her kind.



EDMUND WALLER.

1605–1687.

[EDMUND WALLER was born, March 3, 1605, at Coleshill, in Warwickshire. At seventeen years of age he was elected member of parliament for Agmondesham. He married early, and lost his wife soon; after her death he paid court to Lady Dorothy Sidney, daughter of the Earl of Leicester. He protracted his unsuccessful suit, celebrating the lady under the title of Sacharissa, until in 1639 she married the Earl of Sunderland. In 1640 he entered parliament again, and made himself remarkable by his opposition to the King's measures, but when the Civil War became imminent he took the Royalist side. In 1643 he was arrested as one of the leaders of a plot against the Parliament, and having with difficulty preserved his life, proceeded to France on his release. After some years he returned to England and made his peace with Cromwell; at the Restoration he eagerly laid his homage at the feet of Charles II. He was made Provost of Eton, and sat in several parliaments after the Restoration. He died of dropsy, at Beaconsfield, in Buckinghamshire, on the 21st of October, 1687. His poems, first published in 1645, were very frequently reprinted during his lifetime, and always with additions.]

OLD AGE.

THE seas are quiet when the winds give
o'er;
So calm are we when passions are no
more;
For then we know how vain it was to
boast
Of fleeting things too certain to be lost.
Clouds of affection from our younger eyes
Conceal that emptiness which age de-
scries.

The soul's dark cottage, batter'd and
decay'd,
Lets in new light through chinks that
time has made:
Stronger by weakness wiser men become
As they draw near to their eternal home:
Leaving the old, both worlds at once
they view
That stand upon the threshold of the new.

ON A GIRDLE.

THAT which her slender waist confined
Shall now my joyful temples bind:
It was my heaven's extremest sphere,
The pale which held that lovely dear.
My joy, my grief, my hope, my love,
Did all within this circle move! —
A narrow compass! and yet there
Dwelt all that's good, and all that's fair.
Give me but what this ribbon bound,
Take all the rest the sun goes round.

GO, LOVELY ROSE!

Go, lovely Rose!
Tell her that wastes her time and me,
That now she knows,
When I resemble her to thee,
How sweet and fair she seems to be.

Tell her that's young,
And shuns to have her graces spied,
That had'st thou sprung
In deserts where no men abide,
Thou must have uncommended died.

Small is the worth
Of beauty from the light retired:
Bid her come forth,
Suffer herself to be desired,
And not blush so to be admired.

Then die! that she
The common fate of all things rare

May read in thee, —
How small a part of time they share
That are so wondrous sweet and fair.

ADDITIONAL STANZA BY KIRKE WHITE.

[Yet, though thou fade,
From thy dead leaves let fragrance
rise;
And teach the maid
That goodness Time's rude hand de-
fies, —
That virtue lives when beauty dies.]

GEORGE HERBERT.

1593-1634.

[GEORGE HERBERT, born, 1592-3; died, 1634. He was Public Orator at Cambridge from 1619 to 1627, and was Rector of Bemerton, in Wiltshire, in 1631. His poems were first published, 1633.]

VIRTUE.

SWEET day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky,
Sweet dews shall weep thy fall to-night,
For thou must die.

Sweet rose, whose hue, angry and brave,
Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye,
Thy root is ever in its grave,
And thou must die.

Sweet spring, full of sweet days and roses,
A box where sweets compacted lie,
My music shows you have your closes,
And all must die.

Only a sweet and virtuous soul,
Like seasoned timber, never gives;
But when the whole world turns to coal,
Then chiefly lives.

THOMAS CAREW.

1589-1639.

[THOMAS CAREW, Sewer in Ordinary to Charles I., was born about 1589, and died in 1639. He published *Coelum Britannicum*, 1623, and *Poems*, 1640.]

MEDIOCRITY IN LOVE
REJECTED.

GIVE me more love, or more disdain;
The torrid or the frozen zone
Brings equal ease unto my pain;
The temperate affords me none:
Either extreme, of love or hate,
Is sweeter than a calm estate.

Give me a storm; if it be love —
Like Danaë in a golden shower,
I swim in pleasure; if it prove
Disdain, that torrent will devour
My vulture hopes; and he's possess'd
Of heaven, that's but from hell re-
leas'd.
Then crown my joys, or cure my pain;
Give me more love, or more disdain,

ON CELIA SINGING.

You that think love can convey
 No other way
 But through the eyes into the heart
 His fatal dart;
 Close up their casements, and but hear
 This syren sing,
 And on the wing
 Of her sweet voice it shall appear
 That love can enter at the ear.

Then unveil your eyes, behold
 The curious mould
 Where that voice dwells; and as we
 know
 When the cocks crow
 We freely may
 Gaze on the day,
 So may you, when the music's done,
 Awake and see the rising sun.

*HE THAT LOVES A ROSY
CHEEK.*

HE that loves a rosy cheek,
 Or a coral lip admires,
 Or from star-like eyes doth seek
 Fuel to maintain its fires;
 As old Time makes these decay,
 So his flames must waste away.

But a smooth and steadfast mind,
 Gentle thoughts and calm desires,
 Hearts with equal love combin'd,
 Kindle never-dying fires;
 Where these are not, I despise
 Lovely cheeks, or lips, or eyes.

ASK ME NO MORE.

ASK me no more, where Jove bestows,
 When June is past, the fading rose;
 For in your beauties' orient deep,
 These flow'rs, as in their causes, sleep.

Ask me no more, whither do stray
 The golden atoms of the day;
 For, in pure love, heaven did prepare
 Those powders to enrich your hair.

Ask me no more, whither doth haste
 The nightingale, when May is past;
 For in your sweet dividing throat
 She winters, and keeps warm her note.

Ask me no more, where those stars light,
 That downwards fall in dead of night;
 For, in your eyes they sit, and there
 Fixed become, as in their sphere.

Ask me no more, if east or west,
 The phoenix builds her spicy nest;
 For unto you at last she flies,
 And in your fragrant bosom dies.

MURDERING BEAUTY.

I'LL gaze no more on her bewitching face,
 Since ruin harbors there in every place;
 For my enchanted soul alike she drowns
 With calms and tempests of her smiles
 and frowns.

I'll love no more those cruel eyes of hers,
 Which, pleas'd or anger'd, still are mur-
 derers:
 For if she dart (like lightning) through
 the air
 Her beams of wrath, she kills me with
 despair;
 If she behold me with a pleasing eye,
 I surfeit with excess of joy, and die.

A PRAYER TO THE WIND.

Go, thou gentle whispering wind,
 Bear this sigh; and if thou find
 Where my cruel fair doth rest,
 Cast it in her snowy breast;
 So inflam'd by my desire,
 It may set her heart a-fire:
 Those sweet kisses thou shalt gain,
 Will reward thee for thy pain.
 Boldly light upon her lip,
 There suck odors, and thence skip
 To her bosom; lastly, fall
 Down, and wander over all;
 Range about those ivory hills
 From whose every part distills
 Amber dew; there spices grow,
 There pure streams of nectar flow:

There perfume thyself, and bring
 All those sweets upon thy wing:
 As thou return'st change by thy pow'r
 Every weed into a flow'r;
 Turn each thistle to a vine,
 Make the bramble eglantine;
 For so rich a booty made,
 Do but this, and I am paid.
 Thou canst wit' thy pow'rful blast,
 Heat apace, and cool as fast:
 Thou canst kindle hidden flame,
 And again destroy the same:
 Then, for pity, either stir
 Up the fire of love in her,
 That alike both flames may shine,
 Or else quite extinguish mine.

UNGRATEFUL BEAUTY.

Know, Celia, since thou art so proud,
 'Twas I that gave thee thy renown:
 Thou hadst, in the forgotten crowd
 Of common beauties, liv'd unknown,
 Had not my verse exhal'd thy name,
 And with it impt the wings of Fame.

That killing power is none of thine,
 I gave it to thy voice and eyes:
 Thy sweets, thy graces, all are mine;
 Thou art my star, shin'st in my skies;
 Then dart not from thy borrowed sphere
 Lightning on him that fix'd thee there.

Tempt me with such affrights no more,
 Lest what I made I uncreate:
 Let fools thy mystic forms adore,
 I'll know thee in thy mortal state.
 Wise poets, that wrap truth in tales,
 Knew her themselves through all her
 veils.

RED AND WHITE ROSES.

READ in these roses the sad story,
 Of my hard fate, and your own glory:
 In the white you may discover
 The paleness or a fainting lover;
 In the red the flames still feeding
 On my heart with fresh wounds bleeding.
 The white will tell you how I languish,
 And the red express my anguish:

The white my innocence displaying,
 The red my martyrdom betraying:
 The frowns that on your brow resided,
 Have those roses thus divided.
 O! let your smiles but clear the weather,
 And then they both shall grow together.

THE PRIMROSE.

Ask me why I send you here
 This firstling of the infant year;
 Ask me why I send to you
 This primrose all bepearl'd with dew;
 I straight will whisper in your ears,
 The sweets of love are wash'd with tears:
 Ask me why this flow'r doth show
 So yellow, green, and sickly too;
 Ask me why the stalk is weak,
 And bending, yet it doth not break;
 I must tell you, these discover
 What doubts and fevers are in a lover.

THE PROTESTATION.

No more shall the meads be deck'd with
 flowers,
 Nor sweetness dwell in rosy bowers;
 Nor greenest buds on branches spring,
 Nor warbling birds delight to sing;
 Nor April violets paint the grove;
 If I forsake my Celia's love.

The fish shall in the ocean burn,
 And fountains sweet shall bitter turn;
 The humble oak no flood shall know
 When floods shall highest hills o'erflow;
 Black Lethe shall oblivion leave;
 If e'er my Celia I deceive.

Love shall his bow and shaft lay by,
 And Venus' doves want wings to fly;
 The sun refuse to show his light,
 And day shall then be turn'd to night,
 And in that night no star appear;
 If once I leave my Celia dear.

Love shall no more inhabit earth,
 Nor lovers more shall love for worth;
 Nor joy above in heaven dwell,
 Nor pain torment poor souls in hell;
 Grim Death no more shall horrid prove;
 If e'er I leave bright Celia's love.

ABRAHAM COWLEY.

1618-1667.

[ABRAHAM COWLEY was the posthumous son of a London stationer, and was born in the latter part of the year 1618. He was educated at Westminster School and Trinity College, Cambridge, where he remained from 1636 to 1643. He took the royalist side during the Civil War, and helped the King's cause both at Oxford and afterwards as Secretary to the Queen in her exile in Paris. In 1655 he returned to England, where he remained under strict surveillance till Cromwell's death; then he rejoined his friends in France. At the Restoration he came back, and lived in retirement at Barnes and Chertsey till his death in 1667. His poems were published in the following order: *Poetical Blossomes*, 1633; *Love's Riddle*, a comedy, 1638; *The Mistress*, 1647; *The Guardian* (surreptitiously published), 1650; the first folio edition of the *Works*, 1656; other editions of the same followed with the addition of such new poems and essays as he produced from time to time. The most complete editions of his works are those which appeared in 1708 and 1721.]

LIBERTY.

WHERE honor, or where conscience does
not bind,
No other law shall shackle me;
Slave to myself I will not be:
Nor shall my future actions be confin'd
By my own present mind.
Who by resolves and vows engag'd does
stand
For days that yet belong to Fate,
Does, like an unthrift, mortgage his es-
tate
Before it falls into his hand.
The bondman of the cloister so
All that he does receive does always owe;
And still as time comes in, it goes away,
Not to enjoy, but debts to pay.
Unhappy slave! and pupil to a bell!
Which his hour's work, as well as hours,
does tell!
Unhappy to the last, the kind releasing
knell.

ON THE DEATH OF CRASHAW.

POET and Saint! to thee alone are giv'n
The two most sacred names of earth
and heav'n,
The hard and rarest union which can be,
Next that of Godhead with humanity.
Long did the Muses banished slaves
abide,
And built vain pyramids to mortal pride;
Like Moses thou (tho' spells and charms
withstand)
Hast brought them nobly home back to
their Holy Land.

Ah, wretched We! poets of earth!
but thou
Wert living the same poet which thou'rt
now.
Whilst angels sing to thee their airs
divine,
And join in an applause so great as
thine,
Equal society with them to hold,
Thou need'st not make new songs, but
say the old:
And they, kind Spirits! Shall all rejoice
to see
How little less than they exalted man
may be.

WHAT SHALL I DO?

WHAT shall I do to be forever known,
And make the age to come my own?
I shall like beasts or common people
die,
Unless you write my elegy;
Whilst others great by being born are
grown,
Their mother's labor, not their own.
In this scale gold, in th' other fame does
lie;
The weight of that mounts this so high.
These men are Fortune's jewels, moulded
bright,
Brought forth with their own fire and
light.
If I, her vulgar stone, for either look,
Out of myself it must be strook.
Yet I must on: What sound is't strikes
mine ear?
Sure I Fame's trumpet hear:

It sounds like the last trumpet, for it can
 Raise up the bury'd man.
 Unpass'd Alps stop me, but I'll cut
 through all,
 And march, the Muse's Hannibal.
 Hence, all the flatt'ring vanities that lay
 Nets of roses in the way;
 Hence, the desire of honors or estate,
 And all that is not above Fate;
 Hence, Love himself, that tyrant of my
 days,
 Which intercepts my coming praise.
 Come, my best Friends! my books! and
 lead me on,
 'Tis time that I were gone.
 Welcome, great Stagirite! and teach
 me now
 All I was born to know:
 Thy scholar's vict'ries thou dost far out-
 do;
 He conquer'd the earth, the whole world
 you.
 Welcome, learn'd Cicero! whose bless'd
 tongue and wit
 Preserves Rome's greatness yet:
 Thou art the first of orators; only he
 Who best can praise thee next must be.
 Welcome the Mantuan swan! Virgil the
 wise,
 Whose verse walks highest, but not flies;
 Who brought green Poesy to her per-
 fect age,
 And made that art which was a rage.
 Tell me, ye mighty Three! what shall I
 do
 To be like one of you?
 But you have climb'd the mountain's
 top, there sit
 On the calm flourishing head of it,
 And whilst, with wearied steps, we up-
 ward go,
 See us and clouds below.

THE SOUL.

If mine eyes do e'er declare
 They've seen a second thing that's fair;
 Or ears that they have music found,
 Besides thy voice, in any sound;
 If my taste do ever meet,
 After thy kiss with aught that's sweet;

If my abused touch allow
 Aught to be smooth or soft but thou!
 If what seasonable springs,
 Or the eastern summer brings,
 Do my smell persuade at all
 Aught perfume but thy breath to call;
 If all my senses objects be
 Not contracted into thee,
 And so through thee more pow'rful pass,
 As beams do through a burning-glass;
 If all things that in nature are
 Either soft, or sweet, or fair,
 Be not in thee so epitomiz'd,
 That nought material's not compris'd,
 May I as worthless seem to thee,
 As all but thou appear to me.

THE WISH.

WELL, then, I now do plainly see,
 This busy world and I shall ne'er agree,
 The very honey of all earthly joy
 Does of all meats the soonest cloy:
 And they (methinks) deserve my pity
 Who for it can endure the stings,
 The crowd, and buzz, and murmurings,
 Of this great hive, the City.

Ah! yet, e'er I descend to the grave,
 May I a small house and large garden
 have!
 And a few friends, and many books, both
 true,
 Both wise, and both delightful too!
 And since Love ne'er will from me flee,
 A mistress moderately fair,
 And good as guardian angels are,
 Only belov'd, and loving me!

LOVE IN HER SUNNY EYES.

Love in her sunny eyes does basking
 play:
 Love walks the pleasant mazes of her
 hair;
 Love does on both her lips for ever
 stray,
 And sows and reaps a thousand kisses
 there;
 In all her outward parts Love's always
 seen,
 But, Oh! he never went within.

THE SPRING.

[From *The Mistress*.]

THOUGH you be absent here, I needs
must say

The trees as beauteous are, and flowers
as gay,

As ever they were wont to be;
Nay the birds' rural music too
Is as melodious and free,
As if they sung to pleasure you:

I saw a rose-bud ope this morn; I'll
swear

The blushing morning open'd not more
fair.

How could it be so fair, and you away?
How could the trees be beauteous,
flowers so gay?

Could they remember but last year,
How you did them, they you delight,
The sprouting leaves which saw you
here,

And call'd their fellows to the sight,
Would, looking round for the same
sight in vain,

Creep back into their silent barks again.

Where'er you walk'd trees were as rev-
erend made,

As when of old gods dwelt in every shade.

Is't possible they should not know,
What loss of honor they sustain,
That thus they smile and flourish now,
And still their former pride retain?

Dull creatures! 'tis not without cause
that she,

Who fled the god of wit, was made a tree.

In ancient times sure they much wiser
were,

When they rejoic'd the Thracian verse
to hear;

In vain did nature bid them stay,
When Orpheus had his song begun,
They call'd their wondering roots away,
And bade them silent to him run.

How would those learned trees have
followed you?

You would have drawn them, and their
poet too.

But who can blame them now? for,
since you're gone,

They're here the only fair, and shine
alone.

You did their natural rights invade:
Where ever you did walk or sit,
The thickest boughs could make no
shade,

Although the Sun had granted it:
The fairest flowers could please no
more, near you,

Than painted flowers, set next to them,
could do.

When e'er then you came hither, that
shall be

The time, which this to others is, to me.

The little joys which here are now,
The name of punishments do bear,
When by their sight they let us know
How we depriv'd of greater are.

'Tis you the best of seasons with you
bring;

This is for beasts, and that for men the
spring.



RICHARD LOVELACE.

1618-1658.

[RICHARD LOVELACE was born at Woolwich in 1618; he died in Gunpowder Alley, near Shoe Lane, London, in April, 1658. His *Lucasta* was published in 1649, and his *Posthume Poems* in 1659. He was the author of *The Scholar*, a comedy, written in 1634, and of *The Soldier*, a tragedy, written in 1640, but these dramas are lost.]

TO ALTHEA, FROM PRISON.

WHEN love with unconfin'd wings

Hovers within my gates,

And my divine Althea brings

To whisper at my grates;

When I lie tangled in her hair,

And fetter'd to her eye,

The birds that wanton in the air

Know no such liberty.

When flowing cups run swiftly round,
 With no allaying Thames,
 Our careless heads with roses bound,
 Our hearts with loyal flames;
 When thirsty grief in wine we steep,
 When healths and draughts are free,—
 Fishes that tippie in the deep
 Know no such liberty.

When linnet-like confinèd, I
 With shriller throat shall sing
 The sweetness, mercy, majesty,
 And glories of my king:
 When I shall voice aloud how good
 He is, how great should be,—
 Enlargèd winds that curl the flood
 Know no such liberty.

Stone walls do not a prison make,
 Nor iron bars a cage;
 Minds innocent and quiet take
 That for a hermitage:

If I have freedom in my love,
 And in my soul am free,—
 Angels alone that soar above
 Enjoy such liberty.

TO LUCASTA, ON GOING TO
 THE WARS.

TELL me not, sweet, I am unkind,—
 That from the nunnery
 Of thy chaste breast and quiet mind
 To war and arms I fly.

True, a new mistress now I chase,
 The first foe in the field;
 And with a stronger faith embrace
 A sword, a horse, a shield.

Yet this inconstancy is such
 As you, too, shall adore;
 I could not love thee, dear, so much,
 Loved I not honor more.

SIR JOHN SUCKLING.

1608–9–1642.

[SUCKLING was born at Twickenham in 1608–9, and committed suicide in Paris in 1642. He published during his lifetime the drama of *Aglaure*, in 1638, and the *Ballad of a Wedding*, in 1640. His other works were first collected posthumously in 1648, under the title of *Fragmenta Aurea*.]

WHY SO PALE AND WAN?

WHY so pale and wan, fond lover?
 Prithee, why so pale?
 Will, when looking well can't move her,
 Looking ill prevail?
 Prithee, why so pale?

WHY so dull and mute, young sinner?
 Prithee, why so mute?
 Will, when speaking well can't win her,
 Saying nothing do't?
 Prithee, why so mute?

Quit, quit, for shame, this will not move,
 This cannot take her;
 If of herself she will not love,
 Nothing can make her.
 The devil take her!

I PRITHEE, SEND ME BACK MY
 HEART.

I PRITHEE, send me back my heart,
 Since I cannot have thine;
 For if from yours you will not part,
 Why, then, shouldst thou have mine?

Yet now I think on't, let it lie,
 To find it were in vain;
 For thou'st a thief in either eye
 Would steal it back again.

Why should two hearts in one breast lie,
 And yet not lodge together?
 O Love! where is thy sympathy,
 If thus our breasts thou sever?

But love is such a mystery,
I cannot find it out;
For when I think I'm best resolv'd,
Then I am most in doubt.

Then farewell care, and farewell woe;
I will no longer pine;
For I'll believe I have her heart,
As much as she has mine.

TRUE LOVE.

No, no, fair heretic, it needs must be
But an ill love in me,
And worse for thee;
For were it in my power
To love thee now this hour
More than I did the last;

'Twould then so fall,
I might not love at all;
Love that can flow, and can admit in-
crease,
Admits as well an ebb, and may grow
less.

True love is still the same; the torrid
zones,
And those more frigid ones
It must not know:
For love grown cold or hot,
Is lust, or friendship, not
The thing we have.
For that's a flame would die
Held down, or up too high:
Then think I love more than I can ex-
press,
And would love more, could I but love
thee less.

SIR CHARLES SEDLEY.

1639-1701.

[SIR CHARLES SEDLEY was born at Aylesford in 1639, and died August 20, 1701. His most famous comedy, *The Mulberry Garden*, appeared in 1688; his poetical and dramatic works were collected in 1719.]

THE GROWTH OF LOVE.

[From *The Mulberry Garden*.]

AH, Chloris! that I now could sit
As unconcerned, as when
Your infant beauty could beget
No pleasure nor no pain.

When I the dawn used to admire,
And praised the coming day,
I little thought the growing fire
Must take my rest away.

Your charms in harmless childhood lay,
Like metals in the mine:
Age from no face took more away,
Than youth concealed in thine.

But as your charms insensibly
Tp their perfection pressed,
Fond love as unperceived did fly,
And in my bosom rest,

My passion with your beauty grew,
And Cupid at my heart,
Still, as his mother favored you,
Threw a new flaming dart.

Each gloried in their wanton part:
To make a lover, he
Employed the utmost of his art—
To make a beauty she.

Though now I slowly bend to love,
Uncertain of my fate,
If your fair self my chains approve,
I shall my freedom hate.

Lovers, like dying men, may well
At first disordered be;
Since none alive can truly tell
What fortune they must see.

RICHARD CRASHAW.

1615(?)—1650.

[RICHARD CRASHAW, born, 1615 (?); expelled from Cambridge, 1644; became a Roman Catholic. Published *Steps to the Altar*, 1646, and died canon of Loretto, 1650.]

EUTHANASIA; OR, THE HAPPY DEATH.

WOULD'ST see blithe looks, fresh cheeks
beguile

Age? would'st see December smile?
Would'st see hosts of new roses grow
In a bed of reverend snow?
Warm thoughts, free spirits, flattering
Winter's self into a spring?
In some would'st see a man that can
Live to be old, and still a man?
Whose latest and most leaden hours,
Fall with soft wings stuck with soft
flowers;

And when life's sweet fable ends,
Soul and body part like friends;
No quarrels, murmurs, no delay —
A kiss, a sigh, and so — away; —
This rare one, reader, would'st thou see?
Hark hither! — and thyself be he.

EPITAPH.

To these, whom death again did wed,
This grave's their second marriage-bed.
For though the hand of Fate could force,
Twixt soul and body a divorce,
It could not sunder man and wife,
'Cause they both lived but one life.
Peace, good reader, do not weep;
Peace, the lovers are asleep;
They (sweet turtles) folded lie,
In the last knot love could tie.
And though they lie as they were dead,
Their pillow stone, their sheets of lead;
'Pillow hard, and sheets not warm)
Love made the bed, they'll take no harm.
Let them sleep, let them sleep on,
Till this stormy night be gone,
And th' eternal morrow dawn;
Then the curtains will be drawn,
And they wake into that light
Whose day shall never die in night.

THE TEAR.

WHAT bright soft thing is this,
Sweet Mary, thy fair eyes expense?
A moist spark it is.

A wat'ry diamond; from whence
The very term I think was found,
The water of a diamond.

O 'tis not a tear,
'Tis a star about to drop
From thine eye its sphere,
The sun will stoop and take it up,
Proud will his sister be to wear
This thine eye's jewel in her ear.

O 'tis a tear,
Too true a tear; for no sad een
How sad soe'er
Rain so tear as thine;
Each drop leaving a place so dear,
Weeps for itself, as its own tear.

Such a pearl as this is
(Slipt from Aurora's dewy breast)
The rosebud's sweet lip kisses;
And such the rose itself when vext
With ungentle flames, does shed,
Sweating in too warm a bed.

Such the maiden gem,
By the wanton spring put on,
Peeps from her parent stem,
And blushes on the wat'ry sun;
This wat'ry blossom of thy een,
Ripe will make the richer wine.

Fair drop, why quak'st thou so?
'Cause thou straight must lay thy head
In the dust? O no,
The dust shall never be thy bed;
A pillow for thee will I bring,
Stuff'd with down of angel's wing:

Thus carried up on high,
 (For to heaven thou must go)
 Sweetly shalt thou lie,
 And in soft slumbers bathe thy woe,
 Till the singing orbs awake thee,
 And one of their bright chorus make thee.

There thyself shalt be
 An eye, but not a weeping one,
 Yet I doubt of thee,
 Whether th' hadst rather there have
 shone,
 An eye of heaven; or still shine here,
 In th' heaven of Mary's eye a tear.

—
O! THOU UNDAUNTED.

O! THOU undaunted daughter of desires,
 By all thy dower of lights and fires;

By all the eagle in thee, all the dove;
 By all thy lives and deaths of love;
 By thy large draughts of intellectual
 day;
 And by thy thirsts of love, more large
 than they;
 By all thy brim-fill'd bowls of fierce de-
 sire;
 By thy last morning's draught of liquid
 fire;
 By the full kingdom of that final kiss,
 That seal'd thy parting soul, and made
 thee his;
 By all the heavens thou hast in him,
 Fair sister of the seraphim;
 By all of him we have in thee,
 Leave nothing of myself in me;
 Let me so read thy life, that I
 Unto all life of mine may die.

—o—o—o—
 ROBERT HERRICK.

1594-1674.

[ROBERT HERRICK was born in Cheapside, in August, 1594, and died at Dean-Prior, in Devonshire, on the 15th of October, 1674. He published one volume, containing *Hesperides*, dated 1648, and *Noble Numbers*, dated 1647.]

A THANKSGIVING TO GOD.

LORD, thou hast given me a cell,
 Wherein to dwell;
 A little house, whose humble roof
 Is weather proof;
 Under the spars of which I lie
 Both soft and dry;
 Where thou, my chamber for to ward,
 Hast set a guard
 Of harmless thoughts, to watch and keep
 Me, while I sleep.
 Low is my porch, as is my fate;
 Both void of state;
 And yet the threshold of my door
 Is worn by th' poor,
 Who thither come, and freely get
 Good words, or meat.
 Like as my parlor, so my hall
 And kitchen's small;
 A little buttery, and therein
 A little bin,

Which keeps my little loaf of bread
 Unchipt, unflead;
 Some brittle sticks of thorn or briar
 Make me a fire,
 Close by whose living coal I sit,
 And glow like it.
 Lord, I confess too, when I dine.
 The pulse is thine,
 And all those other bits that be
 There placed by thee;
 The worts, the purslain, and the mess
 Of water-cress,
 Which of thy kindness thou hast sent;
 And my content
 Makes those, and my beloved beet,
 To be more sweet.
 'Tis thou that crown'st my glittering
 hearth
 With guiltless mirth,
 And giv'st me wassail bowls to drink,
 Spiced to the brink.

Lord, 'tis thy plenty-dropping hand
That soils my land,
And giv'st me, for my bushel sown,
Twice ten for one;
Thou mak'st my teeming hen to lay
Her egg each day;
Besides, my healthful ewes to bear
Me twins each year;
The while the conduits of my kine
Run cream for wine:
All these, and better, thou dost send
Me, to this end,—
That I should render, for my part,
A thankful heart;
Which, fired with incense, I resign,
As wholly thine; —
But the acceptance, that must be,
My Christ, by Thee.

DELIGHT IN DISORDER.

A SWEET disorder in the dress
Kindles in clothes a wantonness;
A lawn about the shoulders thrown
Into a fine distraction;
An erring lace, which here and there
Enthrals the crimson stomacher;
A cuff neglectful, and thereby
Ribbons to flow confusedly;
A winning wave, deserving note,
In the tempestuous petticoat;
A careless shoe-string, in whose tie
I see a wild civility; —
Do more bewitch me, than when art
Is too precise in every part.

THE ARGUMENT OF THE HESPERIDES.

SING of brooks, of blossoms, birds, and
bowers,
Of April, May, of June, and July-flowers;
Sing of May-poles, hock-carts, wassails,
wakes,
Of bride-grooms, brides, and of their
bridal-cakes.
I write of Youth, of Love; — and have
access
By these to sing of cleanly wantonness;
Sing of dews, of rains, and, piece by
piece,

Of balm, of oil, of spice, and ambergris.
I sing of times trans-shifting; and I write
How roses first came red, and lilies white.
I write of groves, of twilights, and I sing
The court of Mab, and of the Fairy King.
I write of Hell; I sing, and ever shall
Of Heaven, — and hope to have it after
all.

TO BLOSSOMS.

FAIR pledges of a fruitful tree,
Why do ye fall so fast?
Your date is not so past,
But you may stay yet here awhile
To blush and gently smile,
And go at last.

What, were ye born to be,
An hour or half's delight,
And so to bid good-night?
'Twas pity Nature brought ye forth,
Merely to show your worth
And lose you quite.

But you are lovely leaves, where we
May read, how soon things have
Their end, though ne'er so brave:
And after they have shown their pride,
Like you, awhile, they glide
Into the grave.

TO PRIMROSES FILLED WITH MORNING DEW.

WHY do ye weep, sweet babes? can tears
Speak grief in you,
Who were but born
Just as the modest morn
Teem'd her refreshing dew?
Alas, you have not known that shower
That mars a flower,
Nor felt th' unkind
Breath of a blasting wind,
Nor are ye worn with years;
Or warp'd as we,
Who think it strange to see,
Such pretty flowers, like to orphans
young,
To speak by tears, before ye have a
tongue.

Speak, whim'ring younglings, and
 make known
 The reason why
 Ye droop and weep;
 Is it for want of sleep,
 Or childish lullaby?
 Or that ye have not seen as yet
 The violet?
 Or brought a kiss
 From that Sweet-heart, to this?
 — No, no, this sorrow shown
 By your tears shed,
 Would have this lecture read,
 That things of greatest, so of meanest
 worth,
 Conceived with grief are, and with tears
 brought forth.

NIGHT-PIECE TO JULIA.

HER eyes the glow-worm lend thee,
 The shooting stars attend thee;
 And the elves also,
 Whose little eyes glow
 Like the sparks of fire, befriend thee.
 No Will-o'-the-wisp mislight thee,
 Nor snake or slow-worm bite thee!
 But on, on thy way,
 Not making a stay,
 Since ghost there is none to affright thee.
 Let not the dark thee cumber;
 What though the moon does slumber?
 The stars of the night
 Will lend thee their light,
 Like tapers clear without number.
 Then Julia let me woo thee,
 Thus, thus to come unto me;
 And, when I shall meet
 Thy silvery feet,
 My soul I'll pour into thee.

THE MAD MAID'S SONG.

GOOD-MORROW to the day so fair,
 Good-morrow, sir, to you;
 Good-morrow to my own torn hair,
 Bedabbled all with dew.

Good-morrow to this primrose too;
 Good-morrow to each maid
 That will with flowers the tomb bestrew
 Wherein my love is laid.

Ah, woe is me; woe, woe is me;
 Alack and well-a-day!
 For pity, sir, find out that bee
 Which bore my love away.

I'll seek him in your bonnet brave;
 I'll seek him in your eyes;
 Nay, now I think they've made his grave
 In the bed of strawberries.

I'll seek him there, I know ere this
 The cold, cold earth doth shake him;
 But I will go, or send a kiss
 By you, sir, to awake him.

Pray hurt him not; though he be dead,
 He knows well who do love him,
 And who with green turfs rear his head,
 And who so rudely move him.

He's soft and tender, pray take heed;
 With bands of cowslips bind him,
 And bring him home; but 'tis decreed
 That I shall never find him.

TO DAFFODILS.

FAIR daffodils, we weep to see
 You haste away so soon;
 As yet the early rising sun
 Has not attained his noon.

Stay, stay,
 Until the hasting day
 Has run

But to the even-song!
 And, having prayed together, we
 Will go with you along.

We have short time to stay as you,
 We have as short a spring,
 As quick a breath to meet decay,
 As you, or any thing.

We die
 As your hours do, and dry
 Away,

Like to the summer's rain,
 Or as the pearls of morning dew,
 Ne'er to be found again.

JOHN MILTON.

1608-1674.

[JOHN MILTON (1608-1674) was born in Bread Street, Cheapside, 9 Dec., 1608. Educated at St. Paul's School, and Christ's College, Cambridge, he was destined by his family for the Church. From this, however, he was diverted, partly by his strong Puritan bias, partly by an ambition which possessed him from a very early period, to compose a great work which should bring honor to his country and to the English language. Full of this lofty purpose, he retired to his father's country residence at Horton, in the county of Bucks. Here he gave himself up to study, and poetical meditation, in preparation for the work to which he had resolved to devote his life.]

This residence at Horton constitutes Milton's first poetic period, 1632-1638. During these six years he wrote *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso*, *Arcades*, *Comus*, and *Lycidas*. All these were thrown off by their author as occasional pieces, exercises for practice, preluding to the labor of his life, which he was all the while meditating.

A journey to Italy, 1638-9, was undertaken as a portion of the poet's education which he was giving himself. He was recalled from his tour by the lowering aspect of public affairs at home. For the next twenty years his thoughts were diverted from poetry by the absorbing interest of the civil struggle. His time was occupied, partly by official duties as Latin secretary to the Council of the Commonwealth, partly by the voluntary share he took in the controversies of the time.

The public cause to which he had devoted himself being lost, and the ruin of his party consummated in 1660, Milton reverted to his long-cherished poetical scheme. During the twenty years of political agitation this scheme had never been wholly banished from his thoughts. After much hesitation, "long choosing and beginning late," both subject and form had been decided on. The poem was to be an epic, and was to treat of the fall and recovery of man. He had begun to compose on this theme as early as 1658, and in 1665 *Paradise Lost* was completed. Owing to the *Plague* and the *Fire*, it was not published till August, 1667. It was originally in ten books, which were afterwards made into twelve, as the normal epical number by subdividing books 7 and 10. The subject of the recovery of man had been dropped out of the plan at an early stage, and was afterwards made the subject of a second poem, *Paradise Regained*, on a hint given by Milton's quaker friend, Ellwood. These years of disaster and distress, 1665-6, were specially fertile, if, as is probable, both *Paradise Regained* and *Samson Agonistes* were written during them. The two poems came out in one vol. in 1671, and closed Milton's second poetic period. He lived three years longer, during which he occupied himself with carrying through the press a new edition of his *Poems* (the 1st ed. was 1645) as well as several compilations, which furnished mental occupation without requiring inventive power. He died, 8 Nov., 1674.]

THE INVOCATION AND
INTRODUCTION.[From *Paradise Lost*.]

Man's first disobedience, and the fruit
Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste
Brought death into the world, and all our
woe,
Thence loss of Eden, till one greater Man
Restore us, and regain the blissful seat,
Heavenly Muse, that on the secret
top
Of Oreb, or of Sinai, didst inspire
That shepherd, who first taught the
chosen seed,
In the beginning, how the Heavens and
Earth
Rose out of Chaos: or, if Sion hill
Delight thee more, and Siloa's brook that
flow'd
Fast by the oracle of God; I thence

Invoke thy aid to my adventurous song,
That with no middle flight intends to soar
Above the Aonian mount, while it pursues
Things unattempted yet in prose or
rhyme.
And chiefly thou, O Spirit, that dost
prefer
Before all temples the upright heart and
pure,
Instruct me, for thou know'st; thou from
the first
Wast present, and, with mighty wings
out-spread,
Dove-like sat'st brooding on the vast
abyss
And mad'st it pregnant: what in me is
dark
Illumine; what is low raise and support;
That to the height of this great argument
I may assert eternal Providence,
And justify the ways of God to man.

Say first, for Heaven hides nothing
 from thy view,
 Nor the deep tract of Hell; say first,
 what cause
 Moved our grand parents, in that happy
 state,
 Favor'd of Heaven so highly, to fall off
 From their Creator, and transgress his
 will
 For one restraint, lords of the world be-
 sides?
 Who first seduced them to that foul re-
 volt?
 The infernal serpent; he it was, whose
 guile,
 Stirr'd up with envy and revenge, de-
 ceived
 The mother of mankind, what time his
 pride
 Had cast him out of Heaven, with all
 his host
 Of rebel angels; by whose aid, aspiring
 To set himself in glory above his peers,
 He trusted to have equalled the Most
 High,
 If he opposed; and, with ambitious aim
 Against the throne and monarchy of God,
 Raised impious war in Heaven, and bat-
 tle proud,
 With vain attempt. Him the Almighty
 power
 Hurl'd headlong flaming from the ethe-
 real sky,
 With hideous ruin and combustion, down
 To bottomless perdition; there to dwell
 In adamant chains and penal fire,
 Who durst defy the Omnipotent to arms.

—

*THE FALLEN ANGELS IN THE
 BURNING LAKE.*

THE superior fiend

Was moving toward the shore: his pon-
 derous shield,
 Ethereal temper, massy, large and round,
 Behind him cast; the broad circumfer-
 ence
 Hung on his shoulder, like the moon,
 whose orb
 Through optic glass the Tuscan artist
 views

At evening from the top of Fesolé,
 Or in Valdarno, to descry new lands,
 Rivers, or mountains, in her spotty globe.
 His spear, to equal which the tallest
 pine
 Hewn on Norwegian hills, to be the
 mast
 Of some great admiral, were but a wand,
 He walk'd with, to support uneasy steps,
 Over the burning marle, not like those
 steps
 On Heaven's azure; and the torrid
 clime
 Smote on him sore besides, vaulted with
 fire:
 Nathless he so endured till on the beach
 Of that inflam'd sea he stood, and call'd
 His legions, angel forms, who lay in-
 tranced,
 Thick as autumnal leaves that strew the
 brooks
 In Vallombrosa, where the Etrurian
 shades,
 High over-arch'd, imbower; or scat-
 ter'd sedge
 Afloat, when with fierce winds Orion
 arm'd
 Hath vex'd the Red-Sea coast, whose
 waves o'erthrew
 Busiris and his Memphian chivalry,
 While with perfidious hatred they pur-
 sued
 The sojourners of Goshen, who beheld
 From the safe shore their floating car-
 cases
 And broken chariot wheels: so thick
 bestrewn,
 Abject and lost lay these, covering the
 flood,
 Under amazement of their hideous
 change.
 He call'd so loud, that all the hollow deep
 Of Hell resounded. "Princes, poten-
 tates,
 Warriors, the flower of Heaven, once
 yours, now lost,
 If such astonishment as this can seize
 Eternal spirits; or have ye chosen this
 place,
 After the toil of battle to repose
 Your wearied virtue, for the ease you
 find

To slumber here, as in the vales of
 Heaven?
 Or in this abject posture have ye sworn,
 T'adore the Conqueror? who now be-
 holds
 Cherub and seraph rolling in the flood
 With scatter'd arms and ensigns, till
 anon
 His swift pursuers, from Heaven-gates,
 discern
 Th' advantage, and, descending, tread
 us down
 Thus drooping, or with link'd thunder-
 bolts
 Transfix us to the bottom of this gulf.
 Awake, arise, or be for ever fallen!"

*SATAN PRESIDING IN THE IN-
 FERNAL COUNCIL.*

HIGH on a throne of royal state which
 far
 Outshone the wealth of Ormus and of
 Ind,
 Or where the gorgeous East with richest
 hand
 Showers on her kings barbaric pearl and
 gold,
 Satan exalted sat, by merit raised
 To that bad eminence: and, from de-
 spair
 Thus high uplifted beyond hope, aspires
 Beyond thus high, insatiate to pursue
 Vain war with Heaven, and, by success
 untaught,
 His proud imaginations thus display'd:
 "Powers and dominions, deities of
 Heaven;
 For since no deep within her gulf can
 hold
 Immortal vigor, though oppress'd and
 fall'n,
 I give not Heaven for lost. From this
 descent
 Celestial virtues rising, will appear
 More glorious and more dread than
 from no fall,
 And trust themselves to fear no second
 fate.
 Me though just right, and the fix'd laws
 of Heaven,

Did first create your leader; next, free
 choice,
 With what besides in counsel or in fight
 Hath been achieved of merit; yet this
 loss
 Thus far at least recover'd, hath much
 more
 Establish'd in a safe unenvied throne,
 Yielded with full consent. The happier
 state
 In Heaven, which follows dignity, might
 draw
 Envy from each inferior; but who here
 Will envy whom the highest place ex-
 poses
 Foremost to stand against the Thunder-
 er's aim,
 Your bulwark, and condemns to greatest
 share
 Of endless pain? Where there is then
 no good
 For which to strive, no strife can grow
 up there
 From faction; for none sure will claim
 in Hell
 Precedence; none whose portion is so
 small
 Of present pain, that with ambitious
 mind
 Will covet more. With this advantage
 then
 To union, and firm faith, and firm ac-
 cord,
 More than can be in heaven, we now
 return
 To claim our just inheritance of old,
 Surer to prosper than prosperity
 Could have assur'd us; and, by what
 best way,
 Whether of open war, or covert guile,
 We now debate: who can advise may
 speak."

ADDRESS TO LIGHT.

HAIL, holy Light, offspring of Heaven,
 first-born,
 Or of the Eternal coeternal beam,
 May I express thee unblamed? since
 God is light,
 And never but in unapproach'd light

Dwelt from eternity, dwelt then in thee,
Bright effluence of bright essence incre-
ate.

Or hear'st thou rather, pure ethereal
stream,

Whose fountain who shall tell? Before
the Sun,

Before the Heavens thou wert, and at
the voice

Of God, as with a mantle, didst invest
The rising world of waters dark and
deep,

Won from the void and formless infi-
nite.

Thee I revisit now with a bolder wing,
Escaped the Stygian pool, though long
detain'd

In that obscure sojourn, while, in my
flight,

Through utter and through middle dark-
ness borne,

With other notes than to the Orphéan
lyre,

I sung of Chaos and eternal Night;
Taught by the heavenly Muse to venture
down

The dark descent, and up to re-ascend,
Though hard and rare: thee I revisit
safe,

And feel thy sovran vital lamp: but thou
Revisit'st not these eyes, that roll in vain
To find thy piercing ray, and find no
dawn;

So thick a drop serene hath quench'd
their orbs,

Or dim suffusion veil'd. Yet not the
more

Cease I to wander, where the Muses
haunt

Clear spring, or shady grove, or sunny
hill,

Smit with the love of sacred song; but
chief

Thee, Sion, and the flowery brooks be-
neath,

That wash thy hallowed feet, and warb-
ling flow,

Nightly I visit: nor sometimes forget
Those other two, equall'd with me in
fate

So were I equall'd with them in renown,
Blind Thamyras, and blind Mæonides,

And Tiresias, and Phineus, prophets
old:

Then feed on thoughts, that voluntary
move

Harmonious numbers; as the wakeful
bird

Sings darkling, and in shadiest cover
hid,

Tunes her nocturnal note. Thus with
the year

Seasons return; but not to me returns
Day, or the sweet approach of even or

morn,
Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's

rose,
Or flocks or herds, or human face di-
vine;

But cloud instead, and ever-during dark
Surrounds me, from the cheerful ways of

men
Cut off, and for the book of knowledge

fair
Presented with a universal blank

Of Nature's works, to me expunged and
razed,

And wisdom at one entrance quite shut
out.

So much the rather thou, celestial Light,
Shine inward, and the mind through all

her powers
Irradiate: there plant eyes, all mist from

thence
Purge and disperse, that I may see and

tell
Of things invisible to mortal sight.

THE ANGELIC WORSHIP.

No sooner had the Almighty ceased, but
all

The multitude of angels, with a shout
Loud as from numbers without number,

sweet
As from the blest voices, uttering joy,

Heaven rung
With jubilee, and loud Hosannas fill'd

The eternal regions: lowly reverent
Towards either throne they bow, and to

the ground
With solemn adoration down they cast

Their crowns inwove with amarant and
 gold;
 Immortal amarant, a flower which once
 In Paradise, fast by the tree of life,
 Began to bloom; but soon for man's
 offence
 To Heaven removed where first it grew,
 there grows,
 And flowers aloft shading the fount of
 life,
 And where the river of bliss through
 midst of Heaven
 Rolls o'er Elysian flowers her amber
 stream :
 With these that never fade the spirits elect
 Bind their resplendent locks inwreathed
 with beams;
 Now in loose garlands thick thrown off,
 the bright
 Pavement, that like a sea of jasper shone,
 Impurpled with celestial roses smiled.
 Then, crown'd again, their golden harps
 they took,
 Harps ever tuned, that glittering by their
 side
 Like quivers hung, and with preamble
 sweet
 Of charming symphony they introduce
 Their sacred song, and waken raptures
 high ;
 No voice exempt, no voice but well could
 join
 Melodious part, such concord is in
 Heaven.

SATAN'S SOLILOQUY IN SIGHT
 OF PARADISE.

O THOU, that, with surpassing glory
 crown'd,
 Look'st from thy sole dominion like the
 God
 Of this new world; at whose sight all
 the stars
 Hide their diminish'd heads; to thee I
 call,
 But with no friendly voice, and add thy
 name,
 O Sun! to tell thee how I hate thy beams,
 That bring to my remembrance from
 what state

I fell; how glorious once above thy
 sphere,
 Till pride and worse ambition threw me
 down
 Warring in Heaven against Heaven's
 matchless king :
 Ah, wherefore! he deserved no such
 return
 From me, whom he created what I was
 In that bright eminence, and with his
 good
 Upbraided none; nor was his service
 hard.
 What could be less than to afford him
 praise,
 The easiest recompense, and pay him
 thanks,
 How due! yet all his good proved ill in
 me,
 And wrought but malice; lifted up so
 high
 I 'dained subjection, and thought one
 step higher
 Would set me highest, and in a moment
 quit
 The debt immense of endless gratitude,
 So burthensome still paying, still to owe;
 Forgetful what from him I still received,
 And understood not that a grateful mind
 By owing owes not, but still pays, at once
 Indebted and discharged; what burden
 then?
 O, had his powerful destiny ordain'd
 Me some inferior angel, I had stood
 Then happy; no unbounded hope had
 raised
 Ambition! Yet why not? some other
 power
 As great might have aspired, and me,
 though mean,
 Drawn to his part; but other powers as
 great
 Fell not, but stand unshaken, from within
 Or from without, to all temptations arm'd.
 Hadst thou the same free will and power
 to stand?
 Thou hadst: whom hast thou then or
 what to accuse,
 But Heaven's free love dealt equally to
 all?
 Be then his love accursed, since, love or
 hate,

To me alike, it deals eternal woe.
 Nay, cursed be thou ; since against his
 thy will
 Chose freely what it now so justly rues.
 Me miserable ! which way shall I fly
 Infinite wrath and infinite despair?
 Which way I fly is Hell; myself am Hell;
 And, in the lowest deep, a lower deep,
 Still threatening to devour me, opens
 wide,
 To which the Hell I suffer seems a
 Heaven.
 O, then, at last relent : is there no place
 Left for repentance, none for pardon
 left?
 None left but by submission; and that
 word
 Disdain forbids me, and my dread of
 shame
 Among the spirits beneath, whom I
 seduced
 With other promises and other vaunts
 Than to submit, boasting I could subdue
 The Omnipotent. Ay me ! they little
 know
 How dearly I abide that boast so vain.
 Under what torments inwardly I groan,
 While they adore me on the throne of
 Hell.
 With diadem and sceptre high advanced,
 The lower still I fall, only supreme
 In misery : such joy ambition finds.
 But say I could repent, and could obtain,
 By act of grace, my former state; how
 soon
 Would height recall high thoughts, how
 soon unsay
 What feign'd submission swore? Ease
 would recant
 Vows made in pain, as violent and void.
 For never can true reconciliation grow,
 Where wounds of deadly hate have
 pierced so deep;
 Which would but lead me to a worse
 relapse
 And heavier fall : so should I purchase
 dear
 Short intermission bought with double
 smart.
 This knows my Punisher; therefore as far
 From granting he, as I from begging
 peace :

All hope excluded thus, behold, instead
 Of us outcast, exiled, his new delight,
 Mankind, created, and for him this world.
 So farewell hope; and with hope, fare-
 well fear;
 Farewell remorse ! all good to me is lost;
 Evil, be thou my good; by thee at least
 Divided empire with Heaven's King I
 hold,
 By thee, and more than half perhaps will
 reign;
 As man ere long, and this new world,
 shall know.

PARADISE.

So on he fares, and to the border comes,
 Of Eden, where delicious Paradise,
 Now nearer, crowns with her enclosure
 green.
 As with a rural mound, the champain
 head
 Of a steep wilderness, whose hairy sides
 With thicket overgrown, grotesque and
 wild,
 Access denied; and overhead upgrew
 Insurpassable height of loftiest shade,
 Cedar, and pine, and fir, and branching
 palm,
 A sylvan scene; and, as the ranks ascend
 Shade above shade, a woody theatre
 Of stateliest view. Yet higher than
 their tops
 The verdurous wall of Paradise up-
 sprung:
 Which to our general sire gave prospect
 large
 Into his nether empire neighboring
 round.
 And higher than that wall a circling row
 Of goodliest trees, loaden with fairest
 fruit,
 Blossoms and fruits at once, of golden
 hue,
 Appear'd, with gay enamell'd colors
 mix'd:
 On which the Sun more glad impress'd
 his beams
 Than in fair evening cloud, or humid
 bow,

When God hath shower'd the earth; so
lovely seem'd
That landscape : and of pure, now purer
air
Meets his approach, and to the heart
inspires
Vernal delight and joy, able to drive
All sadness but despair: now gentle
gales,
Fanning their odoriferous wings, dis-
pense
Native perfumes, and whisper whence
they stole
Those balmy spoils. As when, to them
who sail
Beyond the Cape of Hope, and now are
past
Mozambic, off at sea north-east winds
blow
Sabeian odors from the spicy shore
Of Araby the blest; with such delay
Well pleased, they slack their course,
and many a league,
Cheer'd with the grateful smell, old
Ocean smiles.

EVE'S RECOLLECTIONS.

THAT day I oft remember, when from
sleep
I first awaked, and found myself re-
posed
Under a shade on flowers, much won-
dering where
And what I was, whence thither brought,
and how.
Not distant far from thence, a murmur-
ing sound
Of waters issued from a cave, and
spread
Into a liquid plain, then stood unmoved,
Pure as the expanse of Heaven; I
thither went
With unexperienced thought, and laid
me down
On the green bank, to look into the
clear
Smooth lake, that to me seem'd another
sky.
As I bent down to look, just opposite,

A shape within the watery gleam ap-
pear'd,
Bending to look on me: I started back,
It started back; but pleased I soon re-
turn'd,
Pleased it return'd as soon with answer-
ing looks
Of sympathy and love.

EVENING IN PARADISE.

Now came still Evening on, and Twi-
light gray
Had in her sober livery all things clad;
Silence accompanied; for beast and
bird,
They to their grassy couch, these to
their nests,
Were slunk, all but the wakeful night-
ingale;
She all night long her amorous descant
sung;
Silence was pleased: now glow'd the
firmament
With living sapphires: Hesperus, that
led
The starry host, rode brightest, till the
Moon,
Rising in clouded majesty, at length
Apparent queen, unveil'd her peerless
light,
And o'er the dark her silver mantle
threw.

EVE'S CONJUGAL LOVE.

My author and disposer, what thou
bid'st,
Unargued I obey: so God ordains;
God is thy law, thou mine: to know no
more
Is woman's happiest knowledge, and
her praise.
With thee conversing I forget all time;
All seasons and their change, all please
alike.
Sweet in the breath of Morn, her rising
sweet,
With charms of earliest birds: pleasant
the Sun,

When first on this delightful land he
 spreads
 His orient beams, on herb, tree, fruit,
 and flower,
 Glistering with dew; fragrant the fertile
 Earth
 After soft showers; and sweet the com-
 ing on
 Of grateful Evening mild; then silent
 Night,
 With this her solemn bird, and this fair
 Moon,
 And these the gems of Heaven, her
 starry train:
 But neither breath of Morn, when she
 ascends
 With charm of earliest birds; nor rising
 Sun
 On this delightful land; nor herb, fruit,
 flower,
 Glistering with dew; nor fragrance after
 showers;
 Nor grateful Evening mild; nor silent
 Night,
 With this her solemn bird; nor walk by
 moon,
 Or glittering star-light, without thee, is
 sweet.

—
*ADAM AND EVE'S MORNING
 HYMN.*

THESE are thy glorious works, Parent of
 good,
 Almighty! Thine this universal frame,
 Thus wondrous fair: Thyself how won-
 drous then!
 Unspeakable, who sit'st above these
 heavens
 To us invisible, or dimly seen
 In these thy lowest works; yet these
 declare
 Thy goodness beyond thought, and
 power divine.
 Speak, ye who best can tell, ye sons of
 light,
 Angels; for ye behold him, and with
 songs
 -And choral symphonies, day without
 night,

Circle his throne rejoicing; ye, in
 Heaven:
 On Earth join all ye creatures to extol
 Him first, him last, him midst, and with-
 out end.
 Fairest of stars, last in the train of night,
 If better thou belong not to the dawn,
 Sure pledge of day, that crown'st the
 smiling morn
 With thy bright circlet, praise him in
 thy sphere,
 While day arises, that sweet hour of
 prime.
 Thou Sun, of this great world both eye
 and soul,
 Acknowledge him thy greater; sound
 his praise
 In thy eternal course, both when thou
 climb'st,
 And when high noon hast gain'd, and
 when thou fall'st.
 Moon, that now meet'st the orient Sun,
 now fly'st,
 With the fix'd stars, fix'd in their orb
 that flies;
 And ye five other wandering fires, that
 move
 In mystic dance not without song, re-
 sound
 His praise, who out of darkness call'd
 up light.
 Air, and ye elements, the eldest birth
 Of Nature's womb, that in quaternion
 run
 Perpetual circle, multiform; and mix
 And nourish all things; let your cease-
 less change
 Vary to our great Maker still new praise.
 Ye mists and exhalations, that now rise
 From hill or steaming lake, dusky, or
 gray,
 Till the Sun paint your fleecy skirts with
 gold,
 In honor to the world's great Author
 rise;
 Whether to deck with clouds the un-
 color'd sky,
 Or wet the thirsty Earth with falling
 showers,
 Rising or falling still advance his praise.
 His praise, ye winds, that from four quar-
 ters blow,

Breathe soft or loud; and wave your
tops, ye pines,
With every plant, in sign of worship
wave.

Fountains, and ye that warble as ye flow,
Melodious murmurs, warbling tune his
praise.

Join voices, all ye living souls: ye birds,
That singing up to Heaven-gate ascend,
Bear on your wings and in your notes
his praise.

Ye that in waters glide, and ye that walk
The earth, and stately tread, or lowly
creep;

Witness if I be silent, morn or even,
To hill, or valley, fountain, or fresh
shade,

Made vocal by my song, and taught his
praise.

Hail, universal Lord, be bounteous still
To give us only good; and if the night
Have gather'd aught of evil or conceal'd,
Disperse it, as now light dispels the dark!

*SATAN, IN HIS EXPEDITION TO
THE UPPER WORLD, MEETS
SIN AND DEATH.*

MEANWHILE, the adversary of God and
man,

Satan, with thoughts inflamed of highest
design,

Puts on swift wings, and towards the
gates of Hell

Explores his solitary flight: sometimes
He scours the right hand coast, some-
times the left;

Now shaves with level wing the deep,
then soars

Up to the fiery concave towering high.
As, when far off at sea, a fleet descried
Hangs in the clouds, by equinoctial
winds

Close sailing from Bengala, or the isles
Of Ternate and Tidore, whence mer-
chants bring

Their spicy drugs; they, on the trading
flood,

Through the wide Ethiopian to the Cape,
Fly stemming nightly toward the pole:
so seem'd

Far off the flying fiend. At last appear
Hell bounds, high reaching to the horrid
roof,

And thrice threefold the gates; three
folds were brass,

Three iron, three of adamantine rock
Impenetrable, impaled with circling fire,
Yet unconsumed. Before the gates
there sat

On either side a formidable shape;
The one seem'd woman to the waist and
fair;

But ended foul in many a scaly fold
Voluminous and vast; a serpent arm'd
With mortal sting: About her middle
round

A cry of Hell-hounds, never ceasing,
bark'd

With wide Cerberian mouths full loud,
and rung

A hideous peal; yet, when they list,
would creep,

If aught disturb'd their noise, into her
womb,

And kennel there; yet there still bark'd
and howl'd,

Within unseen. Far less abhorr'd than
these

Vex'd Scylla, bathing in the sea that parts
Calabria from the hoarse Trinacrian
shore;

Nor uglier follow the night-hag, when,
call'd

In secret, riding through the air she
comes,

Lured with the smell of infant blood, to
dance

With Lapland witches, while the labor-
ing Moon

Eclipses at their charms. The other
shape,

If shape it might be call'd that shape
had none

Distinguishable in member, joint, or
limb;

Or substance might be call'd that shadow
seem'd,

For each seem'd either: black it stood
as night,

Fierce as ten furies, terrible as Hell,
And shook a dreadful dart; what seem'd
his head

The likeness of a kingly crown had on.
Satan was now at hand, and from his seat
The monster moving onward came as fast

With horrid strides; Hell trembled as he strode

The undaunted fiend what this might be admired,

Admired, not feared; God and his son except,

Created thing naught valued he, nor shunn'd;

And with disdainful look thus first began:

"Whence and what art thou, execrable shape,

That darest, though grim and terrible, advance

Thy miscreated front athwart my way
To yonder gates? through them I mean

to pass,

That be assured, without leave ask'd of thee:

Retire, or taste thy folly, and learn by proof

Hell-born, not to contend with spirits of Heaven."

To whom the goblin full of wrath replied:

"Art thou that traitor-angel, art thou he,
Who first broke peace in Heaven, and faith, till then

Unbroken; and in proud rebellious arms
Drew after him the third part of Heaven's sons

Conjured against the Highest; for which both thou

And they, outcast from God, are here condemn'd

To waste eternal days in woe and pain?
And reckon'st thou thyself with spirits of Heaven,

Hell-doom'd, and breathe'st defiance here and scorn,

Where I reign king, and, to enrage thee more,

Thy king and lord? Back to thy punishment,

False fugitive! and to thy speed add wings,

Lest with a whip of scorpions I pursue
Thy lingering, or with one stroke of this

dart

Strange horror seize thee, and pangs unfelt before."

So spake the grisly Terror, and in shape,

So speaking and so threatening, grew tenfold

More dreadful and deform. On the other side,

Incensed with indignation, Satan stood

Unterrified, and like a comet burn'd,
That fires the length of Ophiuchus huge

In the Arctic sky, and from his horrid

hair

Shakes pestilence and war. Each at the head

Levell'd his deadly aim; their fatal hands

No second stroke intend; and such a frown

Each cast at the other, as when two black clouds,

With Heaven's artillery fraught, come rattling on

Over the Caspian, then stand front to front,

Hovering a space, till winds the signal blow

To join their dark encounter in mid air:
So frown'd the mighty combatants, that

Hell

Grew darker at their frown; so match'd they stood;

For never but once more was either like
To meet so great a foe: and now great

deeds

Had been achieved, whereof all Hell had rung,

Had not the snaky sorceress that sat
Fast by Hell-gate, and kept the fatal key,

Risen, and with hideous outcry rush'd between.

From her side the fatal key,
Sad instrument of all our woe, she took;

And, towards the gate rolling her bestial train,

Forthwith the huge portcullis high up drew,

Which but herself, not all the Stygian powers

Could once have moved; then in the keyhole turns

The intricate wards, and every bolt and bar

Of massy iron or solid rock with ease
Unfastens. On a sudden open fly,
With impetuous recoil and jarring sound,
The infernal doors, and on their hinges grate

Harsh thunder, that the lowest bottom shook

Of Erebus. She open'd, but to shut
Excell'd her power; the gates wide open stood,

That with extended wings a banner'd host,

Under spread ensigns marching, might pass through

With horse and chariots rank'd in loose array;

So wide they stood, and like a furnace mouth

Cast forth redounding smoke and ruddy flane.

Before their eyes in sudden view appear
The secrets of the hoary deep; a dark

Illimitable ocean, without bound,
Without dimension, where length,
breadth, and height,

And time, and place are lost; where
eldest Night

And Chaos, ancestors of Nature, hold
Eternal anarchy, amidst the noise

Of endless wars, and by confusion stand.
For Hot, Cold, Moist, and Dry, four

champions fierce,
Strive here for mastery, and to battle bring

Their embryon atoms; they around the flag

Of each his faction, in their several clans,
Light arm'd or heavy, sharp, smooth,

swift, or slow,

Swarm populous, unnumber'd as the sands

Of Barca or Cyrene's torrid soil,
Levied to side with warring winds, and

poise
Their lighter wings. To whom these

most adhere,
He rules a moment: Chaos umpire sits,

And by decision more embroils the fray,
By which he reigns: next him high ar-

biter

Chance governs all. Into this wild abyss,
The womb of Nature, and perhaps her
grave,

Of neither sea, nor shore, nor air, nor
fire,

But all these in their pregnant causes
mix'd

Confusedly, and which thus must ever
fight,

Unless the Almighty Maker them ordain
His dark materials to create more

worlds;
Into this wild abyss the wary fiend

Stood on the brink of Hell, and look'd
a while,

Pondering his voyage.

L'ALLEGRO.

HENCE loathed Melancholy,
Of Cerberus, and blackest Midnight

born,
In Stygian cave forlorn,

'Mongst horrid shapes, and shrieks, and
sighs unholy,

Find out some uncouth cell,
Where brooding Darkness spreads his

jealous wings,
And the night raven sings;

There under ebon shades, and low-
brow'd rocks,

As ragged as thy locks,
In dark Cimmerian desert ever dwell.

But come, thou Goddess fair and free,
In Heav'n yclep'd Euphrosyne,

And by men, heart-easing Mirth,
Whom lovely Venus at a birth

With two sister Graces more
To ivy-crowned Bacchus bore:

Or whether (as some sages sing)
The frolic wind that breathes the spring,

Zephyr, with Aurora, playing,
As he met her once a maying,

There on beds of violets blue,
And fresh-blown roses wash'd in dew,

Fill'd her with thee a daughter fair,
So buxom, blithe, and debonair.

Haste, thee, Nymph, and bring with
thee

Jest and youthful Jollity,

Quips, and cranks, and wanton wiles,
 Nods, and becks, and wreathed smiles,
 Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
 And love to live in dimple sleek;
 Sport that wrinkled Care derides,
 And Laughter holding both his sides:
 Come, and trip it as you go
 On the light fantastic toe,
 And in thy right hand lead with thee,
 The mountain-nymph, sweet Liberty;
 And, if I give thee honor due,
 Mirth, admit me of thy crew,
 'To live with her, and live with thee,
 In unreprieved pleasures free:
 To hear the lark begin his flight,
 And singing startle the dull night,
 From his watch-tow'r in the skies,
 Till the dappled dawn doth rise;
 Then to come, in spite of sorrow,
 And at my window bid good morrow
 Through the sweetbrier, or the vine,
 Or the twisted eglantine:
 While the cock with lively din
 Scatters the rear of darkness thin,
 And to the stack, or the barn door,
 Stoutly struts his dames before:
 Oft list'ning how the hounds and horn
 Cheerly rouse the slumb'ring morn,
 From the side of some hoar hill,
 Through the high wood echoing shrill:
 Some time walking not unseen
 By hedge-row elms, on hillocks green,
 Right against the eastern gate,
 Where the great Sun begins his state,
 Rob'd in flames, and amber light,
 The clouds in thousand liv'ries dight;
 While the ploughman, near at hand,
 Whistles o'er the furrow'd land,
 And the milk-maid singeth blithe,
 And the mower whets his scythe,
 And ev'ry shepherd tells his tale
 Under the hawthorn in the dale.

Straight mine eye hath caught new
 pleasures,
 While the landscape round it measures,
 Russet lawns, and fallows gray,
 Where the nibbling flocks do stray;
 Mountains on whose barren breast
 The lab'ring clouds do often rest;
 Meadows trim with daisies pied;
 Shallow brooks, and rivers wide:
 Tow'rs and battlements it sees

Bosom'd high in tufted trees,
 Where perhaps some beauty lies,
 The cynosure of neighb'ring eyes.
 Hard by, a cottage-chimney smokes,
 From betwixt two aged oaks,
 Where Corydon and Thyrsis met,
 Are at their sav'ry dinner set
 Of herbs, and other country messes,
 Which the neat-handed Phyllis dresses:
 And then in haste her bow'r she leaves,
 With Thestylis to bind the sheaves;
 Or, if the earlier season lead,
 To the tann'd haycock in the mead.

Sometimes, with secure delight,
 The upland hamlets will invite,
 When the merry bells ring round,
 And the jocund rebecks sound
 To many a youth, and many a maid,
 Dancing in the chequer'd shade;
 And young and old come forth to play
 On a sunshine holiday.
 Till the livelong daylight fail;
 Then to the spicy nut-brown ale,
 With stories told of many a feat,
 How fairi Mab the junkets ate;
 She was pinch'd, and pull'd, she said,
 And he by friar's lantern led;
 Tells how the drudging goblin sweat
 To earn his cream-bowl duly set,
 When in one night, ere glimpse of morn,
 His shad'wy flail had thresh'd the corn,
 That ten day-laborers could not end;
 Then lies him down the lubber fiend,
 And, stretch'd out all the chimney's
 length,

Basks at the fire his hairy strength,
 And, cropful, out of doors he flings,
 Ere the first cock his matin rings.
 Thus done the tales, to bed they creep,
 By whisp'ring winds soon lull'd asleep.

Tow'rd cities please us then,
 And the busy hum of men,
 Where throngs of knights and barons
 bold

In weeds of peace high triumphs hold,
 With store of ladies, whose bright eyes
 Rain influence, and judge the prize
 Of wit, or arms, while both contend
 To win her grace, whom all commend,
 There let Hymen oft appear
 In saffron robes, with taper clear,
 And pomp, and feast, and revelry,

With masque and antique pageantry,
Such sights as youthful poets dream,
On summer eves, by haunted stream.
Then to the well-trod stage anon,
If Jonson's learned sock be on,
Or sweetest Shakespeare, Fancy's child,
Warble his native woodnotes wild.

And ever against eating cares
Lap me in soft Lydian airs,
Married to immortal verse,
Such as the melting soul may pierce,
In notes with many a winding bout
Of linked sweetness long drawn out,
With wanton heed, and giddy cunning,
The melting voice through mazes run-
ning,

Untwisting all the chains that tie
The hidden soul of Harmony;
That Orpheus' self may heave his head
From golden slumber on a bed
Of heap'd Elysian flow'rs, and hear
Such strains as would have won the ear
Of Pluto, to have quite set free
His half-regain'd Eurydice.

These delights if thou canst give,
Mirth, with thee I mean to live.

IL PENSEROSO.

HENCE vain deluding joys,
The brood of Folly, without father bred!
How little you bestead,

Or fill the fixed mind with all your
toys!

Dwell in some idle brain,
And fancies fond with gaudy shapes
possess,

As thick and numberless

As the gay motes that people the
sunbeams,

Or likest hov'ring dreams,

Thy fickle pensioners of Morpheus'
train.

But hail, thou Goddess, sage and
holy!

Hail divinest Melancholy!

Whose saintly visage is too bright
To hit the sense of human sight,
And therefore to our weaker view
O'erlaid with black, staid Wisdom's hue:

Black, but such as in esteem
Prince Memnon's sister might beseem,
Or that starr'd Ethiop queen, that strove
To set her beauty's praise above
The sea-nymphs, and their pow'rs of-
fended,

Yet thou art higher far descended;
Thee bright-hair'd Vesta long of yore
To solitary Saturn bore;
His daughter she (in Saturn's reign
Such mixture was not held a stain).
Oft in glim'ring bow'rs and glades
He met her, and in secret shades
Of woody Ida's inmost grove,
While yet there was no fear of Jove.

Come, pensive nun, devout and pure,
Sober, steadfast, and demure,
All in a robe of darkest grain
Flowing with majestic train,
And sable stole of cypress lawn,
Over thy decent shoulders drawn.
Come, but keep thy wonted state,
With even step and musing gait,
And looks commercing with the skies,
Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes:
There, held in holy passion still,
Forget thyself to marble, till
With a sad leaden downward cast,
Thou fix them on the earth as fast;
And join with thee calm Peace and
Quiet,

Spare Fast, that oft with Gods doth diet,
And hear the Muses in a ring
Aye round about Jove's altar sing;
And add to these retired Leisure,
That in trim gardens takes his pleasure;
But first and chiefest with thee bring
Him that yon soars on golden wing,
Guiding the fiery-wheeled throne,
The cherub Contemplation;
And the mute Silence hist along,
'Less Philomel will deign a song,
In his sweetest, saddest plight,
Smoothing the rugged brow of Night,
While Cynthia checks her dragon yoke,
Gently o'er th' accustomed oak;
Sweet bird, that shunn'st the noise of
folly,

Most musical, most melancholy!
Thee, chantress, oft the woods among,
I woo to hear thy ev'ning song;
And missing thee, I walk unseen

On the dry smooth-shaven green,
To behold the wand'ring Moon,
Riding near her highest noon,
Like one that had been led astray
Through the Heav'ns' wide pathless
way;

And oft, as if her head she bow'd,
Stooping through a fleecy cloud.

Oft on a plat of rising ground
I hear the far-off curfew sound,
Over some wide-water'd shore,
Swinging, slow with sullen roar.

Or if the air will not permit,
Some still, removed place will fit,
Where glowing embers through the room
Teach light to counterfeit a gloom,
Far from all resort of mirth,
Save the cricket on the hearth,
Or the bellman's drowsy charm,
To bless the doors from nightly harm.

Or let my lamp at midnight hour
Be seen on some high lonely tow'r,
Where I may oft outwatch the Bear,
With thrice great Hermes, or unsphere
The spirit of Plato, to unfold
What worlds, or what vast regions hold
Th' immortal mind, that hath forsook
Her mansion in its fleshly nook;
And of those demons that are found
In fire, air, flood, or under ground,
Whose power hath a true consent
With planet, or with element.

Sometime let gorgeous Tragedy
In sceptred pall come sweeping by,
Presenting Thebes, or Pelops' line,
Or the tale of Troy divine,
Or what (though rare) of later age,
Ennobled hath the buskin'd stage.

But, O sad virgin! that thy pow'r
Might raise Musæus from his bow'r,
Or bid the soul of Orpheus sing
Such notes as, warbled to the string,
Drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek,
And made Hell grant what Love did
seek;

Or call up him that left half told
The story of Cambuscan bold,
Of Camball, and of Algarsife,
And who had Canace to wife,
That own'd the virtuous ring and glass,
And of the wondrous horse of brass,
On which the Tartar king did ride.

And if aught else great bards besides
In sage and solemn tunes have sung,
Of tourneys and of trophies hung;
Of forests and enchantments drear,
Where more is meant than meets the ear.

Thus Night oft see me in thy pale
career,
Till civil-suited Morn appear,
Not trick'd and frounc'd as she was
wont

With the Attic boy to hunt,
But kerchief'd in a comely cloud,
While rocking winds are piping loud,
Or usher'd with a shower still,
When the gust hath blown his fill,
Ending on the rustling leaves,
With minute drops from off the eaves.

And when the sun begins to fling
His flaring beams, me, Goddess, bring
To arched walks of twilight groves,
And shadows brown, that Sylvan loves,
Of pine or monumental oak,
Where the rude axe with heaved stroke
Was never heard, the Nymphs to daunt,
Or fright them from their hallow'd
haunt.

There in close covert by some brook,
Where no profaner eye may look,
Hide me from day's garish eye,
While the bee with honey'd thigh,
That at her flow'ry work doth sing,
And the waters murmuring,
With such concert as they keep,
Entice the dewy-feather'd Sleep:
And let some strange mysterious dream
Wave at his wings in airy stream
Of lively portraiture display'd,
Softly on my eyelids laid:
And as I wake, sweet music breathe
Above, about, or underneath,
Sent by some spirit to mortals good,
Or th' unseen Genius of the wood.

But let my due feet never fail
To walk the studious cloister's pale,
And love the high imbowed roof,
With antique pillars massy proof,
And storied windows richly dight,
Casting a dim religious light.
There let the pealing organ blow,
To the full-voiced choir below,
In service high, and anthems clear,
As may with sweetness, through mine ear

Dissolve me into ecstasies,
And bring all Heav'n before mine eyes.

And may at last my weary age
Find out the peaceful hermitage,
The hairy gown and mossy cell,
Where I may sit and rightlly spell
Of ev'ry star that Heav'n doth shew,
And ev'ry herb that sips the dew;
Till old Experience do attain
To something like prophetic strain.

These pleasures, Melancholy, give,
And I with thee will choose to live.

LYCIDAS.

YET once more, O ye laurels, and once
more,

Ye myrtles brown, with ivy never sere,
I come, to pluck your berries harsh and
crude;

And, with forced fingers rude,
Shatter your leaves before the mellowing
year.

Bitter constraint, and sad occasion dear,
Compels me to disturb your season due:
For Lycidas is dead, dead ere his prime,
Young Lycidas, and hath not left his
peer:

Who would not sing for Lycidas? he
knew,

Himself, to sing, and build the lofty
rhyme.

He must not float upon his watery bier
Unwept, and welter to the parching wind,
Without the meed of some melodious
tear.

Begin, then, sisters of the sacred well,
That from beneath the seat of Jove doth
spring;

Begin, and somewhat loudly sweep the
string;

Hence with denial vain, and coy excuse:
So may some gentle muse

With lucky words favor my destined urn;
And, as he passes, turn,

And bid fair peace be to my sable shroud.
For we were nursed upon the self-same

hill
Fed the same flock, by fountain, shade,
and rill.

Together both, ere the high lawns ap-
pear'd

Under the opening eyelids of the morn,
We drove a-field, and both together
heard

What time the gray-fly winds her sultry
horn,

Battering our flocks with the fresh dews
of night,

Oft till the star, that rose at evening
bright,

Toward Heaven's descent had sloped his
westering wheel.

Meanwhile the rural ditties were not
mute,

Temper'd to the oaten flute;

Rough satyrs danced, and fauns with
cloven heel

From the glad sound would not be ab-
sent long:

And old Damætas loved to hear our
song.

But, oh! the heavy change, now thou
art gone,

Now thou art gone and never must
return!

Thee, shepherd, thee the woods, and
desert caves,

With wild thyme and the gadding vine
o'ergrown,

And all their echoes, mourn:

The willows, and the hazel copses green,
Shall now no more be seen

Fanning their joyous leaves to thy soft
lays.

As killing as the canker to the rose,
Or taint-worm to the weanling herds that

graze,

Or frost to flowers, that their gay ward-
robe wear,

When first the white-thorn blows;

Such, Lycidas, thy loss to shepherd's ear.

Where were ye, nymphs, when the re-
morseless deep

Closed o'er the head of your loved Ly-
cidas?

For neither were ye playing on the steep,
Where your old bards, the famous Druids,

lie,

Nor on the shaggy top of Mona high,

Nor yet where Deva spreads her wizard
stream:

Ah me! I fondly dream,
 Had ye been there: for what could that
 have done?
 What could the Muse herself that Or-
 pheus bore,
 The Muse herself, for her enchanting son,
 Whom universal nature did lament,
 When, by the rout that made the hideous
 roar,
 His gory visage down the stream was
 sent,
 Down the swift Hebrus to the Lesbian
 shore?

Alas! what boots it with incessant care
 To tend the homely, slighted, shepherd's
 trade,
 And strictly meditate the thankless Muse?
 Were it not better done, as others use,
 To sport with Amaryllis, in the shade,
 Or with the tangles of Næra's hair?
 Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth
 raise

(That last infirmity of noble minds)
 To scorn delights and live laborious days:
 But the fair guerdon when we hope to
 find,

And think to burst out into sudden blaze,
 Comes the blind Fury with the abhorred
 shears,

And slits the thin-spun life. "But not
 the praise,"

Phœbus replied, and touch'd my trem-
 bling ears;

"Fame is no plant that grows on mortal
 soil,

Nor in the glistening foil
 Set off to the world, nor in broad rumor
 lies,

But lives and spreads aloft by those pure
 eyes,

And perfect witness of all-judging Jove;
 As he pronounces lastly on each deed,
 Of so much fame in heaven expect thy
 meed."

O fountain Arethuse, and thou honor'd
 flood,

Smooth-sliding Mincius, crown'd with
 vocal reeds!

That strain I heard was of a higher mood:
 But now my oat proceeds,
 And listens to the herald of the sea
 That came in Neptune's plea;

He ask'd the waves, and ask'd the felon
 winds,

What hard mishap hath doom'd this
 gentle swain?

And question'd every gust, of rugged
 wings,

That blows from off each beaked prom-
 ontory:

They knew not of his story;
 And sage Hippotades their answer
 brings,

That not a blast was from his dungeon
 stray'd:

The air was calm, and on the level brine
 Sleek Panope with all her sisters play'd.

It was that fatal and perfidious bark,
 Built in the eclipse, and rigg'd with
 curses dark,

That sunk so low that sacred head of
 thine.

Next, Camus, reverend sire, went foot-
 ing slow,

His mantle hairy, and his bonnet sedge,
 Inwrought with figures dim, and on the
 edge

Like to that sanguine flower inscribed
 with woe.

"Ah! who hath reft," quoth he, "my
 dearest pledge?"

Last came, and last did go,
 The pilot of the Galilean lake;

Two massy keys he bore, of metals twain,
 (The golden opes, the iron shuts amain,)

He shook his mitred locks, and stern
 bespake:

"How well could I have spared for thee,
 young swain,

Enow of such as, for their bellies' sake,
 Creep, and intrude, and climb into the
 fold!

Of other care they little reckoning make
 Than how to scramble at the shearers'
 feast,

And shove away the worthy bidden guest;
 Blind mouths! that scarce themselves
 know how to hold

A sheep-hook, or have learn'd aught else
 the least

That to the faithful herdsman's art be-
 longs!

What recks it them? What need they?
 They we sped;

And, when they list, their lean and flashy
songs

Grate on their scannell pipes of wretched
draw;

The hungry sheep look up, and are not
fed;

But, swoln with wind and the rank mist
they draw,

Rot inwardly, and foul contagion spread;
Besides what the grim wolf, with privy

paw,
Daily devours apace, and nothing said:

but that two-handed engine at the door
Stands ready to smite once, and smite
no more."

Return, Alpheus, the dread voice is
past,

That shrunk thy streams; return Sicilian
Muse,

And call the vales, and bid them hither
cast

Their bells and flowerets of a thousand
hues.

Ye valleys low, where the mild whispers
use

Of shades, and wanton winds, and gush-
ing brooks,

On whose fresh lap the swart star sparely
looks;

Thow hither all your quaint enamell'd
eyes,

That on the green turf suck the honey'd
showers,

And purple all the ground with vernal
flowers.

Bring the rathe primrose that forsaken
dies,

The tufted crow-toe, and pale jessamine,
The white pink, and the pansy freak'd

with jet,
The glowing violet,

The musk-rose, and the well-attired
woodbine,

With cowslips wan that hang the pensive
head,

And every flower that sad embroidery
wears;

Let amaranthus all his beauty shed,
And daffodillies fill their cups with tears,

Till eke the laureate hearsd where Lycid
lies.

For, so to interpose a little ease,

Let our frail thoughts dally with false
surmise;

Ah me! whilst thee the shores and
sounding seas

Wash far away, where'er thy bones are
hurl'd,

Whether beyond the stormy Hebrides,
Where thou, perhaps, under the whelm-

ing tide,
Visit'st the bottom of the monstrous

world;
Or whether thou, to our moist vows de-

nied,
Sleep'st by the fable of Bellerus old,

Where the great vision of the guarded
mount

Looks towards Nainamon and Hayona's
hold;

Look homeward, angel, now, and melt
with ruth;

And O, ye dolphins, waft the hapless
youth.

Weep no more, woful shepherds,
weep no more,

For Lycidas, your sorrow, is not dead,
Sunk though he be beneath the watery

floor;

So sinks the day-star in the ocean-bed,
And yet anon repairs his drooping head,

And ticks his beams, and, with new-
sprangled ore,

Flames in the forehead of the morning
sky;

So Lycidas sunk low, but mounted
high,

Through the dear night of Him that
walk'd the waves,

Where, other groves and other streams
along,

With nectar pure his oozy locks he
laves,

And hears the unexpressive nuptial song
In the blest kingdoms meek of joy and

love.
There entertain him all the saints above,

In solemn troops and sweet societies,
That sing, and, singing, in their glory

move,
And wipe the tears for ever from his

eyes.
Now, Lycidas, the shepherds weep no
more;

Henceforth thou art the genius of the shore,
In thy large recompense, and shalt be good

To all that wander in that perilous flood.

Thus sang the uncouth swain to the oaks and rills,

While the still morn went out with sandals gray;

He touch'd the tender stops of various quills,

With eager thought warbling his Doric lay:

And now the sun had stretch'd out all the hills,

And now was dropt into the western bay:
At last he rose, and twitch'd his mantle blue:

To-morrow to fresh woods, and pastures new.

*ON THE LATE MASSACRE IN
PIEDMONT.*

AVENGE, O Lord, thy slaughter'd saints,
whose bones

Lie scatter'd on the Alpine mountains cold;

Even them who kept thy truth so pure
of old,

When all our fathers worshipp'd stocks
and stones,

Forget not: in thy book record their
groans

Who were thy sheep, and in their
ancient fold

Slain by the bloody Piedmontese, that
roll'd

Mother with infant down the rocks.
Their moans

The vales redoubled to the hills, and
they

To heaven. Their martyr'd blood and
ashes sow

O'er all the Italian fields, where still
doth sway

The triple tyrant: that from these may
grow

A hundred fold, who, having learn'd
thy way,

Early may fly the Babylonian woe.

O NIGHTINGALE.

O NIGHTINGALE, that on yon bloomy
spray

Warblest at eve, when all the woods
are still,

Thou with fresh hope the lover's heart
does fill,

While the jolly Hours lead on propi-
tious May.

Thy liquid notes that close the eye of day,
First heard before the shallow cuckoo's
bill,

Portend success in love; O, if Jove's
will

Have link'd that amorous power to thy
soft lay,

Now timely sing, e'er the rude bird of hate
Foretell my hopeless doom in some
grove nigh;

As thou from year to year hast sung
too late

For my relief, yet hadst no reason why:
Whether the muse, or love call thee
his mate,

Both them I serve, and of their train
am I.

*CROMWELL OUR CHIEF OF
MEN.*

CROMWELL, our chief of men, who
through a cloud

Not of war only, but detractions rude,
Guided by faith, and matchless forti-
tude,

To peace and truth thy glorious way
hast plough'd,

And on the neck of crowned Fortune
proud

Hast rear'd God's trophies, and his
work pursued,

While Darwen stream with blood of
Scots imbrued,

And Dunbar field resounds thy praises
loud,

And Worcester's laureat wreath. Yet
much remains

To conquer still; Peace hath her vic-
tories

No less renown'd than war: new foes
arise

Threat'ning to bind our souls with secular chains :
 Help us to save free conscience from the paw
 Of hireling wolves, whose gospel is their maw.

ON HIS BLINDNESS.

WHEN I consider how my light is spent
 Ere half my days in this dark world and wide,
 And that one talent which is death to hide,
 Lodg'd with me useless, though my soul more bent
 To serve therewith my Maker, and present
 My true account, lest he returning chide;
 Doth God exact day labor, light deny'd,
 I fondly ask? but patience to prevent
 That murmur soon replies, God doth not need
 Either man's work or his own gifts;
 who best
 Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best: his state
 Is kingly; thousands at his bidding speed,
 And post o'er land and ocean without rest;
 They also serve who only stand and wait.

TO CYRIAC SKINNER.

CYRIAC, this three years' day these eyes,
 tho' clear
 To outward view, of blemish or of spot,
 Bereft of light, their seeing have forgot,
 Nor to their idle orbs doth sight appear
 Of sun, or moon, or star, throughout the year,
 Or man, or woman. Yet I argue not
 Against Heav'n's hand or will, nor bate a jot
 Of heart or hope; but still bear up,
 and steer

Right onward. What supports me?
 dost thou ask:
 The conscience, Friend, to have lost them overply'd
 In Liberty's defence, my noble task,
 Of which all Europe talks from side to side,
 This thought might lead me thro' the world's vain mask,
 Content though blind, had I no better guide.

ON HIS DECEASED WIFE.

METHOUGHT I saw my late espoused saint
 Brought to me like Alcestis from the grave,
 Whom Jove's great son to her glad husband gave,
 Rescued from death by force though pale and faint.
 Mine, as whom wash'd from spot of child-bed taint,
 Purification in the old law did save,
 And such, as yet once more I trust to have
 Full sight of her in Heav'n, without restraint,
 Came vested all in white, pure as her mind:
 Her face was veil'd, yet to my fancied sight
 Love, sweetness, goodness, in her person shin'd
 So clear, as in no face with more delight.
 But O, as to embrace me she inclin'd,
 I wak'd, she fled, and day brought back my night.

HYMN ON THE NATIVITY.

It was the winter wild,
 While the heaven-born child
 All meanly wrapt in the rude manger lies;
 Nature, in awe of him,
 Had doff'd her gaudy trim,
 With her great Master so to sympathize:

It was no season then for her
To wanton with the sun, her lusty
paramour.

Only with speeches fair
She woos the gentle air,
To hide her guilty front with innocent
snow;
And on her naked shame,
Pollute with sinful blame,
The saintly veil of maiden-white to
throw;
Confounded, that Her Maker's eyes
Should look so near upon her foul de-
formities.

But he, her fears to cease,
Sent down the meek-ey'd Peace;
She, crown'd with olive green, came
softly sliding
Down through the turning sphere,
His ready harbinger,
With turtle wing the amorous clouds
dividing;
And, waving wide her myrtle wand,
She strikes a universal peace through sea
and land.

No war or battle's sound
Was heard the world around:
The idle spear and shield were high
up hung;
The hookèd chariot stood
Unstain'd with hostile blood;
The trumpet spake not to the armed
throng;
And kings sat still with awful eye,
As if they surely knew their sov'reign
lord was by.

But peaceful was the night,
Wherein the Prince of Light
His reign of peace upon the earth
began:
The winds, with wonder whist,
Smoothly the waters kiss'd,
Whispering new joys to the mild
ocean,
Who now hath quite forgot to rave,
While birds of calm sit brooding on the
charmed wave.

The stars, with deep amaze,
Stand fix'd in steadfast gaze,
Bending one way their precious influ-
ence;
And will not take their flight,
For all the morning light,
Or Lucifer had often warn'd them
thence;
But in their glimmering orbs did glow,
Until their Lord himself bespake, and
bid them go.

And, though the shady gloom
Had given day her room,
The sun himself withheld his wonted
speed,
And hid his head for shame,
As his inferior flame
The new-enlighten'd world no more
should need;
He saw a greater sun appear
Than his bright throne, or burning axle-
tree, could bear.

The shepherds on the lawn,
Or ere the point of dawn,
Sat simply chatting in a rustic row;
Full little thought they then
That the mighty Pan
Was kindly come to live with them
below;
Perhaps their loves, or else their sheep,
Was all that did their silly thoughts so
busily keep.

When such music sweet
Their hearts and ears did greet,
As never was by mortal fingers strook,
Divinely-warbled voice
Answering the stringed noise,
As all their souls in blissful rapture
took:
The air, such pleasure loathe to lose,
With thousand echoes still prolongs each
heavenly close.

Nature, that heard such sound,
Beneath the hollow round
Of Cynthia's seat, the airy region
thrilling,
Now was almost won,
To think her part was done,

And that her reign had here its last
fulfilling;
She knew such harmony alone
Could hold all heaven and earth in
happier union.

At last surrounds their sight
A globe of circular light,
That with long beams the shame-fac'd
night array'd;
The helmed cherubim,
And sworded seraphim,
Are seen in glittering ranks with wings
display'd,
Harping in loud and solemn choir,
With unexpressive notes, to Heaven's
new-born heir.

Such music, as 'tis said,
Before was never made,
But when of old the sons of morning
sung,
While the Creator great
His constellations set,
And the well-balanc'd world on hinges
hung,
And cast the dark foundations deep,
And bid the weltering waves their oozy
channel keep.

Ring out, ye crystal spheres,
Once bless our human ears,
If ye have power to touch our senses so;
And let your silver chime
Move in melodious time;
And let the bass of Heaven's deep
organ blow;
And, with your ninefold harmony,
Make up full concert to the angelic
symphony.

For, if such holy song
Enwrap our fancy long,
Time will run back, and fetch the age
of gold;
And speckled Vanity
Will sicken soon and die,
And leprous Sin will melt from earthly
mould;
And Hell itself will pass away,
And leave her dolorous mansions to the
peering day.

Yea, Truth and Justice then
Will down return to men,
Orb'd in a rainbow; and, like glories
wearing,
Mercy will sit between,
Thron'd in celestial sheen,
With radiant feet the tissued clouds
down steering;
And Heaven, as at some festival,
Will open wide the gates of her high
palace hall.

But wisest Fate says no,
This must not yet be so,
The babe yet lies in smiling infancy,
That on the bitter cross
Must redeem our loss,
So both himself and us to glorify:
Yet first, to those ychain'd in sleep,
The wakeful trump of doom must thunder
through the deep,

With such a horrid clang
As on Mount Sinai rang,
While the red fire and smould'ring
clouds out brake;
The aged earth aghast,
With terror of that blast,
Shall from the surface to the centre
shake;
When, at the world's last session,
The dreadful Judge in middle air shall
spread his throne.

And then at last our bliss,
Full and perfect is,
But now begins: for, from this happy
day,
The old dragon, underground,
In straiter limits bound,
Not half so far casts his usurped sway;
And, wroth to see his kingdom fail,
Swinges the scaly horror of his folded tail.

The oracles are dumb;
No voice or hideous hum
Runs through the arched roof in words
deceiving.
Apollo from his shrine
Can no more divine,
With hollow shriek the steep of Del-
phos leaving.

No nightly trance, or breathed spell,
Inspires the pale-eyed priest from the
prophetic cell.

The lonely mountains o'er,
And the resounding shore,
A voice of weeping heard and loud
lament;

From haunted spring and dale,
Edg'd with poplar pale,
The parting Genius is with sighing
sent;

With flower-inwoven tresses torn,
The nymphs in twilight shade of tangled
thickets mourn.

In consecrated earth,
And on the holy hearth,
The Lars and Lemurs mourn with
midnight plaint.

In urns and altars round,
A drear and dying sound
Affrights the Flamens at their service
quaint;

And the chill marble seems to sweat,
While each peculiar power foregoes his
wonted seat.

Peor and Baälim
Forsake their temples dim
With that twice-battered god of Pales-
tine;

And mooned Ashtaroth,
Heaven's queen and mother both,
Now sits not girt with tapers' holy
shine;
The Libyac Hammon shrinks his horn;
In vain the Tyrian maids their wounded
Thammuz mourn.

And sullen Moloch, fled,
Hath left in shadows dread
His burning idol all of blackest hue:
In vain with cymbals' ring
They call the grisly king,

In dismal dance about the furnace
blue:

The brutish gods of Nile as fast,
Isis, and Orus, and the dog Anubis,
haste.

Nor is Osiris seen
In Memphian grove or green,

Trampling the unshowered grass with
lowings loud;

Nor can he be at rest
Within his sacred chest,
Nought but profoundest hell can be
his shroud;

In vain with timbrell'd anthems dark
The sable-stoled sorcerers bear his wor-
shipp'd ark.

He feels from Judah's land
The dreaded infant's hand,
The rays of Bethlehem blind his dusky
eyne;

Nor all the gods beside
Longer dare abide,
Not Typhon huge ending in snaky
twine:

Our babe, to show his Godhead true,
Can in his swaddling bands control the
damned crew.

So, when the sun in bed,
Curtain'd with cloudy red,

Pillows his chin upon an orient wave,
The flocking shadows pale,
Troop to the infernal jail,
Each fetter'd ghost slips to his several
grave;

And the yellow-skirted fays
Fly after the night-steeds, leaving their
moon-loved maze.

But sec, the Virgin blest
Hath laid her babe to rest;
Time is, our tedious song should here
have ending:

Heaven's youngest-teemed star
Hath fixed her polish'd car,
Her sleeping Lord with handmaid
lamp attending;
And all about the courtly stable
Bright-harness'd angels sit in order ser-
viceable.

*BEFORE THE STARRY THRESH-
OLD OF JOVE'S COURT.*

BEFORE the starry threshold of Jove's
court,

My mansion is, where those immortal
shapes

Of bright aërial spirits live insph'rd
 In regions mild of calm and serene air,
 Above the smoke and stir of this dim
 spot
 Which men call Earth, and with low-
 thoughted care,
 Confin'd and pester'd in this pin-fold
 here,
 Strive to keep up a frail and feverish
 being,
 Unmindful of the crown that Virtue gives
 After this mortal change, to her true ser-
 vants,
 Amongst the enthron'd gods on sainted
 seats.
 Yet some there be that by due steps
 aspire
 To lay their just hands on that golden
 key
 That opes the palace of Eternity:
 To such my errand is; and but for such,
 I would not soil these pure ambrosial
 weeds
 With the rank vapors of this sin-worn
 mould.

HOW CHARMING IS DIVINE PHILOSOPHY.

How charming is divine philosophy!
 Not harsh and crabbed, as dull fools
 suppose,
 But musical as is Apollo's lute.
 And a perpetual feast of nectar'd sweets,
 Where no crude surfeit reigns.

THE LADY'S SONG.

[From *Comus*.]

SWEET Echo, sweeter nymph, that liv'st
 unseen

Within thy aery shell,
 By slow Meander's margent green,
 And in the violet-embroider'd vale
 Where the love-lorn nightingale
 Nightly to thee her sad song mourneth
 well;

Canst thou not tell me of a gentle pair
 That liketh thy Narcissus are?
 O, if thou have

Hid them in some flowery cave,
 Tell me but where,
 Sweet queen of parley, daughter of
 the sphere!
 So may'st thou be translated to the
 skies,
 And give resounding grace to all
 Heaven's harmonies.

THE SPIRIT'S EPILOGUE.

To the ocean now I fly,
 And those happy climes that lie
 Where Day never shuts his eye,
 Up in the broad fields of the sky:
 There I suck the liquid air,
 All amidst the garden fair
 Of Hesperus, and his daughters three,
 That sing about the golden tree:
 Along the crisped shades and bowers
 Revels the spruce and jocund spring,
 The Graces and the rosy-bosom'd hours,
 Thither all their bounties bring;
 That there eternal summer dwells,
 And west-winds with musky wing
 About the cedarn alleys fling
 Nard and cassia's balmy smells.
 Iris there with humid bow
 Waters the odorous banks, that blow
 Flowers of more mingled hue
 Than her purpled scarf can show,
 And drenches with Elysian dew
 (List, mortals, if your ears be true)
 Beds of hyacinths and roses,
 Where young Adonis oft reposes,
 Waxing well of his deep wound
 In slumbers soft, and on the ground
 Sadly sits th' Assyrian queen;
 But far above in spangled sheen
 Celestial Cupid, her fam'd son advanc'd
 Holds her dear Psyche sweet entranc'd,
 After her wand'ring labors long,
 Till free consent the gods among
 Make her his eternal bride,
 And from her fair unspotted side
 Two blissful twins are to be born,
 Youth and Joy; so Jove hath sworn.
 But now my task is smoothly done,
 I can fly or I can run,
 Quickly to the green earth's end,

Where the bow'd welkin slow doth bend
And from thence can soar as soon
To the corners of the moon.

Mortals that would follow me,
Love Virtue, she alone is free,
She can teach you how to climb
Higher than the sphery chime;
Or if Virtue feeble were,
Heaven itself would stoop to her.

CHASTITY.

So dear to Heav'n is saintly chastity,
That when a soul is found sincerely so,
A thousand liveried angels lacky her,
Driving far off each thing of sin and
guilt,
And in clear dream, and solemn vision,
Tell her of things that no gross ear can
hear,
Till oft converse with heav'nly habitants
Begin to cast a beam on th' outward
shape,
The unpolluted temple of the mind,
And turns it by degrees to the soul's
essence,
Till all be made immortal; but when
Lust,
By unchaste looks, loose gestures, and
foul talk,

But most by lewd and lavish act of sin,
Lets in Defilement to the inward parts,
The soul grows clotted by contagion,
Imbodies and imbrutes, till she quite lose
The divine property of her first being.
Such are those thick and gloomy shad-
ows damp,
Often seen in charnel vaults and sepulchres,
Ling'ring and sitting by a new-made
grave,
As loath to leave the body that it lov'd
And link'd itself by carnal sensuality
To a degenerate and degraded state.

SONG. MAY MORNING.

Now the bright morning star, day's har-
binger,
Comes dancing from the East, and leads
with her
The flow'ry May, who from her green lap
throws
The yellow cowslip, and the pale prim-
rose.
Hail bounteous May! that dost inspire
Mirth, and youth, and warm desire;
Woods and groves are of thy dressing,
Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing.
Thus we salute thee with our early song,
And welcome thee and wish thee long.

SAMUEL BUTLER.

1612-1680.

[SAMUEL BUTLER was born at Strensham in Worcestershire, in 1612, and died in London, in 1680. After leaving Worcester Cathedral School he started in life as justice's clerk to a Mr. Jefferies, at Earl's Croome. He was next at Wrest in Bedfordshire, in the service of the Countess of Kent, and here he met and worked for John Selden. Finally he formed part of the household of Sir Samuel Luke, a Presbyterian Colonel, "scout-master for Bedfordshire and governor of Newport Pagnell." At the Restoration he was made secretary to the President of Wales and steward of Ludlow Castle, and in 1662, at full fifty years old, he published the first part of the immense lampoon whose authorship has given him his place in English letters. The second part of *Hudibras* was issued in 1663; the third in 1678. Two years afterwards Butler died.]

[From *Hudibras*, Part I.]

ARGUMENTATIVE THEOLOGY.

HE could raise scruples dark and nice,
And after solve 'em in a trice;
As if Divinity had caught

The itch on purpose to be scratched;
Or, like a mountebank, did wound
And stab herself with doubts profound,
Only to show with how small pain
The sores of faith are cured again.

THE PRESBYTERIANS.

THAT stubborn crew
Of errant saints whom all men grant
To be the true Church Militant.
Such as do build their faith upon
The holy text of pike and gun;
Decide all controversies by
Infallible artillery;
And prove their doctrine orthodox
With apostolic blows and knocks;
Call fire and sword and desolation
A godly, thorough Reformation,
Which always must be going on,
And still be doing, never done,
As if Religion were intended
For nothing else but to be mended:
A sect whose chief devotion lies
In odd, perverse antipathies,
In falling out with that or this
And finding somewhat still amiss;
More peevish, cross, and splenetic
Than dog distract or monkey sick:
That with more care keep holyday
The wrong, than others the right way;
Compound for sins they are inclined to
By damning those they have no mind to.
Still so perverse and opposite
As if they worshipped God for spite,
The self-same thing they will abhor
One way and long another for;
Freewill they one way disavow,
Another, nothing else allow;
All piety consists therein
In them, in other men all sin.
Rather than fail they will defy
That which they love most tenderly;
Quarrel with mince-pies, and disparage
Their best and dearest friend plum-por-
ridge;
Fat pig and goose itself oppose,
And blaspheme custard through the nose.

HONOR.

HE that is valiant and dares fight,
Though drubbed, can lose no honor by't.
Honor's a lease for lives to come,
And cannot be extended from
The legal tenant: 'Tis a chattel

Not to be forfeited in battle.
If he that in the field is slain
Be in the bed of honor lain,
He that is beaten may be said
To lie in honor's truckle-bed.
For as we see the eclipsèd sun
By mortals is more gazed upon
Than when, adorned with all his light,
He shines in serene sky most bright,
So valor in a low estate
Is most admired and wondered at.

[From *Hudibras*, Part II.]

NIGHT.

THE sun grew low and left the skies,
Put down, some write, by ladies' eyes,
The moon pulled off her veil of light
That hides her face by day from sight
(Mysterious veil, of brightness made
That's both her lustre and her shade!),
And in the lantern of the night
With shining hours hung out her light;
For darkness is the proper sphere
Where all false glories use to appear.
The twinkling stars began to muster
And glitter with their borrowed lustre,
While sleep the wearied world relieved,
By counterfeiting death revived.

MORNING.

THE sun had long since in the lap
Of Thetis taken out his nap,
And, like a lobster boiled, the morn
From black to red began to turn.

SPIRITUAL TRIMMERS.

SOME say the soul's secure
Against distress and forfeiture;
Is free from action, and exempt
From execution and contempt;
And to be summoned to appear
In the other world's illegal here;
And therefore few make any account
Into what encumbrances they run't.

For most men carry things so even
Between this world and hell and heaven,
Without the least offence to either
They freely deal in all together,
And equally abhor to quit
This world for both, or both for it;
And when they pawn and damn their
souls
They are but prisoners on paroles.

MARRIAGE.

[From *Hudibras*, Part III.]

THERE are no bargains driven;
Nor marriages, clapped up in heaven,
And that's the reason, as some guess,
There is no heaven in marriages.
Two things that naturally press
Too narrowly to be at ease,
Their business there is only love,
Which marriage is not like to improve:
Love that's too generous to abide
To be against its nature tied;
For where 'tis of itself inclined
It breaks loose when it is confined,
And like the soul, its harbinger,
Debarred the freedom of the air,
Disdains against its will to stay,
And struggles out and flies away,
And therefore never can comply
To endure the matrimonial tie
That binds the female and the male,
Where the one is but the other's bail,
Like Roman jailers, when they slept
Chained to the prisoners they kept.

UPON THE WEAKNESS AND MISERY OF MAN.

[From *Miscellanies*.]

OUR pains are real things, and all
Our pleasures but fantastical.
Diseases of their own accord,
But cures come difficult and hard.
Our noblest piles and stateliest rooms
Are but outhouses to our tombs;
Cities though ne'er so great and brave
But mere warehouses to the grave.

OUR bravery's but a vain disguise
To hide us from the world's dull eyes,
The remedy of a defect
With which our nakedness is decked,
Yet makes us smile with pride and boast
As if we had gained by being lost.

DISTICHS AND SAWS.

[From *Hudibras* and *Miscellanies*.]

RHYME the rudder is of verses,
With which like ships they steer their
courses.

IN the hurry of a fray
'Tis hard to keep out of harm's way.

HONOR is like a widow, won
With brisk attempt and putting on,
With entering manfully and urging;
Not slow approaches, like a virgin.

GREAT commanders always own
What's prosperous by the soldier done.

GREAT conquerors greater glory gain
By foes in triumph led than slain.

AY me! what perils do environ
The man that meddles with cold iron!

VALOR's a mousetrap, wit a gin,
That women oft are taken in.

IN all trade of war no feat
Is nobler than a brave retreat,
For those that run away and fly
Take place at least of the enemy.

HE that runs may fight again,
Which he can never do that's slain.

FOOLS are known by looking wise,
As men tell woodcocks by their eyes.

NIGHT is the sabbath of mankind
To rest the body and the mind.

AS if artillery and edge-tools
Were the only engines to save souls!

MONEY that, like the swords of kings,
Is the last reason of all things.

He that complies against his will
Is of his own opinion still.

Those that write in rhyme still make
The one verse for the other's sake.

He that will win his dame must do
As Love does when he bends his bow :
With one hand thrust the lady from,
And with the other pull her home.

What is worth in anything
But so much money as 'twill bring?

The Public Faith, which every one
Is bound to observe, is kept by none.

He that imposes an oath makes it,
Not he that for convenience takes it.

Opinion governs all mankind,
Like the blind's leading of the blind.

The worst of rebels never arm
To do their king and country harm,
But draw their swords to do them good,
As doctors use, by letting blood.

The soberest saints are more stiff-necked
Than the hottest-headed of the wicked.

Wedlock without love, some say,
Is like a lock without a key.

Too much or too little wit
Do only render the owners fit
For nothing, but to be undone
Much easier than if they had none.

In little trades more cheats and lying
Is used in selling than in buying;
But in the great unjust dealing
Is used in buying than in selling.

Loyalty is still the same,
Whether it win or lose the game;
True as the dial to the sun,
Although it be not shined upon.

The subtler all things are,
They're but to nothing the more near.

Things said false and never meant
Do oft prove true by accident.

Authority is a disease and cure
Which men can neither want nor well
endure.

SIR JOHN DENHAM.

1615-1668.

[SIR JOHN DENHAM was born in Dublin, in 1615. He took a prominent part in public affairs, acting for the King in several capacities; and after many vicissitudes of fortune he died at Whitehall, on the 10th of April, 1668. He published *The Sophy*, a tragedy, in 1641, and *Cooper's Hill*, anonymously, in the same year.]

THE THAMES.

My eye, descending from the hill, surveys,
Where Thames among the wanton valleys strays;
Thames, the most loved of all the ocean's sons
By his old sire, to his embraces runs,
Hasting to pay his tribute to the sea,
Like mortal life to meet eternity.
Though with those streams he no remembrance hold,

Whose foam is amber and their gravel gold,
His genuine and less guilty wealth to explore,
Search not his bottom but survey his shore,
O'er which he kindly spreads his spacious wing
And hatches plenty for the ensuing spring,
And then destroys it with too fond a stay

Like mothers who their infants overlay;
 Nor with a sudden and impetuous
 wave,
 Like profuse kings, restumes the wealth
 he gave.
 No unexpected inundations spoil
 The mower's hopes, nor mock the plough-
 man's toil,
 But godlike his unwearied bounty flows;
 First loves to do, then loves the good he
 does.
 Nor are his blessings to his banks con-
 fined,
 But free or common as the sea or wind;
 When he to boast or to disperse her
 stores,
 Full of the tributes of his grateful shores,

Visits the world, and in his flying towers
 Brings home to us, and makes both
 Indies ours:
 Finds wealth where 'tis, bestows it where
 it wants,
 Cities in deserts, woods in cities plants;
 So that to us no thing, no place is
 strange,
 While his fair bosom is the world's ex-
 change.
 O, could I flow like thee, and make thy
 stream
 My great example, as it is my theme!
 Though deep, yet clear; though gentle,
 yet not dull;
 Strong without rage; without o'erflowing
 full!



ANDREW MARVELL.

1621-1678.

[BORN at Winestead, near Hull, March 31, 1621; died in London, 1678. His poems were first collected by his widow, and published in a folio volume, 1681, but since that time about twenty-five new poems have been discovered. Mr. Grosart has published the complete works in the *Fuller Worthies' Library*.]

YOUNG LOVE.

COME, little infant, love me now,
 While thine unsuspected years
 Clear thine aged father's brow
 From cold jealousy and fears.

Pretty surely 'twere to see
 By young Love old Time beguil'd,
 While our sportings are as free
 As the nurse's with the child.

Common beauties stay fifteen;
 Such as yours should swifter move,
 Whose fair blossoms are too green
 Yet for lust, but not love.

Love as much the snowy lamb,
 Or the wanton kid, does prize
 As the lusty bull or ram
 For his morning sacrifice.

Now then love me: Time may take
 Thee before thy time away;
 Of this need we'll virtue make,
 And learn love before we may.

So we win of doubtful fate,
 And, if good to us she meant,
 We that good shall antedate,
 Or, if ill, that ill prevent.

Thus do kingdoms, frustrating
 Other titles to their crown,
 In the cradle crown their king,
 So all foreign claims to drown.

So to make all rivals vain,
 Now I crown thee with my love:
 Crown me with thy love again,
 And we both shall monarchs prove.

A DROP OF DEW.

SEE, how the orient dew,
 Shed from the bosom of the morn,
 Into the blowing roses,
 (Yet careless of its mansion new,
 For the clear region where 'twas born,)
 Round in itself incloses

And, in its little globe's extent,
 Frames, as it can, its native element.
 How it the purple flower does slight,
 Scarce touching where it lies;
 But gazing back upon the skies,
 Shines with a mournful light,
 Like its own tear,
 Because so long divided from the sphere.
 Restless it rolls, and unsecure,
 Trembling, lest it grow impure;
 Till the warm sun pities its pain,
 And to the skies exhales it back again.
 So the soul, that drop, that ray,
 Of the clear fountain of eternal day,
 Could it within the human flower be seen,
 Remembering still its former height,
 Shuns the sweet leaves and blossoms
 green,
 And, recollecting its own light,

Does, in its pure and circling thoughts
 express
 The greater heaven in a heaven less.
 In how coy a figure wound,
 Every way it turns away,
 So the world excluding round,
 Yet receiving in the day,
 Dark beneath, but bright above,
 Here disdaining, there in love.
 How loose and easy hence to go;
 How girt and ready to ascend;
 Moving but on a point below,
 It all about does upward bend.
 Such did the manna's sacred dew distil,
 White and entire although congealed
 and chill;
 Congealed on earth; but does, dissolv-
 ing, run
 Into the glories of the almighty sun.



JOHN DRYDEN.

1631-1700.

[BORN in 1631, at Aldwinckle All Saints, in the valley of the Nen in Northamptonshire, of Puritan parentage; and educated at Westminster School and Trinity College, Cambridge. He appears to have become a Londoner about the middle of the year 1657. At the Restoration he changed into an ardent royalist, and towards the close of 1663 married the daughter of a royalist nobleman, the Earl of Berkshire. In 1670 he was appointed Historiographer-Royal and Poet-Laureate. After having hitherto been conspicuous as a dramatist and a panegyric poet, he in 1681, by the publication of the *First Part of Absalom and Achitophel*, sprang into fame as a writer of satirical verse. In December, 1683, he was appointed Collector of Customs in the port of London. His offices were renewed to him on the accession of King James II., but his pension of £100 was not renewed till rather more than a year later. About the same time Dryden became a Roman Catholic; and in April, 1687, he published *The Hind and the Panther*. Deprived of both offices and pension by the Revolution of 1688, he again for a time wrote for the stage, but after a few years finally abandoned dramatic composition for translation. Some of his greatest lyrics likewise belong to his later years. He died at his house in Gerard Street, Soho, May 1, 1700, and was buried with great pomp in Westminster Abbey.]

ODE TO THE MEMORY OF MRS.
ANNIE KILLIGREW.¹

THOU youngest virgin-daughter of the
 skies,
 Made in the last promotion of the blest;
 Whose palms, new pluck'd from paradise,

¹ Anne Killigrew, maid of honor to the Duchess of York, died of the small-pox in 1685, in the twenty-fifth year of her age. She was of a literary family, and herself a poetess as well as a painter. Dryden's Ode was prefixed to a posthumous edition of her poems.

In spreading branches more sublimely
 rise,
 Rich with immortal green above the
 rest:
 Whether, adopted to some neighboring
 star,
 Thou roll'st above us, in thy wandering
 race,
 Or, in procession fix'd and regular,
 Mov'st with the heaven's majestic
 pace;
 Or, call'd to more superior bliss,

Thou tread'st, with seraphim, the vast
abyss :

Whatever happy region is thy place,
Cease thy celestial song a little space;
Thou wilt have time enough for hymns
divine,

Since heaven's eternal year is thine.
Hear then a mortal muse thy praise re-
hearse,

In no ignoble verse :
But such as thy own voice did practise
here,

When thy first fruits of poesy were given,
To make thyself a welcome inmate there;
While yet a young probationer,
And candidate of heaven.

If by traduction came thy mind,
Our wonder is the less to find
A soul so charming from a stock so good;
Thy father was transfused into thy blood :
So wert thou born into a tuneful strain,
An early, rich, and inexhausted vein.

But if thy pre-existing soul
Was form'd, at first, with myriads
more,
It did through all the mighty poets roll,
Who Greek or Latin laurels wore,
And was that Sappho last, which once
it was before.

If so, then cease thy flight, O heaven-
born mind !
Thou hast no dross to purge from thy
rich ore :

Nor can thy soul a fairer mansion find,
Than was the beauteous frame she
left behind :

Return to fill or mend the choir of thy
celestial kind.

O gracious God ! how far have we
Profaned thy heavenly gift of poesy ?
Made prostitute and profligate the muse,
Debased to each obscene and impious
use,

Whose harmony was first ordain'd above
For tongues of angels, and for hymns of
love ?

O wretched we ! why were we hurried
down

This lubrique and adulterate age ?
.

What can we say t' excuse our second
fall ?

Let this thy vestal, heaven, atone for all :
Her Arethusian stream remains unsoil'd,
Unmix'd with foreign filth, and unde-
filed ;

Her wit was more than man, her inno-
cence a child.

Art she had none, yet wanted none ;
For nature did that want supply :
So rich in treasures of her own,
She might our boasted stores defy :
Such noble vigor did her verse adorn,
That it seem'd borrow'd, where 'twas
only born.

Her morals too were in her bosom bred,
By great examples daily fed.

Ev'n love (for love sometimes her muse
express)

Was but a lambent flame which play'd
about her breast :

Light as vapors of a morning dream,
So cold herself, while she such warmth
express,

'Twas Cupid bathing in Diana's stream.

When in mid-air the golden trump shall
sound

To raise the nations under ground ;
When in the valley of Jehoshaphat,
The judging God shall close the book of
fate ;

And there the last assizes keep,
For those who wake, and those who
sleep ;

When rattling bones together fly,
From the four corners of the sky ;
When sinews on the skeletons are spread,
Those clothed with flesh, and life inspire
the dead ;

The sacred poets first shall hear the
sound,

And foremost from the tomb shall
bound,

For they are cover'd with the lightest
ground ;

And straight, with inborn vigor, on the
wing,

Like mounting larks, to the new morning
sing.

There thou, sweet saint, before the choir
 shalt go,
 As harbinger of heaven, the way to show,
 The way which thou so well hast learned
 below.

THE CHARACTER OF THE EARL
 OF SHAFTESBURY DELINE-
 ATED AS ACHITOPHEL.

[From *Absalom and Achitophel*, Part I.; 1681.]

Of these the false Achitophel was first;
 A name to all succeeding ages curst:
 For close designs and crooked counsels
 fit,
 Sagacious, bold, and turbulent of wit;
 Restless, unfix'd in principles and place;
 In power unpleased, impatient of dis-
 grace;
 A fiery soul, which, working out its way,
 Fretted the pigmy body to decay,
 And o'er-inform'd the tenement of clay:
 A daring pilot in extremity;
 Pleas'd with the danger, when the waves
 went high
 He sought the storms; but, for a calm
 unfit,
 Would steer too nigh the sands to boast
 his wit.
 Great wits are sure to madness near
 allied,
 And thin partitions do their bounds
 divide;
 Else why should he, with wealth and
 honors blest,
 Refuse his age the needful hours of rest?
 Punish a body which he could not please;
 Bankrupt of life, yet prodigal of ease?

In friendship false, implacable in hate,
 Resolved to ruin or to rule the state.
 To compass this the triple bond he broke,¹
 The pillars of the public safety shook,
 And fitted Israel with a foreign yoke;
 Then, seized with fear, yet still affecting
 fame,

¹ The triple bond is the Triple Alliance of 1675, undone by the alliance concluded with France in 1670, when Shaftesbury was a member of the Cabal.

Usurp'd a patriot's all-atoning name;
 So easy still it proves, in factious times,²
 With public zeal to cancel private crimes.
 How safe is treason, and how sacred ill,
 Where none can sin against the people's
 will!

Where crowds can wink, and no offence
 be known,
 Since in another's guilt they find their
 own!

Yet fame deserved no enemy can grudge;
 The statesman we abhor, but praise the
 judge.

In Israel's courts ne'er sat an Abbethdin
 With more discerning eyes or hands
 more clean,

Unbribed, unsought, the wretched to re-
 dress;

Swift of despatch and easy of access.

Oh! had he been content to serve the
 crown

With virtues only proper to give the
 gown;

Or had the rankness of the soil been
 freed

From cockle, that oppress'd the noble
 seed;

David for him his tuneful harp had
 strung,

And heaven had wanted one immortal
 song.

But wild Ambition loves to slide, not
 stand;

And Fortune's ice prefers to Virtue's
 land.

Achitophel, grown weary to possess

A lawful fame, and lazy happiness,

Disdain'd the golden fruit to gather
 free,

And lent the crowd his arm to shake
 the tree.

Now, manifest of crimes contrived long
 since,

He stood at bold defiance with his
 prince;

Held up the buckler of the people's cause
 Against the crown, and skulk'd behind
 the laws.

² This and the following lines, referring to Shaftesbury's conduct as Lord Chancellor, were inserted in the second edition. The *Abbethdin* was the Jewish Chief Justice.

VILLIERS, DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM, DELINEATED AS ZIMRI.

[From *Absalom and Achitophel*, Part I.]

A MAN so various that he seem'd to be
Not one but all mankind's epitome;
Stiff in opinions, always in the wrong,
Was everything by starts, and nothing
long;

But, in the course of one revolving moon,
Was chemist, fiddler, statesman, and
buffoon.

Blest madman! who could every hour
employ

With something new to wish or to enjoy.
Railing and praising were his usual
themes,

And both, to show his judgment, in ex-
tremes.

So over-violent or over-civil,
That every man with him was god or
devil.

In squandering wealth was his peculiar
art,

Nothing went unrewarded but desert;
Beggar'd by fools whom still he found
too late;

He had his jest, and they had his estate.
He laugh'd himself from court, then had
relief,

By forming parties, but could ne'er be
chief;

For, spite of him, the weight of business
fell

On Absalom and wise Achitophel.

TRADITION.

[From *Religio Laici*; November, 1682.]

MUST all tradition then be set aside?
This to affirm were ignorance or pride.
Are there not many points, some need-
ful sure

To saving faith, that Scripture leaves
obscure,

Which every sect will wrest a several
way?

For what one sect interprets, all sects
may.

We hold, and say we prove from Scrip-
ture plain,

That Christ is GOD; the bold Socinian
From the same Scripture urges he's but
MAN.

Now what appeal can end the important
suit?

Both parts talk loudly, but the rule is
mute.

Shall I speak plain, and in a nation
free

Assume an honest layman's liberty?

I think, according to my little skill,
To my own mother Church submitting
still,

That many have been saved, and many
may,

Who never heard this question brought
in play.

The unlettered Christian, who believes
in gross,

Plods on to Heaven and ne'er is at a
loss;

For the strait gate would be made strait-
er yet,

Were none admitted there but men of
wit.

The few by Nature formed, with learn-
ing fraught,

Born to instruct, as others to be taught,
Must study well the sacred page; and see

Which doctrine, this or that, does best
agree

With the whole tenor of the work divine,
And plainliest points to Heaven's re-
vealed design;

Which exposition flows from genuine
sense,

And which is forced by wit and elo-
quence.

Not that tradition's parts are useless
here,

When general, old, disinterested, and
clear:

That ancient Fathers thus expound the
page

Gives truth the reverend majesty of age,
Confirms its force by biding every test,

For best authorities, next rules, are best;
And still the nearer to the spring we go,

More limpid, more unsoiled, the waters
flow.

Thus, first traditions were a proof alone,
Could we be certain such they were, so
known :

But since some flaws in long descent
may be,

They make not truth but probability.
Even Arius and Pelagius durst provoke
To what the centuries preceding spoke.
Such difference is there in an oft-told tale,
But truth by its own sinews will prevail.
Tradition written, therefore, more com-
mends

Authority than what from voice descends :
And this, as perfect as its kind can be,
Rolls down to us the sacred history :
Which, from the Universal Church re-
ceived,
Is tried, and after for its self believed.

THE SECTS.

PRIVATE JUDGMENT.

[From *The Hind and the Panther*, Part I.;
April, 1687.]

PANTING and pensive now she ranged
alone,
And wandered in the kingdoms once
her own.

The common hunt, though from their
rage restrained
By sovereign power, her company dis-
dained,

Grinned as they passed, and with a
glaring eye

Gave gloomy signs of secret enmity.
Tis true she bounded by and tripped so
light,

They had not time to take a steady sight ;
For truth has such a face and such a
mien

As to be loved needs only to be seen.
The bloody Bear an independent beast,
Unlicked to form, in groans her hate ex-
pressed.

Among the timorous kind the quaking
Hare

Professed neutrality, but would not swear.
Next her the buffoon Ape, as atheists use,
Mimicked all sects and had his own to
choose ;

Still, when the Lion looked, his knees
he bent,
And paid at church a courtier's com-
pliment.

The bristled baptist Boar, impure as he,
But whitened with the foam of sanctity,
With fat pollutions filled the sacred place
And mountains levelled in his furious
race ;

So first rebellion founded was in grace.
But, since the mighty ravage which he
made

In German forests¹ had his guilt betrayed,
With broken tusks and with a borrowed
name,

He shunned the vengeance and con-
cealed the shame,

So lurked in sects unseen. With greater
guile

False Reynard fed on consecrated spoil ;
The graceless beast by Athanasius first
Was chased from Nice, then by Socinus
nursed,

His impious race their blasphemy re-
newed,

And Nature's King through Nature's
optics viewed ;

Reversed they viewed him lessened to
their eye,

Nor in an infant could a God descry.
New swarming sects to this obliquely
tend,

Hence they began, and here they all
will end.

What weight of ancient witness can
prevail,

If private reason hold the public scale ?
But, gracious God, how well dost Thou
provide

For erring judgments an unerring guide !
Thy throne of darkness is the abyss of
light,

A blaze of glory that forbids the sight.
O teach me to believe Thee thus con-
cealed,

And search no farther than Thyself re-
vealed ;

But her alone for my director take,
Whom Thou hast promised never to
forsake !

The allusion is more especially to the Anabaptist doings at Münster.

My thoughtless youth was winged with
vain desires;
My manhood, long misled by wandering
fires,
Followed false lights; and when their
glimpse was gone,
My pride struck out new sparkles of her
own.
Such was I, such by nature still I am;
Be Thine the glory and be mine the
shame!

THE UNITY OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

[From *The Hind and the Panther*, Part II.]

"ONE in herself, not rent by schism,
but sound,
Entire, one solid shining diamond,
Not sparkles shattered into sects like
you:
One is the Church, and must be to be
true,
One central principle of unity;
As undivided, so from errors free;
As one in faith, so one in sanctity.
Thus she, and none but she, the insult-
ing rage
Of heretics opposed from age to age;
Still when the giant-brood invades her
throne,
She stoops from heaven and meets
them half way down,
And with paternal thunder vindicates
her crown.
But like Egyptian sorcerers you stand,
And vainly lift aloft your magic wand
To sweep away the swarms of vermin
from the land.
You could like them, with like infernal
force,
Produce the plague, but not arrest the
course.
But when the boils and botches with
disgrace
And public scandal sat upon the face,
Themselves attacked, the Magi strove
no more,
They saw God's finger, and their fate
deplore,

Themselves they could not cure of the
dishonest sore.

"Thus one, thus pure, behold her
largely spread,
Like the fair ocean from her mother-bed;
From east to west triumphantly she rides,
All shores are watered by her wealthy
tides.

The gospel-sound, diffused from pole to
pole,

Where winds can carry and where waves
can roll,

The self-same doctrine of the sacred page
Conveyed to every clime, in every age.

A SONG FOR ST. CECILIA'S DAY, NOVEMBER 22, 1687.

FROM harmony, from heavenly harmony
This universal frame began;
When Nature underneath a heap
Of jarring atoms lay,
And could not heave her head,
The tuneful voice was heard from high,
Arise, ye more than dead.

Then cold and hot and moist and dry
In order to their stations leap,
And Music's power obey.
From harmony, from heavenly harmony,
This universal frame began:
From harmony to harmony
Through all the compass of the notes it
ran,
The diapason closing full in Man.

What passion cannot Music raise and
quell?

When Jubal struck the chorded
shell,
His listening brethren stood around,
And, wondering, on their faces fell
To worship that celestial sound:
Less than a god they thought there
could not dwell

Within the hollow of that shell,
That spoke so sweetly and so well.
What passion cannot Music raise and
quell?

The trumpet's loud clangor
Excites us to arms

With shrill notes of anger
 And mortal alarms.
 The double, double, double beat
 Of the thundering drum
 Cries, hark! the foes come;
 Charge, charge, 'tis too late to retreat.
 The soft complaining flute
 In dying notes discovers
 The woes of hopeless lovers,
 Whose dirge is whispered by the war-
 ling lute.

Sharp violins proclaim
 Their jealous pangs and desperation,
 Fury, frantic indignation,
 Depth of pains and height of passion,
 For the fair, disdainful dame.

But oh! what art can teach,
 What human voice can reach
 The sacred organ's praise?
 Notes inspiring holy love,
 Notes that wing their heavenly ways
 To mend the choirs above.

Orpheus could lead the savage race,
 And trees uprooted left their place,
 Sequacious of the lyre;
 But bright Cecilia raised the wonder
 higher:
 When to her organ vocal breath was
 given,
 An angel heard, and straight appeared,
 Mistaking earth for heaven.

Grand Chorus.

As from the power of sacred lays
 The spheres began to move,
 And sung the great Creator's praise
 To all the blessed above;
 So when the last and dreadful hour
 This crumbling pageant shall devour,
 The trumpet shall be heard on high,
 The dead shall live, the living die,
 And Music shall untune the sky.

*ALEXANDER'S FEAST; OR, THE
 POWER OF MUSIC.*

AN ODE IN HONOR OF ST. CECILIA'S
 DAY, 1697.

TWAS at the royal feast for Persia won
 By Philip's warlike son:

Aloft in awful state
 The godlike hero sate
 On his imperial throne:
 His valiant peers were placed
 around;
 Their brows with roses and with myrtle
 bound,
 (So should desert in arms be
 crown'd):
 The lovely Thais, by his side,
 Sate, like a blooming Eastern bride,
 In flower of youth and beauty's pride.
 Happy, happy, happy pair!
 None but the brave,
 None but the brave,
 None but the brave deserves the fair.

Timotheus, placed on high
 Amid the tuneful choir,
 With flying fingers touch'd the lyre:
 The trembling notes ascend the sky,
 And heavenly joys inspire.
 The song began from Jove,
 Who left his blissful seats above
 (Such is the power of mighty Love!).
 A dragon's fiery form belied the god,
 Sublime on radiant spheres he rode,
 When he to fair Olympia press'd,
 And stamp'd an image of himself, a
 sovereign of the world.

The listening crowd admire the lofty
 sound,
 A present deity! they shout around:
 A present deity! the vaulted roofs re-
 bound:

With ravish'd ears
 The monarch hears,
 Assumes the god,
 Affects to nod,
 And seems to shake the spheres.

The praise of Bacchus then the sweet
 musician sung:

Of Bacchus ever fair and ever young:
 The jolly god in triumph comes;
 Sound the trumpets, beat the drums;
 Flush'd with a purple grace,
 He shows his honest face;
 Now give the hautboys breath: he
 comes! he comes!
 Bacchus, ever fair and young,
 Drinking joys did first ordain;

Bacchus' blessings are a treasure,
 Drinking is the soldier's pleasure :
 Rich the treasure,
 Sweet the pleasure;
 Sweet is pleasure after pain.

Soothed with the sound, the king
 grew vain;
 Fought all his battles o'er again;
 And thrice he routed all his foes, and
 thrice he slew the slain.

The master saw the madness rise;
 His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes;
 And, while he heaven and earth
 defied,

Changed his hand, and check'd his
 pride.

He chose a mournful Muse,
 Soft pity to infuse :

He sung Darius great and good,

By too severe a fate,
 Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen,

Fallen from his high estate,

And weltering in his blood;

Deserted, at his utmost need,

By those his former bounty fed :

On the bare earth exposed he lies,

With not a friend to close his eyes.

With downcast looks the joyless victor
 sate,

Revolving in his alter'd soul,

The various turns of chance be-
 low;

And now and then a sigh he stole,
 And tears began to flow.

The mighty master smiled to see
 That love was in the next degree :

'Twas but a kindred sound to move,

For pity melts the mind to love.

Softly sweet, in Lydian measures,

Soon he soothed his soul to pleas-
 ures.

War, he sung, is toil and trouble;

Honor, but an empty bubble;

Never ending, still beginning,

Fighting still, and still destroying;

If the world be worth thy winning,

Think, O think it worth enjoying!

Lovely Thais sits beside thee,

Take the good the gods provide
 thee!

The many rend the skies with loud ap-
 plause;

So love was crown'd, but music won the
 cause.

The prince, unable to conceal his pain,

Gazed on the fair,

Who caused his care,

And sigh'd and look'd, sigh'd and
 look'd,

Sigh'd and look'd, and sigh'd again :

At length, with love and wine at once
 oppress'd,

The vanquish'd victor sunk upon her
 breast.

Now strike the golden lyre again :

A louder yet, and yet a louder strain.

Break his bands of sleep asunder,

And rouse him, like a rattling peal of
 thunder.

Hark, hark, the horrid sound

Has raised up his head!

As awaked from the dead,

And amazed, he stares around.

Revenge! revenge! Timotheus cries,

See the Furies arise;

See the snakes that they rear,

How they hiss in their hair,

And the sparks that flash from their
 eyes!

Behold a ghastly band,

Each a torch in his hand!

Those are Grecian ghosts, that in battle
 were slain,

And unburied remain

Inglorious on the plain :

Give the vengeance due

To the valiant crew!

Behold how they toss their torches on
 high,

How they point to the Persian abodes,
 And glittering temples of their hostile
 gods!

The princes applaud with a furious joy;
 And the king seized a flambeau with
 zeal to destroy;

Thais led the way,

To light him to his prey,

And, like another Helen, fired another
 Troy.

Thus, long ago,

Er: heaving bellows learn'd to blow,

While organs yet were mute;
 Timotheus to his breathing flute
 And sounding lyre,
 Could swell the soul to rage, or kindle
 soft desire.

At last divine Cecilia came,
 Inventress of the vocal frame;
 The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred
 store,

Enlarged the former narrow bounds,
 And added length to solemn sounds,
 With Nature's mother-wit, and arts un-
 known before.

Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
 Or both divide the crown;
 He raised a mortal to the skies,
 She drew an angel down.

MANKIND.

[From *All for Love*, Act IV.]

MEN are but children of a larger growth;
 Our appetites as apt to change as theirs,
 And full as craving too, and full as vain;
 And yet the soul shut up in her dark
 room,

Viewing so clear abroad, at home sees
 nothing;

But, like a mole in earth, busy and blind,
 Works all her folly up, and casts it out-
 ward

To the world's open view.

HUMAN LIFE.

[From *Aureng-Zebe*, Act IV.]

WHEN I consider life, 'tis all a cheat;
 Yet, fool'd with hope, men favor the
 deceit;

Trust on, and think to-morrow will re-
 pay:

To-morrow's falser than the former day;
 Lies worse; and while it says we shall
 be blest

With some new joys, cuts off what we
 possessed.

Strange cozenage! None would live
 past years again;

Yet all hope pleasure in what yet re-
 main;

And from the dregs of life think to re-
 ceive

What the first sprightly running could
 not give.

VENI CREATOR SPIRITUS.¹

CREATOR Spirit, by whose aid
 The world's foundations first were laid,
 Come, visit every pious mind;
 Come, pour Thy joys on human kind;
 From sin and sorrow set us free,
 And make Thy temples worthy Thee.

O source of uncreated light,
 The Father's promised Paraclete!
 Thrice holy fount, thrice holy fire,
 Our hearts with heavenly love inspire;
 Come, and Thy sacred unction bring,
 To sanctify us while we sing.

Plenteous of grace, descend from high,
 Rich in Thy sevenfold energy!
 Thou strength of His Almighty hand,
 Whose power does heaven and earth
 command;

Proceeding Spirit, our defence,
 Who dost the gifts of tongues dispense,
 And crown'st Thy gifts with eloquence!

Refine and purge our earthly parts:
 But oh, inflame and fire our hearts!
 Our frailties help, our vice control,
 Submit the senses to the soul;
 And when rebellious they are grown,
 Then lay Thine hand, and hold them
 down.

Chase from our minds the infernal foe,
 And peace, the fruit of love, bestow;
 And, lest our feet should step astray,
 Protect and guide us in the way.

Make us eternal truths receive,
 And practise all that we believe:
 Give us Thyself, that we may see
 The Father, and the Son, by Thee.

¹ This paraphrase of the Latin hymn, popularly attributed to Charlemagne, was first printed in Tonson's folio edition of Dryden's *Poems*, 1701.

Immortal honor, endless fame,
 Attend the Almighty Father's name !
 The Saviour Son be glorified,
 Who for lost man's redemption died !
 And equal adoration be,
 Eternal Paraclete, to Thee !

FREEDOM OF THE SAVAGE.

[From *The Conquest of Granada*, Part I.]

No man has more contempt than I of
 breath,
 But whence hast thou the right to give
 me death ?
 I am as free as Nature first made man,
 Ere the base laws of servitude began,
 When wild in woods the noble savage
 ran.

UNDER MILTON'S PICTURE.

THREE Poets, in three distant ages born,
 Greece, Italy, and England did adorn.
 The first, in loftiness of thought sur-
 pass'd ;
 The next, in majesty ; in both, the last.
 The force of Nature could no further go ;
 To make a third, she join'd the former
 two.

*THE CHARACTER OF A GOOD
 PARSON.*

A PARISH priest was of the pilgrim train ;
 An awful, reverend, and religious man.
 His eyes diffused a venerable grace,
 And charity itself was in his face.
 Rich was his soul, though his attire was
 poor
 (As God hath clothed his own ambas-
 sador) ;
 For such, on earth, his bless'd Redeemer
 bore.
 Of sixty years he seem'd ; and well might
 last
 To sixty more, but that he lived too fast ;
 Refined himself to soul, to curb the
 sense ;

And made almost a sin of abstinence.
 Yet, had his aspect nothing of severe,
 But such a face as promis'd him sincere,
 Nothing reserved or sullen was to see :
 But sweet regards, and pleasing sanctity :
 Mild was his accent, and his action free.
 With eloquence innate his tongue was
 arm'd ;
 Though harsh the precept, yet the people
 charm'd.
 For, letting down the golden chain from
 high,
 He drew his audience upward to the
 sky :
 And oft with holy hymns he charm'd
 their ears,
 (A music more melodious than the
 spheres :)
 For David left him, when he went to rest,
 His lyre ; and after him he sung the best.
 He bore his great commission in his
 look :
 But sweetly tempered awe ; and soften'd
 all he spoke.
 He preach'd the joys of heaven, and
 pains of hell,
 And warn'd the sinner with becoming
 zeal ;
 But, on eternal mercy loved to dwell.
 He taught the gospel rather than the
 law ;
 And forced himself to drive ; but loved
 to draw.
 For fear but freezes minds : but love,
 like heat,
 Exhales the soul sublime, to seek her
 native seat.
 To threats the stubborn sinner oft is
 hard,
 Wrapp'd in his crimes, against the storm
 prepared ;
 But, when the milder beams of mercy
 play,
 He melts, and throws his cumbrous cloak
 away.
 Lightning and thunder (heaven's ar-
 tillery)
 As harbingers before th' Almighty fly :
 Those but proclaim his style, and dis-
 appear ;
 The stiller sounds succeed, and God is
 there.

WILLIAM WALSH.

1663-1708.

[WILLIAM WALSH was born at Aberley in Worcestershire, in 1663. He died in 1708. His principal works are *A Defence of the Fair Sex*, 1680, and *Poems*, 1691.]

RIVALRY IN LOVE.

OF all the torments, all the cares,
With which our lives are curst;
Of all the plagues a lover bears,
Sure rivals are the worst!
By partners of each other kind,
Afflictions easier grow;
In love alone we hate to find
Companions of our woe.

Sylvia, for all the pangs you see
Are laboring in my breast;
I beg not you would favor me,
Would you but slight the rest.
How great soe'er your rigors are,
With them alone I'll cope:
I can endure my own despair,
But not another's hope.



JOSEPH ADDISON.

1672-1719.

[JOSEPH ADDISON was born on the 1st of May, 1672. His first English poem was an address to Dryden on the publication of the latter's Translations of Ovid. This was written in his twenty-second year. In 1694 he published, in one of Dryden's Miscellanies, his *Account of the Principal English Poets*; in 1695 appeared his *Address to King William*. Having obtained a pension of £300 to enable him to travel, he visited the continent, and in 1701 wrote his *Letter from Italy* to Lord Halifax. When Godolphin in 1704 was in search of a poet to celebrate in an adequate manner the victory of Blenheim, Halifax directed him to Addison, who, in answer to the Treasurer's application, produced *The Campaign*, and obtained as a reward the post of Under-Secretary of State. His opera *Rosamond* was performed in 1706. In 1709 *The Tatler* began to appear, and *The Spectator* in 1711. Addison's tragedy of *Cato* was brought out in 1713. He also wrote Prologues and Epilogues to various plays; among others the Prologue to *The Tender Husband* and the Epilogue to Lord Lansdowne's *British Enchanters*. He died on the 17th of June, 1719.]

AN ODE.

THE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great original proclaim.
Th' unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's power display;
And publishes, to every land,
The work of an Almighty hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale;
And nightly to the listening earth,
Repeats the story of her birth;

Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets, in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What, though in solemn silence, all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball;
What though nor real voice nor sound,
Amid their radiant orbs be found?
In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice;
For ever singing, as they shine,
The hand that made us is divine.

HYMN.

How are thy servants blest, O Lord!
 How sure is their defence!
 Eternal wisdom is their guide,
 Their help Omnipotence.

In foreign realms and lands remote,
 Supported by thy care,
 Through burning climes I passed un-
 hurt,
 And breathed the tainted air.

Thy mercy sweetened every toil,
 Made every region please;
 The hoary Alpine hills it warmed,
 And smoothed the Tyrrhene seas.

Think, O my soul, devoutly think,
 How, with affrighted eyes,
 Thou saw'st the wide extended deep
 In all its horrors rise.

Confusion dwelt in every face,
 And fear in every heart;
 When waves on waves, and gulfs on
 gulfs,
 O'ercame the pilot's art.

Yet then from all my griefs, O Lord,
 Thy mercy set me free,
 Whilst in the confidence of prayer,
 My faith took hold on thee.

For, though in dreadful whirls we hung,
 High on the broken wave,
 I knew thou wert not slow to hear,
 Nor impotent to save.

The storm was laid, the winds retired
 Obedient to thy will;
 The sea, that roared at thy command,
 At thy command was still.

In midst of dangers, fears, and death,
 Thy goodness I'll adore,
 And praise thee for thy mercies past,
 And humbly hope for more.

My life, if thou preserv'st my life,
 Thy sacrifice shall be;
 And death, if death must be my doom,
 Shall join my soul to thee.

PARAPHRASE OF PSALM XXIII.

THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
 And feed me with a shepherd's care;
 His presence shall my wants supply,
 And guard me with a watchful eye:
 My noon-day walks he shall attend,
 And all my midnight hours defend.

When in the sultry glebe I faint,
 Or on the thirsty mountain pant;
 To fertile vales and dewy meads
 My weary wandering steps he leads:
 Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
 Amid the verdant landscape flow.

Though in the paths of death I tread,
 With gloomy horrors overspread,
 My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
 For thou, O Lord, art with me still;
 Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
 And guide me through the dreadful
 shade.

Though in a bare and rugged way,
 Through devious lonely wilds I stray,
 Thy bounty shall my wants beguile,
 The barren wilderness shall smile,
 With sudden greens and herbage
 crown'd,
 And streams shall murmur all around.

ITALY.

FOR whereso'er I turn my ravished
 eyes,
 Gay, gilded scenes in shining prospect
 rise;
 Poetic fields encompass me around,
 And still I seem to tread on classic
 ground;
 For here the muse so oft her harp has
 strung,
 That not a mountain rears its head un-
 sung;
 Renown'd in verse each shady thicket
 grows,
 And every stream in heavenly numbers
 flows.

CATO'S SOLILOQUY.

It must be so — Plato, thou reason'st well —
 Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,
 This longing after immortality?
 Or whence this secret dread, and inward horror
 Of falling into nought? Why shrinks the Soul
 Back on herself, and startles at destruction?
 'Tis the Divinity, that stirs within us;
 'Tis Heav'n itself, that points out a hereafter,
 And intimates eternity to man.
 Eternity! thou pleasing, dreadful thought!
 Through what variety of untried being,
 Through what new scenes and changes must we pass!
 The wide, th' unbounded prospect lies before me;
 But shadows, clouds, and darkness rest upon it.
 Here will I hold. If there's a power above us,
 (And that there is, all Nature cries aloud
 Through all her works,) he must delight in virtue;
 And that which he delights in must be happy.
 But when or where? — This world was made for Cæsar.
 I'm weary of conjectures — this must end 'em.
 Thus am I doubly arm'd. My death and life,
 My bane and antidote are both before me.
 This in a moment brings me to an end;
 But this informs me I shall never die.
 The Soul, secured in her existence, smiles
 At the drawn dagger, and defies its point:
 The stars shall fade away, the Sun himself
 Grow dim with age, and Nature sink in years;
 But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,

Unhurt amidst the war of elements,
 The wreck of matter, and the crash of worlds.

ROSAMOND'S SONG.

FROM walk to walk, from shade to shade,
 From stream to purling stream convey'd,
 Through all the mazes of the grove,
 Through all the mingling tracts I rove,
 Turning,
 Burning,
 Changing,
 Ranging,
 Full of grief and full of love,
 Impatient for my Lord's return
 I sigh, I pine, I rave, I mourn,
 Was ever passion cross'd like mine?
 To rend my breast,
 And break my rest,
 A thousand thousand ills combine.
 Absence wounds me,
 Fear surrounds me,
 Guilt confounds me,
 Was ever passion cross'd like mine?
 How does my constant grief deface
 The pleasures of this happy place!
 In vain the spring my senses greets,
 In all her colors, all her sweets;
 To me the rose
 No longer glows,
 Every plant
 Has lost his scent;
 The vernal blooms of various hue,
 The blossoms fresh with morning dew,
 The breeze that sweeps these fragrant bowers,
 Fill'd with the breath of op'ning flow'rs,
 Purple scenes,
 Winding greens,
 Glooms inviting,
 Birds delighting,
 (Nature's softest, sweetest store)
 Charm my tortur'd soul no more.
 Ye powers, I rave, I faint, I die:
 Why so slow! great Henry, why?
 From death and alarms
 Fly, fly to my arms,
 Fly to my arms, my monarch, fly.

THOMAS PARNELL.

1679-1718.

[THOMAS PARNELL was born in Dublin in 1679, and was buried at Chester on the 18th of October, 1718. His *Poems* were first collected after his death, by Pope.]

FROM "A HYMN TO CONTENTMENT."

THE silent heart, which grief assails,
Treads soft and lonesome o'er the vales,
Sees daisies open, rivers run,
And seeks, as I have vainly done,
Amusing thought; but learns to know
That solitude's the nurse of woe.
No real happiness is found
In trailing purple o'er the ground;
Or in a soul exalted high,
To range the circuit of the sky,
Converse with stars above, and know
All nature in its forms below;
The rest it seeks, in seeking dies,
And doubts at last, for knowledge, rise.

Lovely, lasting peace, appear!
This world itself, if thou art here,
Is once again with Eden blest,
And man contains it in his breast.

'Twas thus, as under shade I stood,
I sung my wishes to the wood,
And lost in thought, no more perceiv'd
The branches whisper as they wav'd:
It seem'd, as all the quiet place
Confess'd the presence of the Grace.
When thus she spoke—"Go rule thy
will,
Bid thy wild passions all be still,
Know God—and bring thy heart to
know
The joys which from religion flow:
Then every Grace shall prove its guest,
And I'll be there to crown the rest."

Oh! by yonder mossy seat,
In my hours of sweet retreat,
Might I thus my soul employ,
With sense of gratitude and joy!
Rais'd as ancient prophets were,
In heavenly vision, praise, and prayer;
Pleasing all men, hurting none,

Pleas'd and bless'd with God alone:
Then while the gardens take my sight,
With all the colors of delight;
While silver waters glide along,
To please my ear, and court my song;
I'll lift my voice, and tune my string,
And thee, great source of nature, sing.

The sun that walks his airy way,
To light the world, and give the day;
The moon that shines with borrow'd
light;
The stars that gild the gloomy night;
The seas that roll unnumber'd waves;
The wood that spreads its shady leaves;
The field whose ears conceal the grain,
The yellow treasure of the plain;
All of these, and all I see,
Should be sung, and sung by me:
They speak their maker as they can,
But want and ask the tongue of man.

Go search among your idle dreams,
Your busy or your vain extremes;
And find a life of equal bliss,
Or own the next begun in this.

THE HERMIT.

FAR in a wild, unknown to public view,
From youth to age a reverend hermit
grew;
The moss his bed, the cave his humble
cell,
His food the fruits, his drink the crystal
well:
Remote from man, with God he pass'd
the days,
Prayer all his business, all his pleasure
praise.

A life so sacred, such serene repose,
Seem'd heaven itself, till one suggestion
rose:

That vice should triumph, virtue vice
obey,
This sprung some doubt of Providence's
sway :
His hopes no more a certain prospect
boast,
And all the tenor of his soul is lost :
So when a smooth expanse receives im-
prest
Calm nature's image on its watery breast,
Down bend the banks, the trees depend-
ing grow,
And skies beneath with answering colors
glow ;
But if a stone the gentle scene divide,
Swift ruffling circles curl on every side,
And glimmering fragments of a broken
sun,
Banks, trees, and skies, in thick disorder
run.

To clear this doubt, to know the world
by sight,
To find if books, or swains, report it
right ;
For yet by swains alone the world he
knew,
Whose feet came wandering o'er the
nightly dew,)
He quits his cell; the pilgrim-staff he
bore,
And fix'd the scallop in his hat before ;
Then with the sun a rising journey went,
Sedate to think, and watching each
event.

The morn was wasted in the pathless
grass,
And long and lonesome was the wild to
pass ;
But when the southern sun had warm'd
the day,
A youth came posting o'er a crossing
way ;
His raiment decent, his complexion fair,
And soft in graceful ringlets waved his
hair.
Then near approaching, " Father, hail ! "
he cried,
" And hail, my son," the reverend sire
replied ;
Words follow'd words, from question
answer flow'd

And talk of various kind deceived the
road ;
Till each with other pleased, and loth to
part,
While in their age they differ, join in
heart :
Thus stands an aged elm in ivy bound,
Thus youthful ivy clasps an elm around.

Now sunk the sun; the closing hour of
day
Came onward, mantled o'er with sober
gray ;
Nature in silence bade the world repose :
When near the road a stately palace
rose :
There by the moon through ranks of
trees they pass,
Whose verdure crown'd their sloping
sides of grass.

It chanced the noble master of the dome,
Still made his house the wandering
stranger's home :
Yet still the kindness, from a thirst of
praise,
Proved the vain flourish of expensive
ease.
The pair arrive: the liveried servants
wait ;
Their lord receives them at the pom-
pous gate.
The table groans with costly piles of
food,
And all is more than hospitably good.
Then led to rest, the day's long toil they
drown,
Deep sunk in sleep, and silk, and heaps
of down.

At length 'tis morn, and at the dawn of
day,
Along the wide canals the zephyrs
play ;
Fresh o'er the gay parterres the breezes
creep,
And shake the neighboring wood to
banish sleep.
Up rise the guests, obedient to the call,
An early banquet deck'd the splendid
hall ;
Rich luscious wine a golden goblet
graced,

Which the kind master forced the guests
to taste.

Then, pleased and thankful, from the
porch they go,

And, but the landlord, none had cause
of woe;

His cup was vanish'd; for in secret
guise

The younger guest purloin'd the glitter-
ing prize.

As one who spies a serpent in his way,
Glistening and basking in the summer
ray,

Disorder'd stops to shun the danger near,
Then walks with faintness on, and looks
with fear:

So seem'd the sire; when far upon the
road,

The shining spoil, his wily partner
show'd.

He stopp'd with silence, walk'd with
trembling heart,

And much he wish'd, but durst not ask
to part:

Murmuring he lifts his eyes, and thinks
it hard,

That generous actions meet a base re-
ward.

While thus they pass, the sun his glory
shrouds,

The changing skies hang out their
sable clouds;

A sound in air presaged approaching
rain,

And beasts to covert scud across the
plain.

Warn'd by the signs, the wandering pair
retreat,

To seek for shelter at a neighboring
seat.

'Twas built with turrets, on a rising
ground,

And strong, and large, and unimproved
around;

Its owner's temper, timorous and severe,
Unkind and griping, caused a desert
there.

As near the miser's heavy doors they
drew,

Fierce rising gusts with sudden fury
blew;

The nimble lightning mix'd with showers
began,

And o'er their heads loud rolling thunder
ran.

Here long they knock, but knock or
call in vain,

Driven by the wind, and batter'd by the
rain.

At length some pity warm'd the master's
breast,

('Twas then his threshold first received
a guest,)

Slow creaking turns the door with jeal-
ous care,

And half he welcomes in the shivering
pair;

One frugal fagot lights the naked walls.
And nature's fervor through their limbs
recalls:

Bread of the coarsest sort, with eager
wine,

(Each hardly granted,) served them
both to dine,

And when the tempest first appear'd to
cease,

A ready warning bid them part in peace.

With still remark the pondering hermit
view'd

In one so rich, a life so poor and rude;
And why should such (within himself
he cried)

Lock the lost wealth a thousand want
beside?

But what new marks of wonder soon
took place

In every settling feature of his face!

When from his vest the young com-
panion bore

That cup, the generous landlord own'd
before,

And paid profusely with the precious
bowl

The stinted kindness of his churlish soul!

But now the clouds in airy tumult fly,
The sun emerging opes an azure sky;
A fresher green the smelling leaves dis-
play,

And, glittering as they tremble, cheer
the day:

The weather courts them from the poor
retreat,

And the glad master bolts the wary gate.

While hence they walk, the pilgrim's bosom wrought

With all the travel of uncertain thought;
His partner's acts without their cause appear,

'Twas there a vice, and seem'd a madness here:

Detesting that, and pitying this, he goes,
Lost and confounded with the various shows.

Now night's dim shades again involve the sky;

Again the wanderers want a place to lie,
Again they search, and find a lodging nigh.

The soil improved around, the mansion neat,

And neither poorly low, nor idly great:
It seem'd to speak its master's turn of mind,

Content, and not for praise, but virtue kind.

Hither the walkers turn with weary feet,
Then bless the mansion, and the master greet:

Their greeting fair bestow'd, with modest guise,

The courteous master hears, and thus replies:

"Without a vain, without a grudging heart,

To Him who gives us all, I yield a part;
From Him you come, for Him accept it here,

A frank and sober, more than costly cheer."

He spoke, and bid the welcome table spread,

Then talk'd of virtue till the time of bed,
When the grave household round his hall repair,

Warn'd by a bell, and close the hours with prayer.

At length the world renew'd by calm repose

Was strong for toil, the dappled morn arose:

Before the pilgrims part, the younger crept

Near the closed cradle where an infant slept,

And writhed his neck: the landlord's little pride,

O strange return! grew black, and gasp'd, and died.

Horror of horrors! what! his only son!
How look'd our hermit when the fact was done?

Not hell, though hell's black jaws in sunder part,

And breathe the blue fire, could more assault his heart.

Confused, and struck with silence at the deed,

He flies, but trembling fails to fly with speed.

His steps the youth pursues; the country lay

Perplex'd with roads, a servant show'd the way;

A river cross'd the path; the passage o'er
Was nice to find; the servant trod before;

Long arms of oaks an open bridge supplied,

And deep the waves beneath the bending glide.

The youth, who seem'd to watch a time to sin,

Approach'd the careless guide, and thrust him in;

Plunging he falls, and rising lifts his head,
Then flashing turns, and sinks among the dead.

Wild, sparkling rage inflames the fathers eyes,

He bursts the bands of fear, and madly cries,

"Detested wretch!" — but scarce his speech began,

When the strange partner seem'd no longer man:

His youthful face grew more serenely sweet;

His robe turn'd white, and flow'd upon his feet;

Fair rounds of radiant points invest his hair;
 Celestial odors breathe through purpled air;
 And wings, whose colors glitter'd on the day,
 Wide at his back their gradual plumes display.
 The form ethereal bursts upon his sight,
 And moves in all the majesty of light.

Though loud at first the pilgrim's passion grew,
 Sudden he gazed, and wist not what to do;
 Surprise in secret chains his words suspends,
 And in a calm his settling temper ends.
 But silence here the beauteous angel broke,
 (The voice of music ravish'd as he spoke).

"Thy prayer, thy praise, thy life to vice unknown,
 In sweet memorial rise before the throne;
 These charms, success in our bright region find,
 And force an angel down, to calm thy mind;
 For this, commission'd, I forsook the sky,
 Nay, cease to kneel — thy fellow-servant I.

"Then know the truth of government divine,
 And let these scruples be no longer thine.

"The Maker justly claims that world He made,
 In this the right of Providence is laid;
 Its sacred majesty through all depends
 On using second means to work His ends:
 'Tis thus, withdrawn in state from human eye,
 The power exerts his attributes on high,
 Your actions uses, nor controls your will,
 And bids the doubting sons of men be still.

"What strange events can strike with more surprise

Than those which lately struck thy wondering eyes?
 Yet taught by these, confess th' Almighty just,
 And where you can't unriddle, learn to trust!

"The great, vain man, who fared on costly food,
 Whose life was too luxurious to be good;
 Who made his ivory stands with goblets shine,
 And forced his guests to morning draughts of wine,
 Has, with the cup, the graceless custom lost,
 And still he welcomes, but with less of cost.

"The mean, suspicious wretch, whose bolted door
 Ne'er moved in duty to the wandering poor;
 With him I left the cup, to teach his mind
 That Heaven can bless, if mortals will be kind.
 Conscious of wanting worth, he views the bowl,
 And feels compassion touch his grateful soul.
 Thus artists melt the sullen ore of lead,
 With heaping coals of fire upon its head;
 In the kind warmth the metal learns to glow,
 And loose from dross, the silver runs below.

"Long had our pious friend in virtue trod,
 But now the child half-wean'd his heart from God;
 (Child of his age,) for him he lived in pain,
 And measured back his steps to earth again.
 To what excesses had this dotage run?
 But God, to save the father, took the son.
 To all but thee, in fits he seem'd to go,
 (And 'twas my ministry to deal the blow).

The poor fond parent, humbled in the
dust,
Now owns in tears the punishment was
just.

"But how had all his fortune felt a
wrack,
Had that false servant sped in safety
back!
This night his treasured heaps he meant
to steal,
And what a fund of charity would
fail!

"Thus Heaven instructs thy mind: this
trial o'er,
Depart in peace, resign, and sin no
more."

On sounding pinions here the youth
withdrew,
The sage stood wondering as the seraph
flew.

Thus look'd Elisha, when, to mount on
high,
His master took the chariot of the sky;
The fiery pomp ascending left the view;
The prophet gazed, and wish'd to fol-
low too.

The bending hermit here / a prayer be-
gun,
"Lord! as in heaven, on earth thy will
be done!"
Then gladly turning, sought his ancient
place,
And pass'd a life of piety and peace.



EDWARD YOUNG.

1684-1765.

[THE author of the *Night Thoughts* was born at Upham, in Hampshire, in 1684, and died on the 12th of April, 1765. *The Last Day* was published in 1713, and was soon followed by *The Force of Religion*. Young's unlucky tendency to flattery and toadyism early showed itself in many small pieces to persons of rank which cannot be said to have been regularly published until long afterwards. In 1719 *Busiris*, his first tragedy, was performed; and in the same year the *Letter to Tickell on the Death of Addison* and the *Paraphrase of the Book of Job* appeared. *The Revenge* followed in 1721. The satires composing *The Universal Passion* made their appearance during the course of 1725 and the following three years. In 1728 they were collectively published. Meanwhile the accession of George II. had been hailed with the so-called *Odes to George*, &c. *The Brothers*, a tragedy, coincided pretty nearly with this. In 1730 appeared the *Imprium Pelagi* and two *Epistles to Pope*. Some more Pindarics followed. The first *Night Thought* was published in 1742, the last in 1744. Of Young's remaining works, *Resignation*, which appeared three years before his death, need alone be mentioned.]

ON THE BEING OF A GOD.

RETIRE; — The world shut out; — thy
thoughts call home: —
Imagination's airy wing repress: —
Lock up thy senses; — let no passions
stir; —
Wake all to Reason — let her reign
alone;
Then, in thy soul's deep silence, and the
depth
Of Nature's silence, midnight, thus in-
quire:

What am I? and from whence? I
nothing know
But that I am; and, since I am, con-
clude
Something eternal: had there e'er been
nought,
Nought still had been: Eternal there
must be —
But what eternal? Why not human race,
And Adam's ancestors without an
end? —
That's hard to be conceived; since ev'ry
link

Of that long chain'd succession is so frail:

Can every part depend, and not the whole?

Yet grant it true; new difficulties rise;
I'm still quite out at sea; nor see the shore.

Whence earth, and these bright orbs? —
Eternal too?

Grant matter was eternal: still these orbs

Would want some other Father — much design

Is seen in all their motions, all their makes.

Design implies intelligence and art,
That can't be from themselves — or man; that art

Man scarce can comprehend could man bestow?

And nothing greater yet allow'd than man. —

Who motion, foreign to the smallest grain,

Shot through vast masses of enormous weight?

Who bid brute matter's restive lump assume

Such various forms, and gave it wings to fly?

Has matter innate motion? Then each atom,

Asserting its indisputable right
To dance, would form a universe of dust.

Has matter none? Then whence these glorious forms

And boundless flights, from shapeless and reposed?

Has matter more than motion? Has it thought,

Judgment, and genius? Is it deeply learn'd

In mathematics? Has it framed such laws,

Which, but to guess, a Newton made immortal? —

If art to form, and counsel to conduct,
And that with greater far than human skill,

Reside not in each block; — a GOD-

HEAD reigns: —

And, if a GOD there is, that God how great!

SLEEP.

[From *Night Thoughts*, Night I.]

TIRED Nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep!

He, like the world, his ready visit pays
Where fortune smiles; the wretched he

forsakes,
Swift on his downy pinions flies from woe,

And lights on lids unsullied by a tear!

PROCRASTINATION.

[From *Night Thoughts*, Night I.]

BE wise to-day: 'tis madness to defer;
Next day the fatal precedent will plead;
Thus on, till wisdom is push'd out of life.

Procrastination is the thief of time;
Year after year it steals till all are fled,
And to the mercies of a moment leaves
The vast concerns of an eternal scene.

If not so frequent, would not this be strange?

That 'tis so frequent, this is stranger still
Of man's miraculous mistakes, this

bears
The palm, "That all men are about to live," —

For ever on the brink of being born.

All pay themselves the compliment to think

They one day shall not drivel: and their pride

On this reversion takes up ready praise,
At least, their own; their future selves

applaud.
How excellent that life — they ne'er

will lead!
Time lodged in their own hands in

folly's vails,
That lodged in fate's, to wisdom they

consign;
The thing they can't but purpose, they

postpone.

'Tis not in folly, not to scorn a fool;
And scarce in human wisdom, to do
more.

All promise is poor dilatory man,
And that through every stage: when
young, indeed,
In full content we, sometimes, nobly
rest,
Unanxious for ourselves; and only wish,
As duteous sons, our fathers were more
wise.

At thirty man suspects himself a fool;
Knows it at forty, and reforms his plan;
At fifty chides his infamous delay,
Pushes his prudent purpose to resolve;
In all the magnanimity of thought
Resolves; and re-resolves; then, dies
the same.

And why? Because he thinks him-
self immortal.

All men think all men mortal, but them-
selves;

Themselves, when some alarming shock
of fate

Strikes through their wounded hearts
the sudden dread.

But their hearts wounded, like the
wounded air,

Soon close, where, past the shaft, no
trace is found.

As from the wing, no scar the sky re-
tains;

The parted wave no furrow from the
keel;—

So dies in human hearts the thought of
death,

E'en with the tender tear which Nature
sheds

O'er those we love,—we drop it in their
grave.



ALLAN RAMSAY.

1686–1758.

[ALLAN RAMSAY was born in 1686, in Lanarkshire. His father was the manager of Lord Hopetoun's lead mines, but his great-grandfather was younger son of a "laird of Cockpen," and nephew of Ramsay of Dalhousie, and he took pride in his descent from this ancient stock. He was apprenticed as a boy to a wig-maker, but passed from writing poetry and editing poetical collections into being a bookseller. His earliest efforts were circulated among his "cronies" in MS., and sold by himself to the public in penny broad sheets. In 1716 he published an edition of *Christ's Kirk on the Green*, with a second canto of his own composition, and soon after, another edition with a third new canto. In 1719 he published a collection of *Scots Songs*; in 1721 a collection of his own poems in quarto; in 1722 his *Fables and Tales* and his *Tale of Three Bonnets*; in 1723 his *Fair Assembly*; in 1724 a poem on *Health*; in the same year miscellaneous collections entitled *The Tea-Table Miscellany*, and *The Evergreen*; and in 1725 the work with which chiefly his fame is associated, *The Gentle Shepherd*. He died in 1758.]

JENNY AND PEGGY.

[From *The Gentle Shepherd*.]

JENNY.

BUT, poortith, Peggy is the warst of a',
if o'er your heads ill chance should
beggary draw;
There little love or canty¹ cheer can
come
Frae duddy² doublets and a pantry
toom.³

¹ cheerful. ² ragged. ³ empty.

Your nowt⁴ may die; the spate may
bear away

Frae aff the howms your dainty rucks
of hay;

The thick-blawn wreaths of snaw, or
blashy thows,⁵

May smoor your wethers and may rot
your ewes;

A dyvour⁶ buys your butter, woo, and
cheese,

But or the day of payment breaks and
flees.

⁴ cattle. ⁵ thaws. ⁶ bankrupt.

With glooman brow the laird seeks in
his rent, —
'Tis no to gie: your merchant's to the
bent:
His honor maunna want, he poinds your
gear;
Syne driven frae house and hold, where
will ye steer?
Dear Meg, be wise, and lead a single
life;
Troth, it's nae mows to be a married
wife.

PEGGY.

May sic ill luck befa' that silly she
Wha has sic fears, for that was never
me.
Let fowk bode weel, and strive to do
their best;
Nae mair's requir'd — let heaven make
out the rest.
I've heard my honest uncle often say
That lads should a' for wives that's vir-
tuous pray;
For the maist thrifty man could never
get
A well-stor'd room unless his wife wad
let.
Wherefore nocht shall be wanting on
my part
To gather wealth to raise my shepherd's
heart.
Whate'er he wins I'll guide my canny
care,
And win the vogue at market, tron, or
fair,
For halesome, clean, cheap and suffi-
cient ware.
A flock of lambs, cheese, butter and
some woo,
Shall first be sold to pay the laird his
due;
Syne a' behind's our ain. Thus without
fear,
With love and rowth¹ we thro' the
world will steer;
And when my Pate in bairns and gear
grow rife,
He'll bless the day he gat me for his
wife.

¹ plenty.

JENNY.

But what if some young giglit on the
green
With dimpled cheek and twa bewitch-
ing een,
Should gar your Patie think his half-
worn Meg
And her ken'd kisses, hardly worth a
feg?

PEGGY.

Nae mair of that. Dear Jenny, to be
free,
There's some men constanter in love
than we.
Nor is the ferly² great, when nature
kind
Has blest them with solidity of mind;
They'll reason calmly and with kindness
smile,
When our short passions wad our peace
beguile.
Sae, whensoe'er they slight their maiks³
at hame,
'Tis ten to ane their wives are maist to
blame.
Then I'll employ with pleasure a' my
art
To keep him cheerfu', and secure his
heart.
At e'en, when he comes weary frae the
hill,
I'll have a' things made ready to his will;
In winter, when he toils thro' wind and
rain,
A bleezing-ingle and a clean hearth-
stane;
And soon as he flings by his plaid and
and staff,
The seething pots be ready to take aff;
Clean hagabag I'll spread upon his
board,
And serve him with the best we can
afford;
Good-humor and white bigonets⁴ shall
be
Guards to my face, to keep his love for
me.

JENNY.

A dish of married love right soon grows
cauld,

² wonder.³ mates.⁴ linen caps.

And dosens¹ down to nane, as fowk
grow auld.

PEGGY.

But we'll grow auld together, and ne'er
find

The loss of youth, where love grows on
the mind.

Bairns and their bairns make sure a
firmer tie

Than aught in love the like of us can
spy.

See yon twa elms that grow up side by
side,

Suppose them some years syne bride-
groom and bride;

Nearer and nearer ilka year they've
prest,

Till wide their spreading branches are
increas'd,

And in their mixture now are fully blest :
This shields the other frae the eastlin
blast,

That in return defends it frae the wast.
Sic as stand single (a state sae liked by
you),

Beneath ilk storm frae every airt² maun
bow.

JENNY.

I've done. I yield dear lassie, I maun
yield;

Your better sense has fairly won the field,
With the assistance of a little fae
lies dern'd³ within my breast this mony
a day.

PATIE AND PEGGY.

PATIE.

At the delicious warmness of thy mouth
and rowing⁴ eye, which smiling tells
the truth,

I guess, my lassie, that, as well as I,
we're made for love, and why should
ye deny?

PEGGY.

I ken ye, lad, gin we confess o'er
soon,

I think us cheap, and syne the woo-
ing's done :

¹ dwindles. ² quarter. ³ hidden. ⁴ rolling.

The maiden that o'er quickly tines her
power,
Like unripe fruit will taste but hard and
sour.

PATIE.

But when they hing o'er lang upon the
tree,

Their sweetness they may tine, and sae
may ye;

Red-cheeked you completely ripe ap-
pear,

And I have tholed⁵ and wooed a lang
half-year.

PEGGY.

Then dinna pu' me; gently thus I fa'
Into my Patie's arms for good and a'.

But stint your wishes to this kind em-
brace,

And mint⁶ nae farther till we've got the
grace.

PATIE.

O charming armfu'! Hence, ye cares
away.

I'll kiss my treasure a' the livelang day :
A' night I'll dream my kisses o'er again,
Till that day come that ye'll be a' my
ain.

CHORUS.

Sun, gallop down the westling skies,
Gang soon to bed, and quickly rise;
O lash your steeds, post time away,
And haste about our bridal day;
And if ye're wearied, honest light,
Sleep, gin ye like, a week that night.

THROUGH THE WOOD, LADDIE.

[From *The Tea-Table Miscellany*.]

O SANDY, why leaves thou thy Nelly to
mourn?

Thy presence would ease me

When naething could please me,

Now dowie I sigh on the bank of the
burn,

Ere through the wood, laddie, until
thou return.

⁵ suffered. ⁶ aim.

Though woods now are bonny, and
 mornings are clear,
 While lavrocks are singing
 And primroses springing,
 Yet nane of them pleases my eye or my
 ear,
 When through the wood, laddie, ye din-
 na appear.

That I am forsaken some spare no to
 tell;

I'm fashed wi' their scorning
 Baith evening and morning;

Their jeering aft gaes to my heart wi' a
 knell,
 When through the wood, laddie, I wan-
 der mysel'.

Then stay, my dear Sandie, nae langer
 away,

But quick as an arrow,
 Haste here to thy marrow,
 Wha's living in languor till that happy
 day,

When through the wood, laddie, we'll
 dance, sing, and play.

JOHN GAY.

1688-1732.

[JOHN GAY was born near Barnstaple in 1688. Fairly educated, he began life in London as a silk-mercier; but soon relinquished that occupation for literature. His first poem was *Rural Sports*, a Georgic "inscribed to Mr. Pope," 1713. In the following year he produced *The Shepherd's Week*, a set of six pastorals. His principal remaining works are the farce of *The What-d'ye Call-it*, 1715; the mock-heroic poem of *Trivia, or the Art of Walking the Streets of London*, 1716; *Fables*, 1726-38; and the famous *Beggar's Opera*, 1728. His *Poems on Several Occasions*, including the pastoral tragedy of *Dione*, were published in 1720. He was also concerned in, and bore the blame of, the unlucky comedy of *Three Hours after Marriage*, to which Pope and Arbuthnot had largely contributed. He died in London in December, 1732.]

THE PERSIAN, THE SUN, AND THE CLOUD.

Is there a bard whom genius fires,
 Whose every thought the god inspires?
 When Envy reads the nervous lines,
 She frets, she rails, she raves, she pines;
 Her hissing snakes with venom swell,
 She calls her venal train from hell;
 The servile fiends her nod obey,
 And all Curll's authors are in pay.
 Fame calls up Calumny and Spite;
 Thus Shadow owes its birth to Light.

As prostrate to the god of day
 With heart devout a Persian lay,
 His invocation thus begun:
 "Parent of light, all-seeing sun,
 Prolific beam, whose rays dispense
 The various gifts of Providence,
 Accept our praise, our daily prayer,
 Smile on our fields, and bless the year."

A Cloud, who mock'd his grateful
 tongue,

The day with sudden darkness hung;
 With pride and envy swell'd, aloud
 A voice thus thunder'd from the cloud:
 "Weak is this gaudy god of thine,
 Whom I at will forbid to shine.
 Shall I nor vows nor incense know?
 Where praise is due, the praise be-
 stow."

With fervent zeal the Persian moved,
 Thus the proud calumny reproved:

"It was that God who claims my
 prayer,

Who gave thee birth, and raised thee
 there;

When o'er His beams the veil is thrown,
 Thy substance is but plainer shown:
 A passing gale, a puff of wind,
 Disperses thy thickest troops combined."

The gale arose; the vapor tossed,
 The sport of winds, in air was lost;
 The glorious orb the day refines;
 Thus envy breaks, thus merit shines.

BLACK-EYED SUSAN.

ALL in the Downs the fleet was moor'd,
The streamers waving in the wind,
When black-eyed Susan came on board,
"Oh, where shall I my true-love find?
Tell me, ye jovial sailors, tell me true,
Does my sweet William sail among your
crew?"

William, who high upon the yard
Rock'd by the billows to and fro,
Soon as the well-known voice he heard,
He sigh'd and cast his eyes below;
The cord flies swiftly through his glow-
ing hands,
And quick as lightning on the deck he
stands.

"O Susan, Susan, lovely dear,
My vows shall always true remain,
Let me kiss off that falling tear, —
We only part to meet again;

Change as ye list, ye winds, my heart
shall be
The faithful compass that still points to
thee.

"Believe not what the landsmen say,
Who tempt with doubts thy constant
mind;
They tell thee sailors, when away,
In every port a mistress find;
Yes, yes, believe them when they tell
you so,
For thou art present wheresoe'er I go."

The boatswain gave the dreadful word,
The sails their swelling bosoms spread;
No longer she must stay on board, —
They kiss'd, she sigh'd, he hung his
head:
Her lessening boat unwilling rows to
land,
"Adieu!" she cried, and wav'd her lily
hand.

ALEXANDER POPE.

1688-1744.

[ALEXANDER POPE was born in Lombard Street, in the city of London, 1688. His father was a wholesale linen-draper, who, having realized a modest competence, retired to the country to live upon it. Pope's youth was spent at Binfield in the skirts of Windsor Forest. Pope was brought up a Catholic, his father, though the son of a beneficed clergyman of the Established Church, having become a convert to Catholicism during a residence on the continent. On the death of his father, Pope, who had largely increased his inheritance by the profits of his translation of Homer, established himself at Twickenham. Here he resided till his death, in 1744, employing himself in writing, in embellishing his grounds, of five acres, and in intercourse with most of the wits, and other famous men and women of his time, among whom Gay, Swift, Arbuthnot, and Lord Bolingbroke were his especial intimates. Pope was deformed, and sickly from childhood, and his constant weakness made his temper fretful, waspish, and irritable. Notwithstanding these defects of character he secured the warm attachment of his friends. Bolingbroke said of him that he never knew a man who had so tender a heart for his particular friends. Warburton, after spending a fortnight at Twickenham, said of him, "He is as good a companion as a poet, and, what is more, years to be as good a man." Pope's principal works are: *Pastorals*, published in 1709; *Essay on Criticism*, 1711; *Pollio*, 1712; *Rape of the Lock*, 1714; *Translation of Homer's Iliad*, 1715-18; *Edition of Shakespeare*, 1725; *Translation of Homer's Odyssey*, 1726; *Dunciad*, 1728-31; *Epistle to the Earl of Burlington*, 1731; *On the Use of Riches*, 1732; *Essay on Man*, Part 1, 1732; *Horace, Sat. 2. 1. imitated*, 1733; *Epistle to Lord Cobham*, 1733; *Epistle to Arbuthnot*, 1735; *Horace, Epistle 1. 1. imitated*, 1737; *Dunciad*, altered and enlarged, 1742. His works were collected by his literary executor, Bishop Warburton, and published in nine volumes in 1751.]

FROM THE "ESSAY ON CRITICISM."

SOME to Conceit alone their taste confine,

And glitt'ring thoughts struck out at
ev'ry line;
Pleas'd with a work where nothing's
just or fit;

One glaring Chaos and wild heap of wit.

Poets, like painters, thus, unskill'd to trace

The naked nature and the living grace,
With gold and jewels cover ev'ry part,
And hide with ornaments their want of art.

True wit is nature to advantage dress'd;
What oft was thought, but ne'er so well express'd;

Something, whose truth convinc'd at sight we find,

That gives us back the image of our mind.

As shades more sweetly recommend the light,

So modest plainness sets off sprightly wit.

For works may have more wit than does 'em good,

As bodies perish through excess of blood.

Others for Language all their care express,

And value books, as women men, for dress:

Their praise is still,—the style is excellent;

The sense, they humbly take upon content.

Words are like leaves; and where they most abound,

Much fruit of sense beneath is rarely found:

False eloquence, like the prismatic glass,
Its gaudy colors spreads on ev'ry place;

The face of nature we no more survey,
All glares alike, without distinction gay:

But true expression, like th' unchanging sun,

Clears and improves whate'er it shines upon;

It gilds all objects, but it alters none.

Expression is the dress of thought, and still

Appears more decent, as more suitable;
A vile conceit in pompous words expressed

Is like a clown in regal purple dressed:
For different styles with different subjects sort,

As sev'ral garbs with country, town, and court.

Some by old words to fame have made pretence,

Ancients in phrase, mere moderns in their sense;

Such labor'd nothings, in so strange a style,

Amaze th' unlearn'd, and make the learn'd smile,

Unlucky, as Fungoso in the play,
These sparks with awkward vanity display

What the fine gentleman wore yesterday;

And but so mimic ancient wits at best,
As apes our grandsires, in their doublets drest.

In words, as fashions, the same rule will hold;

Alike fantastic, if too new or old:
Be not the first by whom the new are try'd,

Nor yet the last to lay the old aside.

But most by numbers judge a poet's song,

And smooth or rough, with them, is right or wrong:

In the bright muse, tho' thousand charms conspire,

Her voice is all these tuneful fools admire;

Who haunt Parnassus but to please their ear,

Not mend their minds; as some to church repair,

Not for the doctrine, but the music there.

These equal syllables alone require,
Tho' oft the ear the open vowels tire;

While expletives their feeble aid do join;

And ten low words oft creep in one dull line:

While they ring round the same unvaried chimes,

With sure returns of still expected rhymes;

Where'er you find "the cooling western breeze,"

In the next line, it "whispers through the trees";

If crystal streams "with pleasing murmurs creep,"
 The reader's threaten'd (not in vain) with "sleep":
 Then, at the last and only couplet fraught
 With some unmeaning thing they call a thought,
 A needless Alexandrine ends the song,
 That, like a wounded snake, drags its slow length along.
 Leave such to tune their own dull rhymes, and know
 What's roundly smooth, or languishingly slow;
 And praise the easy vigor of a line,
 Where Denham's strength and Waller's sweetness join.
 True ease in writing comes from art, not chance,
 As those move easiest who have learn'd to dance.
 'Tis not enough no harshness gives offence,
 The sound must seem an echo to the sense:
 Soft is the strain when Zephyr gently blows,
 And the smooth stream in smoother numbers flows;
 But when loud surges lash the sounding shore,
 The hoarse, rough verse should like the torrent roar:
 When Ajax strives some rock's vast weight to throw,
 The line too labors, and the words move slow:
 Not so, when swift Camilla scours the plain,
 Flies o'er th' unbending corn, and skims along the main.
 Hear how Timotheus' vary'd lays surprise,
 And bid alternate passions fall and rise!
 While at each change, the son of Libyan Jove
 Now burns with glory, and then melts with love;
 Now his fierce eyes with sparkling fury glow,

Now sighs steal out, and tears begin to flow:
 Persians and Greeks like turns of nature found,
 And the world's victor stood subdu'd by sound!
 The power of music all our hearts allow,
 And what Timotheus was, is Dryden now.
 Avoid extremes; and shun the fault of such,
 Who still are pleas'd too little or too much.
 At ev'ry trifle scorn to take offence,
 That always shows great pride, or little sense:
 Those heads, as stomachs, are not sure the best,
 Which nauseate all, and nothing can digest.
 Yet let not each gay turn thy rapture move;
 For fools admire, but men of sense approve:
 As things seem large which we through mists descry,
 Dulness is ever apt to magnify.
 Some foreign writers, some our own despise;
 The ancients only, or the moderns prize.
 Thus wit, like faith, by each man is apply'd
 To one small sect, and all are damn'd beside.
 Meanly they seek the blessing to confine,
 And force that sun but on a part to shine,
 Which not alone the southern wit sublimed,
 But ripens spirits in cold northern climes;
 Which from the first has shone on ages past,
 Enlights the present, and shall warm the last;
 Tho' each may feel increases and decays,
 And see now clearer and now darker days.
 Regard not, then, if wit be old or new,
 But blame the false, and value still the true.

THE RAPE OF THE LOCK.

CANTO II.

NOT with more glories, in th' ethereal
 plain,
 The sun first rises o'er the purpled main,
 Than, issuing forth, the rival of his
 beams
 Launch'd on the bosom of the silver
 Thames.
 Fair nymphs, and well-drest youths
 around her shone,
 But every eye was fix'd on her alone.
 On her white breast a sparkling cross
 she wore,
 Which Jews might kiss, and infidels
 adore.
 Her lively looks a sprightly mind dis-
 close,
 Quick as her eyes, and as unfix'd as
 those:
 Favors to none, to all she smiles ex-
 tends;
 Oft she rejects, but never once offends.
 Bright as the sun, her eyes the gazers
 strike,
 And, like the sun, they shine on all alike.
 Yet graceful ease, and sweetness void of
 pride,
 Might hide her faults, if Belles had faults
 to hide:
 If to her share some female errors fall,
 Look on her face, and you'll forget 'em
 all.
 This nymph, to the destruction of man-
 kind,
 Nourish'd two locks which graceful
 hung behind
 In equal curls, and well conspired to
 deck
 With shining ringlets the smooth iv'ry
 neck.
 Love in these labyrinths his slave de-
 tains,
 And mighty hearts are held in slender
 chains.
 With hairy springs we the birds betray,
 Slight lines of hair surprise the finny
 prey,
 Fair tresses man's imperial race ensnare,
 And beauty draws us with a single hair.

Th' advent'rous Baron the bright
 locks admir'd:
 He saw, he wish'd, and to the prize as-
 pir'd.
 Resolv'd to win, he meditates the way,
 By force to ravish, or by fraud betray:
 For when success a lover's toil attends,
 Few ask, if fraud or force attain'd his
 ends.
 For this, ere Phoebus rose, he had
 implor'd
 Propitious heav'n, and ev'ry pow'r
 ador'd,
 But chiefly Love—to Love an Altar
 built,
 Of twelve vast French romances, neatly
 gilt.
 There lay three garters, half a pair of
 gloves,
 And all the trophies of his former loves;
 With tender billet-doux he lights the
 pyre,
 And breathes three amorous sighs to
 raise the fire.
 Then prostrate falls, and begs with ar-
 dent eyes
 Soon to obtain, and long possess the
 prize:
 The Powers gave ear, and granted half
 his prayer,
 The rest the winds dispers'd in empty
 air.
 But now secure the painted vessel
 glides,
 The sunbeams trembling on the float-
 ing tides:
 While melting music steals upon the
 sky,
 And soften'd sounds along the waters
 die;
 Smooth flow the waves, the Zephyrs
 gently play,
 Belinda smil'd, and all the world was
 gay,
 All but the Sylph—with careful thoughts
 oppress'd,
 Th' impending woe sat heavy on his
 breast.
 He summons straight his denizens of
 air;
 The lucid squadrons round the sails
 repair:

Soft o'er the shrouds ærial whispers
breathe,
That seem'd but Zephyrs to the train
beneath.

Some to the sun their insect-wings unfold,

Waft on the breeze, or sink in clouds
of gold;

Transparent forms, too fine for mortal
sight,

Their fluid bodies half dissolv'd in light,
Loose to the wind their airy garments
flew,

Thin glittering textures of the filmy
dew,

Dipt in the richest tincture of the skies,
Where light disports in ever-mingling
dyes;

While every beam new transient colors
flings,

Colors that change whene'er they wave
their wings.

Amid the circle, on the gilded mast,
Superior by the head, was Ariel plac'd;
His purple pinions op'ning to the sun,
He rais'd his azure wand, and thus be-
gun.

Ye Sylphs and Sylphids, to your chief
give ear,
Fays, Fairies, Genii, Elves, and Demons,
hear!

Ye know the spheres, and various tasks
assign'd

By laws eternal to th' ærial kind.

Some in the fields of purest æther play,
And bask and whiten in the blaze of
day.

Some guide the course of wand'ring
orbs on high,

Or roll the planets through the bound-
less sky.

Some less refin'd, beneath the moon's
pale light

Pursue the stars that shoot athwart the
night,

Or suck the mists in grosser air below,
Or dip their pinions in the painted bow,

Or brew fierce tempests on the wintry
main,

Or o'er the glebe distil the kindly rain.
Others on earth o'er human race pre-
side,

Watch all their ways, and all their actions
guide:

Of these the chief the care of nations
own,

And guide with arms divine the British
throne.

Our humbler province is to tend the
fair,

Not a less pleasing, tho' less glorious
care;

To save the powder from too rude a
gale,

Nor let th' imprison'd essences exhale;
To draw fresh colors from the vernal
flow'rs;

To steal from rainbows ere they drop
in show'rs

A brighter wash; to curl their waving
hairs,

Assist their blushes, and inspire their
airs;

Nay oft, in dreams, invention we be-
stow,

To change a flounce, or add a furbelow.
This day, black omens threat the
brightest Fair

That e'er deserv'd a watchful spirit's
care;

Some dire disaster, or by force, or flight;
But what, or where, the fates have wrapt
in night.

Whether the nymph shall break Diana's
law,

Or some frail china jar receive a flaw;
Or stain her honor, or her new brocade;
Forget her pray'rs, or miss a masquer-
ade;

Or lose her heart, or necklace, at a ball;
Or whether heaven has doom'd that
Shock must fall.

Haste then, ye spirits! to your charge
repair:

The flutt'ring fan be Zephyretta's care;
The drops to thee, Brillante, we con-
sign;

And, Momentilla, let the watch be
thine;

Do thou, Crispissa, tend her fav'rite
lock;

Ariel himself shall be the guard of
Shock.

To fifty chosen Sylphs, of special note,

We trust th' important charge, the petticoat :

Oft have we known that seven-fold fence to fail,

Tho' stiff with hoops and arm'd with ribs of whale,

Form a strong line about the silver bound,

And guard the wide circumference around.

Whatever spirit, careless of his charge, His post neglects, or leaves the fair at large,

Shall feel sharp vengeance soon o'ertake his sins,

Be stopp'd in vials, or transfix'd with pins;

Or plung'd in lakes of bitter washes lie, Or wedg'd whole ages in a bodkin's eye :

Gums and pomatums shall his flight restrain,

While clog'd he beats his silken wings in vain;

Or alum styptics with contracting power Shrink his thin essence like a rivell'd flower :

Or, as Ixion fix'd, the wretch shall feel The giddy motion of the whirling mill,

In fumes of burning chocolate shall glow,

And tremble at the sea that froths below !

He spoke ; the spirits from the sails descend ;

Some, orb in orb, around the nymph extend ;

Some thrid the mazy ringlets of her hair ;

Some hang upon the pendants of her ear ;

With beating hearts the dire event they wait,

Anxious, and trembling for the birth of Fate.

CANTO III.

Close by those meads, for ever crown'd with flowers,

Where Thames with pride surveys his rising towers,

There stands a structure of majestic frame,

Which from the neighboring Hampton takes its name.

Here Britain's statesmen oft the fall fore-doom

Of foreign tyrants, and of nymphs at home ;

Here thou, great ANNA ! whom three realms obey,

Dost sometimes counsel take — and sometimes tea.

Hither the heroes and the nymphs resort,

To taste awhile the pleasures of a court ;

In various talk th' instructive hours they pass,

Who gave the ball, or paid the visit last ;

One speaks the glory of the British Queen,

And one describes a charming Indian screen ;

A third interprets motions, looks, and eyes ;

At ev'ry word a reputation dies.

Snuff, or the fan, supply each pause of chat,

With singing, laughing, ogling, and all that.

Meanwhile, declining from the noon of day,

The sun obliquely shoots his burning ray ;

The hungry judges soon the sentence sign,

And wretches hang that jury-men may dine ;

The merchant from th' Exchange returns in peace,

And the long labors of the toilet cease.

Belinda now, whom thirst of fame invites,

Burns to encounter two advent'rous knights,

At ombre singly to decide their doom ;

And swells her breast with conquests yet to come.

Straight the three bands prepare in arms to join,

Each band the number of the sacred nine.

Soon as she spreads her hand, th' ærial guard

Descend, and sit on each important card :
First Ariel perch'd upon a matadore,

Then each, according to the rank they bore;

For sylphs, yet mindful of their ancient race,

Are, as when women, wondrous fond of place.

Behold, four Kings in majesty rever'd,
With hoary whiskers and a forked beard;
And four fair Queens whose hands sustain a flower,

Th' expressive emblem of their softer power;

Four knaves in garbs succinct, a trusty band,

Caps on their heads, and halberts in their hand;

And particolor'd troops, a shining train,
Draw forth to combat on the velvet plain.

The skilful nymph reviews her force with care :

Let Spades be trumps! she said, and trumps they were.

Now move to war her sable matadores,

In show like leaders of the swarthy moors.

Spadillio first, unconquerable lord!

Led off two captive trumps, and swept the board.

As many more Manillio forc'd to yield,
And march'd a victor from the verdant field.

Him Basto follow'd, but his fate more hard

Gain'd but one trump and one plebeian card.

With his broad sabre next, a chief in years,

The hoary majesty of Spades appears,
Puts forth one manly leg, to sight reveal'd,

The rest, his many-color'd robe conceal'd.

The rebel Knave, who dares his prince engage,

Proves the just victim of his royal rage.

Ev'n mighty Pam, that kings and queens o'erthrew,

And mow'd down armies in the fights of Lu,

Sad chance of war! now destitute of aid,

Falls undistinguish'd by the victor spade!

Thus far both armies to Belinda yield;

Now to the baron fate inclines the field.
His warlike amazon her host invades,
Th' imperial consort of the crown of Spades.

The Club's black tyrant first her victim died,

Spite of his haughty mien, and barbarous pride:

What boots the regal circle on his head,
His giant limbs, in state unwieldy spread;

That long behind he trails his pompous robe,

And, of all monarchs, only grasps the globe?

The Baron now his Diamonds pours apace;

Th' embroider'd King who shows but half his face,

And his refulgent Queen, with powers combin'd

Of broken troops an easy conquest find.
Clubs, Diamonds, Hearts, in wild disorder seen,

With throngs promiscuous strow the level green.

Thus when dispers'd a routed army runs,

Of Asia's troops, and Afric's sable sons,
With like confusion different nations fly,

Of various habit, and of various dye,
The pierc'd battalions disunited fall,

In heaps on heaps; one fate o'erwhelms them all.

The Knave of Diamonds tries his wily arts,

And wins (oh shameful chance!) the Queen of Hearts.

At this the blood the virgin's cheek forsook,

A livid paleness spreads o'er all her look;

She sees, and trembles at th' approaching ill,

Just in the jaws of ruin, and Codille.

And now (as oft in some distemper'd state)
 On one nice trick depends the gen'ral fate.
 An Ace of Hearts steps forth: the King unseen
 Lurk'd in her hand, and mourn'd his captive queen:
 He springs to vengeance with an eager pace,
 And falls like thunder on the prostrate ace.
 The nymph 'exulting fills with shouts the sky;
 The walls, the woods, and long canals reply.
 Oh thoughtless mortals! ever blind to fate,
 Too soon dejected, and too soon elate.
 Sudden, these honors shall be snatch'd away,
 And curs'd for ever this victorious day.
 For lo! the board with cups and spoons is crown'd,
 The berries crackle, and the mill turns round;
 On shining altars of Japan they raise
 The silver lamp; the fiery spirits blaze:
 From silver spouts the grateful liquors glide,
 While China's earth receives the smoking tide:
 At once they gratify their scent and taste,
 And frequent cups prolong the rich repast.
 Straight hover round the fair her airy band;
 Some, as she sipp'd, the fuming liquor fann'd,
 Some o'er her lap their careful plumes display'd,
 Trembling, and conscious of the rich brocade.
 Coffee, (which makes the politician wise,
 And see thro' all things with his half-shut eyes)
 Sent up in vapors to the Baron's brain
 New stratagems, the radiant lock to gain.
 Ah cease, rash youth! desist ere 'tis too late,

Fear the just gods, and think of Scylla's fate!
 Chang'd to a bird, and sent to flit in air,
 She dearly pays for Nisus' injur'd hair!
 But when to mischief mortals bend their will,
 How soon they find fit instruments of ill!
 Just then, Clarissa drew with tempting grace
 A two-edg'd weapon from her shining case:
 So ladies in romance assist their knight,
 Present the spear, and arm him for the fight.
 He takes the gift with rev'rence, and extends
 The little engine on his fingers' ends;
 This just behind Belinda's neck he spread,
 As o'er the fragrant steams she bends her head.
 Swift to the lock a thousand sprites repair,
 A thousand wings, by turns, blow back the hair;
 And thrice they twitch'd the diamond in her ear;
 Thrice she look'd back, and thrice the foe drew near.
 Just in that instant, anxious Ariel sought
 The close recesses of the virgin's thought;
 As on the nosegay in her breast reclin'd,
 He watch'd th' ideas rising in her mind,
 Sudden he view'd, in spite of all her art,
 An earthly lover lurking at her heart.
 Amaz'd, confus'd, he found his pow'r expir'd,
 Resign'd to fate, and with a sigh retir'd.
 The peer now spreads the glitt'ring forfex wide,
 T' enclose the lock; now joins it, to divide.
 Ev'n then, before the fatal engine clos'd,
 A wretched sylph too fondly interpos'd;
 Fate urg'd the shears, and cut the sylph in twain,

(But airy substance soon unites again)
The meeting points the sacred hair dis-
sever

From the fair head, for ever, and for
ever!

Then flash'd the living lightning from
her eyes,

And screams of horror rend th' af-
frighted skies.

Not louder shrieks to pitying heaven
are cast,

When husbands, or when lapdogs,
breathe their last;

Or when rich China vessels fall'n from
high,

In glittering dust and painted fragments
lie!

Let wreathes of triumph now my
temples twine,

(The victor cried) the glorious prize is
mine!

While fish in streams, or birds delight
in air,

Or in a coach and six the British
fair,

As long as Atalantis shall be read,

Or the small pillow grace a lady's
bed,

While visits shall be paid on solemn
days,

When num'rous wax-lights in bright
order blaze,

While nymphs take treats, or assigna-
tions give,

So long my honor, name, and praise
shall live!

What time would spare, from steel re-
ceives its date,

And monuments, like men, submit to
fate!

Steel could the labor of the gods de-
stroy,

And strike to dust th' imperial tow'rs of
Troy;

Steel could the works of mortal pride
confound,

And hew triumphal arches to the
ground.

What wonder then, fair nymph! thy
hairs should feel,

The conqu'ring force of unresisted
steel?

*FROM THE ILIAD. BOOK
VIII.*

THE troops exulting sat in order
round,

And beaming fires illumin'd all the
ground.

As when the moon, refulgent lamp of
night!

O'er heaven's clear azure spreads her
sacred light,

When not a breath disturbs the deep
serene,

And not a cloud o'ercasts the solemn
scene;

Around her throne the vivid planets roll,
And stars unnumber'd gild the glowing

pole,
O'er the dark trees a yellower verdure

shed,
And tip with silver every mountain's head;

Then shine the vales, the rocks in pros-
pect rise,

A flood of glory bursts from all the
skies:

The conscious swains, rejoicing in the
sight,

Eye the blue vault, and bless the useful
light.

So many flames before proud Ilion blaze,
And lighten glimmering Xanthus with

their rays:
The long reflections of the distant fires

Gleam on the walls, and tremble on the
spires.

A thousand piles the dusky horrors gild.
And shoot a shady lustre o'er the field.

Full fifty guards each flaming pile at-
tend,

Whose umber'd arms, by fits, thick
flashes send.

Loud neigh the coursers o'er their heaps
of corn,

And ardent warriors wait the rising
morn.

*ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF AN
UNFORTUNATE LADY.*

WHAT beck'ning ghost, along the moon-
light shade,

Invites my steps, and points to yonder
glade?

'Tis she! — but why that bleeding bosom
gor'd?

Why dimly gleams the visionary sword?

O, ever beauteous! ever friendly! tell,

Is it in Heav'n a crime to love too well?

To bear too tender, or too firm a heart,

To act a Lover's or a Roman's part?

Is there no bright reversion in the sky,

For those who greatly think or bravely
die?

Why bade ye else, ye pow'rs! her
soul aspire

Above the vulgar flight of low desire?

Ambition first sprung from your blest
abodes,

The glorious fault of angels and of gods:

Thence to their images on earth it flows,

And in the breasts of kings and heroes
glows.

Most souls, 'tis true, but peep out once
an age,

Dull sullen pris'ners in the body's cage:

Dim lights of life, that burn a length of
years

Useless, unseen, as lamps in sepulchres;

Like Eastern kings, a lazy state they
keep,

And, close confin'd to their own palace,
sleep.

From these perhaps (ere Nature bade
her die)

Fate snatch'd her early to the pitying
sky.

As into air the purer spirits flow,

And sep'rate from their kindred dregs
below;

So flew the soul to its congenial place,

Nor left one virtue to redeem her race.

But thou, false guardian of a charge
too good,

Thou, mean deserter of thy brother's
blood!

See on these ruby lips the trembling
breath,

These cheeks now fading at the blast of
death.

Cold is that breast that warmed the
world before,

And those love-darting eyes must roll
no more.

Thus, if Eternal justice rules the ball,

Thus shall your wives, and thus your
children fall:

On all the line a sudden vengeance
waits,

And frequent hearses shall besiege your
gates:

There passengers shall stand, and point-
ing say

(While the long fun'rals blacken all the
way),

Lo! these were they, whose souls the
Furies steel'd,

And curs'd with hearts unknowing how
to yield.

Thus unlamented pass the proud away,

The gaze of fools, and pageant of a day!

So perish all, whose breast ne'er learn'd
to glow

For others' good, or melt at others' wo.

What can atone (O, ever-injur'd
shade!)

Thy fate unpitied, and thy rites unpaid?

No friend's complaint, no kind domestic
tear

Pleas'd thy pale ghost, or grac'd thy
mournful bier;

By foreign hands thy dying eyes were
clos'd,

By foreign hands thy decent limbs com-
pos'd,

By foreign hands thy humble grave
adorn'd,

By strangers honor'd, and by strangers
mourn'd.

What though no friends in sable weeds
appear,

Grieve for an hour, perhaps, then mourn
a year,

And bear about the mockery of wo

To midnight dances, and the public show:

What though no weeping Loves thy
ashes grace,

Nor polish'd marble emulate thy face;

What though no sacred earth allow thee
room,

Nor hallow'd dirge be mutter'd o'er thy
tomb;

Yet shall thy grave with rising flow'rs be
dress'd,

And the green turf lie lightly on thy
breast:

There shall the morn her earliest tears
bestow,
There the first roses of the year shall
blow:

While angels with their silver wings
o'ershade

The ground, now sacred by thy relics
made.

So peaceful rests, without a stone, a
name,

What once had beauty, titles, wealth,
and fame.

How lov'd, how honor'd once, avails
thee not,

To whom related, or by whom begot;
A heap of dust alone remains of thee,
'Tis all thou art, and all the proud shall
be!

Poets themselves must fall like those
they sung,

Deaf the prais'd ear, and mute the tune-
ful tongue.

Ev'n he, whose soul now melts in mourn-
ful lays,

Shall shortly want the gen'rous tear he
pays;

Then from his closing eyes thy form
shall part,

And the last pang shall tear thee from
his heart;

Life's idle business at one gasp be o'er,
The Muse forgot, and thou belov'd no
more!

THE QUIET LIFE.

HAPPY the man, whose wish and care
A few paternal acres bound,
Content to breathe his native air
In his own ground.

Whose herds with milk, whose fields with
bread,

Whose flocks supply him with attire;
Whose trees in summer yield him shade,
In winter, fire.

Blest, who can unconcern'dly find
Hours, days, and years, slide soft away
In health of body, peace of mind,
Quiet by day,

Sound sleep by night; study and ease
Together mix'd; sweet recreation,
And innocence, which most does please
With meditation.

Thus let me live, unseen, unknown;
Thus unlamented let me die;
Steal from the world, and not a stone
Tell where I lie.

THE MESSIAH.

A SACRED ECLOGUE: IN IMITATION
OF VIRGIL'S POLLIO.

YE nymphs of Solyma! begin the song:
To heavenly themes sublimer strains
belong.

The mossy fountains, and the sylvan
shades,

The dreams of Pindus and the Aonian
maids,

Delight no more — O Thou my voice
inspire

Who touched Isaiah's hallowed lips with
fire!

Rapt into future times, the bard begun:
A Virgin shall conceive, a Virgin bear
a Son!

From Jesse's root behold a branch arise,
Whose sacred flower with fragrance fills
the skies:

The ethereal spirit o'er its leaves shall
move,

And on its top descends the mystic dove.
Ye heavens! from high the dewy nectar
pour,

And in soft silence shed the kindly
shower!

The sick and weak the healing plant
shall aid,

From storms a shelter, and from heat a
shade.

All crimes shall cease, and ancient fraud
shall fail;

Returning Justice lift aloft her scale;
Peace o'er the world her olive wand ex-
tend,

And white-robed Innocence from heaven
descend.

Swift fly the years, and rise the expected
 morn!
 Oh spring to light, auspicious Babe, be
 born!
 See Nature hastes her earliest wreaths
 to bring,
 With all the incense of the breathing
 spring:
 See lofty Lebanon his head advance,
 See nodding forests on the mountains
 dance:
 See spicy clouds from lowly Saron
 rise,
 And Carmel's flowery top perfumes the
 skies!
 Hark! a glad voice the lonely desert
 cheers;
 Prepare the way! a God, a God ap-
 pears:
 A God, a God! the vocal hills reply,
 The rocks proclaim the approaching
 Deity.
 Lo, earth receives him from the bend-
 ing skies!
 Sink down, ye mountains, and, ye val-
 leys, rise;
 With heads declined, ye cedars, homage
 pay;
 Be smooth, ye rocks; ye rapid floods,
 give way;
 The Saviour comes! by ancient bards
 foretold!
 Hear him, ye deaf, and all ye blind, be-
 hold!
 He from thick films shall purge the
 visual ray,
 And on the sightless eyeball pour the
 day:
 'Tis he the obstructed paths of sound
 shall clear,
 And bid new music charm the unfolding
 ear:
 The dumb shall sing, the lame his crutch
 forego,
 And leap exulting like the bounding
 roe.
 No sigh, no murmur the wide world
 shall hear,
 From every face he wipes off every
 tear.
 In adamant chains shall Death be
 bound,

And Hell's grim tyrant feel the eternal
 wound.
 As the good shepherd tends his fleecy
 care,
 Seeks freshest pasture and the purest
 air,
 Explores the lost, the wandering sheep
 directs,
 By day o'ersees them, and by night pro-
 tects,
 The tender lambs he raises in his
 arms,
 Feeds from his hand, and in his bosom
 warms;
 Thus shall mankind his guardian care
 engage,
 The promised Father of the future age.
 No more shall nation against nation
 rise,
 Nor ardent warriors meet with hateful
 eyes,
 Nor fields with gleaming steel be cover-
 ed o'er,
 The brazen trumpets kindle rage no
 more;
 But useless lances into scythes shall
 bend,
 And the broad falchion in a plough-
 share end.
 Then palaces shall rise; the joyful son
 Shall finish what his short-lived sire
 begun;
 Their vines a shadow to their race shall
 yield,
 And the same hand that sow'd, shall
 reap the field.
 The swain, in barren deserts with sur-
 prise
 See lilies spring, and sudden verdure
 rise;
 And start, amidst the thirsty wilds, to
 hear
 New falls of water murmuring in his
 ear.
 On rifted rocks, the dragon's late abodes,
 The green reed trembles, and the bul-
 rush nods.
 Waste sandy valleys, once perplex'd
 with thorn,
 The spiry fir and shapely box adorn;
 To leafless shrubs the flowering palms
 succeed,

And odorous myrtle to the noisome weed.

The lambs with wolves shall graze the verdant mead,

And boys in flowery bands the tiger lead;

The steer and lion at one crib shall meet,

And harmless serpents lick the pilgrim's feet.

The smiling infant in his hand shall take

The crested basilisk and speckled snake,
Pleased the green lustre of the scales survey,

And with their forked tongue shall innocently play.

Rise, crown'd with light, imperial Salem, rise!

Exalt thy towery head, and lift thy eyes!

See, a long race thy spacious courts adorn;

See future sons, and daughters yet unborn,

In crowding ranks on every side arise,
Demanding life, impatient for the skies!

See barbarous nations at thy gates attend,

Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend;

See thy bright altars throng'd with prostrate kings,

And heap'd with products of Sabea springs,

For thee Idume's spicy forests blow,
And seeds of gold in Ophir's mountains glow.

See heaven its sparkling portals wide display,

And break upon thee in a flood of day.

No more the rising sun shall gild the morn,

Nor evening Cynthia fill her silver horn;

But lost, dissolved in thy superior rays,
One tide of glory, one unclouded blaze

O'erflow thy courts; the Light himself shall shine

Reveal'd, and God's eternal day be thine!

The seas shall waste, the skies in smoke decay,

Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away;

But fix'd his word, his saving power remains;

Thy realm for ever lasts, thy own MESSIAH reigns!

THE PRESENT CONDITION OF MAN VINDICATED.

[From *The Essay on Man*, Book I.]

HEAV'N from all creatures hides the book of Fate,

All but the page prescrib'd, their present state;

From brutes what men, from men what spirits know,

Or who could suffer being here below?

The lamb thy riot dooms to bleed to-day,
Had he thy reason, would he skip and play?

Pleas'd to the last, he crops the flow'ry food,

And licks the hand just rais'd to shed his blood.

O blindness to the future! kindly giv'n,
That each may fill the circle marked by Heav'n;

Who sees with equal eye, as God of all,
A hero perish, or a sparrow fall;

Atoms or systems into ruin hurl'd,
And now a bubble burst, and now a world.

Hope humbly, then, with trembling pinions soar;

Wait the great teacher, Death; and God adore.

What future bliss, he gives not thee to know,

But gives that Hope to be thy blessing now.

Hope springs eternal in the human breast;

Man never IS, but always TO BE blest:

The soul, uneasy and confined from home,

Rests and expatiates in a life to come.

Lo, the poor Indian! whose untutor'd mind

Sees God in clouds, and hears him in the wind;
 His soul proud Science never taught to stray
 Far as the solar walk, or milky way;
 Yet simple Nature to his hope has giv'n,
 Behind the cloud-topp'd hill, a humbler heav'n;
 Some safer world in depth of woods embrac'd,
 Some happier island in the wat'ry waste,
 Where slaves once more their native land behold,
 No fiends torment, nor Christians thirst for gold.
 To BE, contents his natural desire,
 He asks no angel's wing, no seraph's fire:
 But thinks, admitted to that equal sky,
 His faithful dog shall bear him company.
 Go, wiser thou! and in thy scale of sense
 Weigh thy opinion against Providence;
 Call imperfection what thou fanciest such,
 Say, here he gives too little, there too much:
 Destroy all creatures for thy sport or gust,
 Yet cry, if Man's unhappy, God's unjust;
 If man alone engross not Heav'n's high care,
 Alone made perfect here, immortal there:
 Snatch from his hand the balance and the rod,
 Re-judge his justice, be the God of God.
 In Pride, in reasoning Pride, our error lies;
 All quit their sphere, and rush into the skies,
 Pride still is aiming at the blest abodes,
 Men would be Angels, Angels would be Gods.
 Aspiring to be Gods, if Angels fell,
 Aspiring to be Angels, Men rebel:
 And who but wishes to revert the laws
 Of Order sins against th' Eternal Cause.

ON THE ORDER OF NATURE.

[From *The Essay on Man*, Book I.]

SEE through this air, this ocean, and this earth,
 All matter quick, and bursting into birth.
 Above, how high progressive life may go!
 Around, how wide! how deep extend below!
 Vast chain of Being! which from God began,
 Natures ethereal, human, angel, man,
 Beast, bird, fish, insect, what no eye can see,
 No glass can reach; from Infinite to thee,
 From thee to Nothing. On superior pow'rs
 Were we to press, inferior might on ours;
 Or in the full creation leave a void,
 Where one step broken the great scale's destroy'd;
 From Nature's chain whatever link you strike,
 Tenth or ten thousandth, breaks the chain alike.
 And, if each system in gradation roll
 Alike essential to th' amazing whole,
 The least confusion but in one, not all
 That system only, but the whole must fall.
 Let earth unbalanc'd from her orbit fly,
 Planets and suns run lawless through the sky;
 Let ruling angels from their spheres be hurl'd,
 Being on being wreck'd, and world on world,
 Heav'n's whole foundations to the centre nod,
 And nature tremble to the throne of God:
 All this dread order break—from whom? for thee?
 Vile worm! — Oh madness! pride! impiety!
 What if the foot, ordain'd the dust to tread,
 Or hand to toil, aspir'd to be the head?
 What if the head, the eye, or ear, repin'd
 To serve mere engines to the ruling mind?
 Just as absurd for any part to claim
 To be another, in this gen'ral frame:

Just as absurd to mourn the task or
 pains,
 The great directing Mind of All or-
 dains,
 All are but parts of one stupendous
 whole,
 Whose body Nature is, and God the
 Soul:
 That chang'd through all, and yet in all
 the same,
 Great in the earth, as in th' ethereal
 frame,
 Warms in the sun, refreshes in the
 breeze,
 Glows in the stars, and blossoms in the
 trees,
 Lives through all life, extends through
 all extent,
 Spreads undivided, operates unspent;
 Breathes in our soul, informs our mortal
 part,
 As full, as perfect, in a hair as heart;
 As full, as perfect, in vile man that
 mourns,
 As the rapt seraph that adores and
 burns;
 To him no high, no low, no great, no
 small;
 He fills, he bounds, connects, and equals
 all.

Cease, then, nor Order Imperfection
 name:
 Our proper bliss depends on what we
 blame.

Know thy own point: This kind, this
 due degree
 Of blindness, weakness, Heav'n bestows
 on thee.

Submit. — In this, or any other sphere,
 Secure to be as blest as thou canst
 bear:

Safe in the hand of one disposing Pow'r,
 Or in the natal, or the mortal hour.
 All Nature is but Art, unknown to thee;
 All Chance, Direction which thou canst
 not see;

All Discord, Harmony not understood;
 All partial Evil, universal Good:

And, spite of Pride, in erring Reason's
 spite,

One truth is clear, WHATEVER IS, IS
 RIGHT.

THE ORIGIN OF SUPERSTITION AND TYRANNY.

[From *The Essay on Man*, Book III.]

WHO first taught souls enslav'd and
 realms undone,
 Th' enormous faith of many made for
 one;

That proud exception to all Nature's
 laws,

T' invert the world, and counterwork its
 cause?

Force first made conquest, and that con-
 quest, law;

Till Superstition taught the tyrant awe,
 Then shared the tyranny, then lent it aid,
 And Gods of conqu'rors, slaves of sub-
 jects made.

She, 'midst the lightning's blaze, and
 thunder's sound,

When rock'd the mountains, and when
 groan'd the ground,

She taught the weak to bend, the proud
 to pray,

To pow'rs unseen, and mightier far than
 they:

She, from the rending earth and burst-
 ing skies,

Saw Gods descend, and fiends infernal
 rise:

Here fixed the dreadful, there the blest
 abodes;

Fear made her Devils, and weak Hope
 her Gods;

Gods partial, changeful, passionate, un-
 just,

Whose attributes were Rage, Revenge,
 or Lust;

Such as the souls of cowards might con-
 ceive,

And, formed like tyrants, tyrants would
 believe.

Zeal, then, not Charity, became the
 guide;

And Hell was built on spite, and Heav'n
 on pride.

Then sacred seem'd th' ethereal vault no
 more;

Altars grew marble then, and reek'd
 with gore:

Then first the flamen tasted living food;

Next his grim idol, smear'd with human blood;
 With Heav'n's own thunders shook the world below,
 And play'd the God an engine on his foe.
 So drives Self-love, through just and through unjust,
 To one Man's pow'r, ambition, lucre, lust:
 The same Self-love, in all, becomes the cause
 Of what restrains him, Government and Laws;
 For what one likes, if others like as well,
 What serves one will, when many wills rebel?
 How shall he keep, what sleeping or awake
 A weaker may surprise, a stronger take?
 His safety must his liberty restrain:
 All join to guard what each desires to gain.
 Forced into virtue thus by self-defence,
 Even kings learn'd justice and benevolence;
 Self-love forsook the path it first pursu'd,
 And found the private in the public good.
 'Twas then the studious head or gen'rous mind,
 Follow'r of God, or friend of human-kind,
 Poet or Patriot, rose but to restore
 The faith and moral Nature gave before;
 Relum'd her ancient light, not kindled new;
 If not God's image, yet his shadow drew;
 Taught pow'r's due use to people and to kings,
 Taught nor to slack nor strain its tender strings,
 The less or greater set so justly true,
 That touching one must strike the other too;
 Till jarring int'rests of themselves create
 Th' according music of a well-mix'd state.
 Such is the world's great harmony, that springs
 From order, union, full consent of things:
 Where small and great, where weak and mighty, made

To serve, not suffer, strengthen, not invade:
 More pow'rful each as needful to the rest,
 And, in proportion as it blesses, blest:
 Draw to one point, and to one centre bring
 Beast, Man, or Angel, Servant, Lord, or King.
 For Forms of Government let fools contest;
 Whate'er is best administer'd is best:
 For Modes of Faith let graceless zealots fight,
 His can't be wrong whose life is in the right;
 In Faith and Hope the world will disagree,
 But all Mankind's concern is Charity:
 All must be false that thwart this one great end,
 And all of God, that bless mankind or mend.
 Man, like the gen'rous vine, supported, lives;
 The strength he gains is from the embrace he gives.
 On their own axis as the planets run,
 Yet make at once their circle round the sun;
 So two consistent motions act the soul,
 And one regards itself, and one the whole.
 Thus God and Nature link'd the gen'ral frame,
 And bade Self-love and Social be the same.

ON VIRTUE.

[From *The Essay on Man*, Book IV.]

KNOW thou this truth, enough for man to know,
 "Virtue alone is Happiness below"?
 The only point where human bliss stands still,
 And tastes the good without the fall to ill;
 Where only Merit constant pay receives,
 Is blest in what it takes, and what it gives;

The joy unequall'd if its end it gain,
 And if it lose attended with no pain:
 Without satiety, though e'er so bless'd,
 And but more relish'd as the more distress'd;
 The broadest mirth unfeeling Folly wears
 Less pleasing far than Virtue's very tears:
 Good, from each object, from each place
 acquir'd,

For ever exercis'd, yet never tir'd;
 Never elated while one man's oppress'd;
 Never dejected while another's bless'd:
 And where no wants, no wishes can remain,

Since but to wish more Virtue is to gain.
 See the sole bliss Heav'n could on all bestow!

Which who but feels can taste, but thinks can know;

Yet poor with fortune, and with learning blind,

The bad must miss; the good, untaught, will find:

Slave to no sect, who takes no private road,

But looks through Nature, up to Nature's God;

Pursues that chain which links th' immense design,

Joins heaven and earth, and mortal and divine;

Sees, that no being any bliss can know,
 But touches some above, and some below;

Learns, from this union of the rising whole,

The first, last purpose of the human soul;

And knows where Faith, Law, Morals, all began,

All end in Love of God, and Love of Man.
 For him alone Hope leads from goal to goal,

And opens still, and opens on his soul;
 Till lengthen'd on to Faith, and unconfined,

It pours the bliss that fills up all the mind.

He sees why Nature plants in man alone
 Hope of known bliss, and Faith in bliss unknown

(Nature, whose dictates to no other kind

Are given in vain, but what they seek they find).

Wise is her present; she connects in this
 His greatest Virtue with his greatest Bliss;

At once his own bright prospects to be blest,

And strongest motive to assist the rest.
 Self-love thus push'd to social, to divine,

Gives thee to make thy neighbor's blessing thine.

Is this too little for the boundless heart?
 Extend it, let thy enemies have part:

Grasp the whole worlds of Reason, Life, and Sense,

In one close system of Benevolence:
 Happier as kinder, in whate'er degree,

And height of Bliss but height of Charity.
 God loves from whole to parts: but human soul

Must rise from individual to the whole.
 Self-love but serves the virtuous mind to wake,

As the small pebble stirs the peaceful lake;

The centre mov'd, a circle straight succeeds,

Another still, and still another spreads;
 Friend, parent, neighbor, first it will embrace;

His country next; and next all human race;

Wide and more wide th' o'erflowings of the mind

Take ev'ry creature in of ev'ry kind;
 Earth smiles around, with boundless bounty blest,

And Heav'n beholds its image in his breast.

ON HAPPINESS.

[From *The Essay on Man*, Book IV.]

O HAPPINESS! our being's end and aim!
 Good, Pleasure, Ease, Content! whate'er thy name;

That something still, which prompts th' eternal sigh;

For which we bear to live, or dare to die;
 Which still so near us, yet beyond us lies,

O'erlook'd, seen double by the fool, and wise,

Plant of celestial seed! if dropp'd below,
Say, in what mortal soil thou deign'st to grow?

Fair op'ning to some court's propitious shine,

Or deep with diamonds in the flaming mine?

Twined with the wreaths Parnassian laurels yield,

Or reaped in iron harvests of the field?
Where grows?—where grows it not?
If vain our toil,

We ought to blame the culture, not the soil:

Fix'd to no spot is happiness sincere,
'Tis nowhere to be found, or ev'rywhere;
'Tis never to be bought, but always free,
And, fled from monarchs, St. John dwells with thee.

Ask of the Learn'd the way, the Learn'd are blind,

This bids to serve, and that to shun mankind:

Some place the bliss in action, some in ease,

Those call it Pleasure, and Contentment these:

Some, sunk to beasts, find pleasure end in pain,

Some, swell'd to Gods, confess e'en virtue vain:

Or indolent, to each extreme they fall,
To trust in ev'rything, or doubt of all.

Who thus define it say they, more or less
Than this, that Happiness is Happiness?

Take Nature's path, and mad Opinion's leave,

All states can reach it, and all heads conceive;

Obvious her goods, in no extremes they dwell;

There needs but thinking right, and meaning well;

And mourn our various portions as we please,

Equal is common sense and common ease.

Remember, Man, "The Universal Cause
Acts not by partial, but by gen'ral laws;"

And makes what Happiness we justly call

Subsist not in the good of one, but all.
There's not a blessing individuals find,
But some way leans and hearkens to the kind;

No Bandit fierce, no Tyrant mad with pride,

No cavern'd Hermit rests self-satisfied:
Who most to shun or hate Mankind pretend,

Seek an admirer, or would fix a friend:
Abstract what others feel, what others think,

All pleasures sicken, and all glories sink:
Each has his share; and who would more obtain

Shall find the pleasure pays not half the pain.

Order is Heav'n's first law; and this confess'd,

Some are, and must be, greater than the rest;

More rich, more wise: but who infers from hence

That such are happier shocks all common sense.

Heav'n to mankind impartial we confess,
If all are equal in their Happiness:

But mutual wants this Happiness increase;

All Nature's difference keeps all Nature's peace.

Condition, circumstance, is not the thing;
Bliss is the same in subject or in king;

In who obtain defence, or who defend;
In him who is, or him who finds a friend:

Heav'n breathes through ev'ry member of the whole

One common blessing, as one common soul.

But Fortune's gifts if each alike possess'd,
And all were equal, must not all contest?

If then to all men Happiness was meant,
God in externals could not place Content.

Fortune her gifts may variously dispose,

And these be happy call'd, unhappy those;

But Heav'n's just balance equal will appear,

While those are placed in Hope, and
these in Fear;

Not present good or ill, the joy or curse,
But future views of better or of worse.
O, sons of earth, attempt ye still to rise,
By mountains pil'd on mountains, to the
skies?

Heav'n still with laughter the vain toil
surveys,
And buries madmen in the heaps they
raise.

Know, all the good that individuals
find,
Or God and Nature meant to mere man-
kind,
Reason's whole pleasure, all the joys of
sense,
Lie in three words, Health, Peace, and
Competence.

FAME.

WHAT's fame? a fancy'd life in others'
breath,
A thing beyond us, ev'n before our death.
Just what you hear, you have; and
what's unknown,
Thesame (my lord) if Tully's, or your own.
All that we feel of it begins and ends
In the small circle of our foes or friends;
To all beside as much an empty shade
An Eugene living as a Cæsar dead;
Alike or when, or where, they shone, or
shine,
Or on the Rubicon, or on the Rhine.
A wit's a feather, and a chief's a rod;
An honest man's the noblest work of
God.

Fame but from death a villain's name
can save,

As justice tears his body from the grave;
When what t' oblivion better were re-
sign'd,

Is hung on high to poison half mankind.
All fame is foreign, but of true desert;
Plays round the head, but comes not to
the heart:

One self-approving hour whole years
outweighs

Of stupid starers, and of loud huzzas;
And more true joy Marcellus exil'd feels
Than Cæsar with a senate at his heels.

*THE DYING CHRISTIAN TO HIS
SOUL.*

VITAL spark of heavenly flame!
Quit, oh quit this mortal frame:
Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying,
Oh the pain, the bliss of dying!
Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life.

Hark! they whisper; angels say,
"Sister spirit, come away."
What is this absorbs me quite?
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
Drowns my spirits, draws my breath?
Tell me, my soul, can this be death?

The world recedes; it disappears!
Heaven opens on my eyes! my ears
With sounds seraphic ring:
Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!
O Grave! where is thy victory?
O Death! where is thy sting?

ROBERT BLAIR.

1699-1746.

[ROBERT BLAIR was born at Edinburgh in 1699. He became a minister, and was presented to the living of Athelstaneford in Haddingtonshire, where most of his life was passed. He died there in 1746. *The Grave* was published at Edinburgh in 1743.]

OFT IN THE LONE CHURCH-YARD.

OFT, in the lone church-yard at night | By glimpse of moon-shine chequering
I've seen, | through the trees,

The school-boy with his satchel in his hand,
 Whistling aloud to bear his courage up,
 And lightly tripping o'er the long flat stones,
 (With nettles skirted, and with moss o'ergrown,)
 That tell in homely phrase who lie below.
 Sudden he starts, and hears, or thinks he hears,
 The sound of something purring at his heels;
 Full fast he flies, and dares not look behind him,
 Till out of breath he overtakes his fellows;
 Who gather round, and wonder at the tale
 Of horrid apparition, tall and ghastly,
 That walks at dead of night, or takes his stand
 O'er some new-open'd grave; and
 (strange to tell!)
 Evanishes at crowing of the cock.

THE GRAVE.

DULL grave! thou spoil'st the dance of youthful blood,
 Strik'st out the dimple from the cheek of mirth,
 And ev'ry smirking feature from the face;
 Branding our laughter with the name of madness.
 Where are the jesters now? the men of health
 Complexionally pleasant? Where the droll,
 Whose ev'ry look and gesture was a joke
 To chapping theatres and shouting crowds,
 And made ev'n thick-lipp'd musing melancholy
 To gather up her face into a smile
 Before she was aware? Ah! sullen now,
 And dumb as the green turf that covers them.

BEAUTY IN THE GRAVE.

BEAUTY—thou pretty plaything, dear deceit,
 That steals so softly o'er the stripling's heart,
 And gives it a new pulse, unknown before,
 The grave discredits thee: thy charms expung'd,
 Thy roses faded, and thy lilies soil'd,
 What hast thou more to boast of? Will thy lovers
 Flock round thee now, to gaze and do thee homage?
 Methinks I see thee with thy head low laid,
 Whilst surfeited upon thy damask cheek
 The high-fed worm, in lazy volumes roll'd,
 Riots unscared.—For this, was all thy caution?
 For this, thy painful labors at thy glass?
 T' improve those charms, and keep them in repair,
 For which the spoiler thanks thee not.
 Foul feeder,
 Coarse fare and carrion please thee full as well,
 And leave as keen a relish on the sense.
 Look how the fair one weeps!—the conscious tears
 Stand thick as dew-drops on the bells of flowers:
 Honest effusion! the swoll'n heart in vain
 Works hard to put a gloss on its distress.

STRENGTH IN THE GRAVE.

STRENGTH too—thou surly, and less gentle boast
 Of those that loud laugh at the village ring;
 A fit of common sickness pulls thee down
 With greater ease, than e'er thou didst the stripling
 That rashly dared thee to th' unequal fight.

What groan was that I heard?—deep
groan indeed!
With anguish heavy laden; let me trace
it:
From yonder bed it comes, where the
strong man,
By stronger arm belabor'd, gasps for
breath
Like a hard-hunted beast. How his
great heart
Beats thick! his roomy chest by far too
scant
To give the lungs full play.—What now
avail
The strong-built sinewy limbs, and well-
spread shoulders;
See how he tugs for life, and lays about
him,

Mad with his pain! Eager he catches
hold
Of what comes next to hand, and grasps
it hard,
Just like a creature drowning; hideous
sight!
Oh! how his eyes stand out, and stare
full ghastly!
While the distemper's rank and deadly
venom
Shoots like a burning arrow cross his
bowels,
And drinks his marrow up.—Heard you
that groan?
It was his last.—See how the great
Goliath,
Just like a child that brawl'd itself to rest,
Lies still.



JAMES THOMSON.

1700–1748.

[JAMES THOMSON was born at Ednam in Roxburghshire on the 11th of September, 1700, and died at Kew on the 27th of August, 1748. His first published work, *Winter*, appeared in 1726. The next year, *Summer*, *Britannia*, and a few minor poems followed. *Spring* was not published till 1728, and *Autumn* in 1730 completed *The Seasons*. *Sophonisba*, the first of several dramas, appeared in the same year as *Spring*. The first three parts or cantos of *Liberty* were given to the world in 1735, the two last in 1737. *The Castle of Indolence* appeared in 1746, two years before Thomson's death.]

A SNOW SCENE.

[From *Winter*.]

THE keener tempests come: and fuming
dun
From all the livid east, or piercing
north,
Thick clouds ascend—in whose capa-
cious womb
A vapory deluge lies, to snow congealed.
Heavy they roll their fleecy world along;
And the sky saddens with the gathered
storm.
Through the hushed air the whitening
shower descends,
At first thin wavering; till at last the
flakes
Fall broad, and wide, and fast, dimming
the day
With a continual flow. The cherished
fields

Put on their winter-robe of purest
white.
'Tis brightness all; save where the new
snow melts
Along the mazy current. Low, the
woods
Bow their hoar head; and, ere the lan-
guid sun
Faint from the west emits his evening
ray,
Earth's universal face, deep-hid and
chill,
Is one wild dazzling waste, that buries
wide
The works of man. Drooping, the
laborer-ox
Stands covered o'er with snow, and then
demands
The fruit of all his toil. The fowls of
heaven,
Tamed by the cruel season, crowd around

The winnowing store, and claim the little boon
 Which Providence assigns them. One alone,
 The redbreast, sacred to the household gods,
 Wisely regardful of the embroiling sky,
 In joyless fields and thorny thickets leaves
 His shivering mates, and pays to trusted man
 His annual visit. Half-afraid, he first
 Against the window beats; then, brisk, alights
 On the warm hearth; then, hopping o'er the floor,
 Eyes all the smiling family askance,
 And pecks, and starts, and wonders where he is —
 Till, more familiar grown, the table-crumbs
 Attract his slender feet. The foodless wilds
 Pour forth their brown inhabitants. The hare,
 Though timorous of heart, and hard beset
 By death in various forms, dark snares, and dogs,
 And more un pitying men, the garden seeks,
 Urged on by fearless want. The bleating kind
 Eye the black heaven, and next the glistening earth,
 With looks of dumb despair; then, sad dispersed,
 Dig for the withered herb through heaps of snow.

THE SHEEP-WASHING.

[From *Summer*.]

OR rushing thence, in one diffusive band,
 They drive the troubled flocks, by many a dog
 Compelled, to where the mazy-running brook
 Forms a deep pool; this bank abrupt and high,

And that, fair-spreading in a pebbled shore.
 Urged to the giddy brink, much is the toil,
 The clamor much, of men, and boys, and dogs,
 Ere the soft fearful people to the flood
 Commit their woolly sides. And oft the swain,
 On some impatient seizing, hurls them in:
 Emboldened then, nor hesitating more,
 Fast, fast, they plunge amid the flashing wave,
 And panting labor to the farthest shore.
 Repeated this, till deep the well-washed fleece
 Has drunk the flood, and from his lively haunt
 The trout is banished by the sordid stream,
 Heavy and dripping, to the breezy brow
 Slow move the harmless race; where, as they spread
 Their swelling treasures to the sunny ray,
 Inly disturbed, and wondering what this wild
 Outrageous tumult means, their loud complaints
 The country fill — and, tossed from rock to rock,
 Incessant bleatings run around the hills.
 At last, of snowy white, the gathered flocks
 Are in the wattled pen innumerable pressed,
 Head above head; and ranged in lusty rows
 The shepherds sit, and whet the sounding shears.
 The housewife waits to roll her fleecy stores,
 With all her gay-drest maids attending round.
 One, chief, in gracious dignity enthroned,
 Shines o'er the rest, the pastoral queen, and rays
 Her smiles, sweet-beaming, on her shepherd-king;
 While the glad circle round them yield their souls

To festive mirth, and wit that knows no
gall.
Meantime, their joyous task goes on
apace:
Some mingling stir the melted tar, and
some,
Deep on the new-shorn vagrant's heav-
ing side,
To stamp his master's cypher ready
stand;
Others the unwilling wether drag along;
And, glorying in his might, the sturdy
boy
Holds by the twisted horns the indig-
nant ram.
Behold where bound, and of its robe
bereft,
By needy man, that all-depending lord,
How meek, how patient, the mild crea-
ture lies!
What softness in its melancholy face,
What dumb complaining innocence ap-
pears!
Fear not, ye gentle tribes, 'tis not the
knife
Of horrid slaughter that is o'er you
waved;
No, 'tis the tender swain's well-guided
shears,
Who having now, to pay his annual
care,
Borrowed your fleece, to you a cum-
brous load,
Will send you bounding to your hills
again.

STORM IN HARVEST.

[From *Autumn*.]

DEFEATING oft the labors of the year,
The sultry south collects a potent blast.
At first, the groves are scarcely seen to
stir
Their trembling tops, and a still murmur
runs
Along the soft-inclining fields of corn;
But as the ærial tempest fuller swells,
And in one mighty stream, invisible,
Immense, the whole excited atmosphere
Impetuous rushes o'er the sounding
world,

Strained to the root, the stooping forest
pours
A rustling shower of yet untimely leaves.
High-beat, the circling mountains eddy
in,
From the bare wild, the dissipated
storm,
And send it in a torrent down the vale.
Exposed, and naked, to its utmost rage,
Through all the sea of harvest rolling
round,
The billowy plain floats wide; nor can
evade,
Though pliant to the blast, its seizing
force —
Or whirled in air, or into vacant chaff
Shook waste. And sometimes too a
burst of rain,
Swept from the black horizon, broad,
descends
In one continuous flood. Still over head
The mingling tempest weaves its gloom,
and still
The deluge deepens; till the fields
around
Lie sunk, and flatted, in the sordid wave.
Sudden, the ditches swell; the meadows
swim.
Red, from the hills, innumerable streams
Tumultuous roar; and high above its
bank
The river lift; before whose rushing
tide,
Herds, flocks, and harvests, cottages,
and swains,
Roll mingled down: all that the winds
had spared,
In one wild moment ruined; the big
hopes,
And well-earned treasures, of the pain-
ful year.
Fled to some eminence, the husband-
man,
Helpless, beholds the miserable wreck
Driving along; his drowning ox at once
Descending, with his labors scattered
round,
He sees; and instant o'er his shivering
thought
Comes Winter unprovided, and a train
Of clamant children dear. Ye masters,
then,

Be mindful of the rough laborious hand
That sinks you soft in elegance and
ease;
Be mindful of those limbs, in russet
clad,
Whose toil to yours is warmth and
graceful pride;
And, oh, be mindful of that spawing
board
Which covers yours with luxury profuse,
Makes your glass sparkle, and your
sense rejoice!
Nor cruelly demand what the deep rains
And all-involving winds have swept
away.

THE COMING OF THE RAIN.

[From *Spring*.]

At first a dusky wreath they seem to
rise,
Scarce staining ether; but by fast de-
grees,
In heaps on heaps, the doubling vapor
sails
Along the loaded sky, and mingling
deep,
Sits on the horizon round a settled
gloom:
Not such as wintry storms on mortals
shed,
Oppressing life; but lovely, gentle, kind,
And full of every hope and every joy,
The wish of Nature. Gradual sinks the
breeze
Into a perfect calm; that not a breath
Is heard to quiver through the closing
woods,
Or rustling turn the many twinkling
leaves
Of aspen tall. The uncurling floods,
diffused
In glassy breadth, seem through delusive
lapse
Forgetful of their course. 'Tis silence
all,
And pleasing expectation. Herds and
flocks
Drop the dry sprig, and, mute-imploring,
eye

The fallen verdure. Hushed in short
suspense,
The plummy people streak their wings
with oil,
To throw the lucid moisture trickling
off;
And wait the approaching sign to strike,
at once,
Into the general choir. Even moun-
tains, vales,
And forests seem, impatient, to demand
The promised sweetness. Man superior
walks
Amid the glad creation, musing praise,
And looking lively gratitude. At last,
The clouds consign their treasures to the
fields;
And, softly shaking on the dimpled pool
Prelusive drops, let all their moisture
flow,
In large effusion, o'er the freshened
world.

THE CASTLE OF INDOLENCE.

[From Book I.]

In lowly dale, fast by a river's side,
With woody hill o'er hill encompass'd
round,
A most enchanting wizard did abide,
Than whom a fiend more fell is no
where found,
It was, I ween, a lovely spot of ground:
And there a season atween June and
May,
Half pranked with spring, with summer
half imbrown'd,
A listless climate made, where sooth
to say,
No living wight could work, ne cared
ev'n for play.

Was nought around but images of
rest:
Sleep-soothing groves, and quiet lawns
between;
And flowery beds that slumberous in-
fluence kest,
From poppies breath'd; and beds of
pleasant green,

Where never yet was creeping creature seen.
 Meantime unnumber'd glittering streamlets play'd
 And purled everywhere their waters sheen;
 That as they bicker'd through the sunny glade,
 Though restless still themselves, a lulling murmur made.

Join'd to the prattle of the purling rills,
 Were heard the lowing herds along the vale,
 And flocks loud-bleating from the distant hills;
 And vacant shepherds piping in the dale:
 And now and then sweet Philomel would wail,
 Or stock-doves 'plain amid the forest deep,
 That drowsy rustled to the sighing gale;
 And still a coil the grasshopper did keep;
 Yet all these sounds yblent inclined all to sleep.

Full in the passage of the vale above,
 A sable, silent, solemn forest stood;
 Where nought but shadowy forms were seen to move,
 As Idless fancy'd in her dreaming mood:
 And up the hills, on either side, a wood
 Of blackening pines, ay waving to and fro,
 Sent forth a sleepy horror through the blood;
 And where this valley winded out, below,
 The murmuring main was heard, and scarcely heard, to flow.

A pleasing land of drowsy-head it was,
 Of dreams that wave before the half-shut eye;
 And of gay castles in the clouds that pass,

For ever flushing round a summer sky:
 There eke the soft delights, that witchingly
 Instil a wanton sweetness through the breast,
 And the calm pleasures always hover'd nigh;
 But whate'er smack'd of noyance, or unrest,
 Was far far off expell'd from this delicious nest.

ODE.

TELL me, thou soul of her I love,
 Ah! tell me, whither art thou fled;
 To what delightful world above,
 Appointed for the happy dead.

Or dost thou, free, at pleasure, roam,
 And sometimes share thy lover's woe;
 Where, void of thee, his cheerless home
 Can now, alas! no comfort know?

Oh! if thou hover'st round my walk,
 While, under every well-known tree,
 I to thy fancy'd shadow talk,
 And every tear is full of thee.

Should then the weary eye of grief,
 Beside some sympathetic stream,
 In slumber find a short relief,
 Oh, visit thou my soothing dream!

RULE BRITANNIA.

WHEN Britain first, at Heaven's command,
 Arose from out the azure main,
 This was the charter of the land,
 And guardian angels sang the strain:
 Rule Britannia, Britannia rules the waves;
 Britons never will be slaves.

The nations, not so blest as thee,
Must in their turn, to tyrants fall;
Whilst thou shalt flourish, great and free,

The dread and envy of them all :
Rule Britannia, etc.

Still more majestic shalt thou rise,
More dreadful from each foreign stroke;

As the loud blast that tears the skies
Serves but to root thy native oak :
Rule Britannia, etc.

Thee haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame;
All their attempts to hurl thee down

Will but arouse thy gen'rous flame,
And work their woe—but thy re-
nown :

Rule Britannia, etc.

To thee belongs the rural reign ;
Thy cities shall with commerce shine :
All thine shall be the subject main,
And every shore encircle thine :
Rule Britannia, etc.

The Muses, still with Freedom found,
Shall to thy happy coast repair;
Blest isle! with matchless beauty crown'd,
And manly hearts to guard the fair :
Rule Britannia, etc.

DAVID MALLET.

1700-1765.

[SON of a small inn-keeper in Crieff Perthshire, where he was born in the year 1700. Attended the College of Aberdeen, and became a tutor in the family of the Duke of Montrose. By his very considerable talents, management, and address, he soon rose in the world. In his latter days he held the office of Keeper of the Book of Entries for the port of London. He died on the 21st of April, 1765.]

WILLIAM AND MARGARET.

'TWAS at the silent, solemn hour,
When night and morning meet;
In glided Margaret's grimly ghost,
And stood at William's feet.

Her face was like an April morn,
Clad in a wintry cloud;
And clay-cold was her lily hand,
That held her sable shroud.

So shall the fairest face appear,
When youth and years are flown :
Such is the robe that kings must wear,
When death has reft their crown.

Her bloom was like the springing flower,
That sips the silver dew;
The rose was budded in her cheek,
Just opening to the view.

But love had, like the canker-worm,
Consumed her early prime;
The rose grew pale, and left her cheek—
She died before her time.

"Awake," she cried, "thy true love calls,
Come from her midnight grave ;
Now let thy pity hear the maid,
Thy love refused to save.

"This is the dark and dreary hour,
When injured ghosts complain;
When yawning graves give up their dead,
To haunt the faithless swain.

"Bethink thee, William, of thy fault,
Thy pledge and broken oath !
And give me back my maiden vow,
And give me back my troth.

"Why did you promise love to me,
And not that promise keep?
Why did you swear my eyes were bright,
Yet leave those eyes to weep?

"How could you say my face was fair,
And yet that face forsake?
How could you win my virgin heart,
Yet leave that heart to break?

"Why did you say my lip was sweet,
And made the scarlet pale?
And why did I, young witless maid!
Believe the flatt'ring tale?

"That face, alas! no more is fair,
Those lips no longer red;
Dark are my eyes, now closed in death,
And every charm is fled.

"The hungry worm my sister is;
This winding-sheet I wear:
And cold and weary lasts our night,
Till that last morn appear.

"But hark! the cock has warn'd me
hence;
A long and last adieu!
Come see, false man, how low she lies,
Who died for love of you."

The lark sung loud; the morning smiled
With beams of rosy red;
Pale William quaked in every limb,
And raving left his bed.

He hied him to the fatal place,
Where Margaret's body lay;
And stretch'd him on the green grass turf,
That wrapt her breathless clay.

And thrice he called on Margaret's name,
And thrice he wept full sore;
Then laid his cheek to her cold grave,
And word spake never more.

EDWIN AND EMMA.

FAR in the windings of a vale,
Fast by a shelt'ring wood,
The safe retreat of health and peace,
A humble cottage stood.

There beauteous Emma flourish'd fair
Beneath her mother's eye,
Whose only wish on earth was now
To see her blest, and die.

The softest blush that nature spreads
Gave color to her cheek;

Such orient color smiles through Héav'n
When May's sweet mornings break.

Nor let the pride of great ones scorn
The charmers of the plains;
The sun which bids their diamond blaze
To deck our lily deigns.

Long had she fired each youth with love,
Each maiden with despair,
And though by all a wonder own'd,
Yet knew not she was fair;

Till Edwin came, the pride of swains,
A soul that knew no art;
And from whose eyes serenely mild,
Shone forth the feeling heart.

A mutual flame was quickly caught,
Was quickly too reveal'd;
For neither bosom lodged a wish,
Which virtue keeps conceal'd.

What happy hours of heart-felt bliss,
Did love on both bestow!
But bliss too mighty long to last,
Where fortune proves a foe.

His sister, who, like envy form'd,
Like her in mischief joy'd,
To work them harm with wicked skill
Each darker art employ'd.

The father, too, a sordid man,
Who love nor pity knew,
Was all unfeeling as the rock
From whence his riches grew.

Long had he seen their mutual flame,
And seen it long unmoved;
Then with a father's frown at last
He sternly disapproved.

In Edwin's gentle heart a war
Of diff'ring passions strove;
His heart, which durst not disobey,
Yet could not cease to love.

Denied her sight, he oft behind
The spreading hawthorn crept,
To snatch a glance, to mark the spot
Where Emma walk'd and wept.

Oft, too, in Stanemore's wintry waste,
Beneath the moonlight shade,
In sighs to pour his soften'd soul,
The midnight mourner stray'd.

His cheeks, where love with beauty
glow'd,
A deadly pale o'ercast;
So fades the fresh rose in its prime,
Before the northern blast.

The parents now, with late remorse,
Hung o'er his dying bed,
And wearied Heav'n with fruitless
prayers,
And fruitless sorrows shed.

"'Tis past," he cried, "but if your souls
Sweet mercy yet can move,
Let these dim eyes once more behold
What they must ever love."

She came; his cold hand softly touch'd,
And bathed with many a tear:
Fast falling o'er the primrose pale,
So morning dews appear.

But oh, his sister's jealous care
(A cruel sister she!)

Forbade what Emma came to say,
"My Edwin, live for me."

Now homeward as she hopeless went,
The churchyard path along,
The blast grew cold, the dark owl
scream'd
Her lover's fun'ral song.

Amid the falling gloom of night,
Her startling fancy found
In ev'ry bush his hov'ring shade,
His groan in every sound.

Alone, appall'd, thus had she pass'd
The visionary vale,
When lo! the deathbell smote her ear,
Sad sounding in the gale.

Just then she reach'd with trembling
steps
Her aged mother's door:
"He's gone," she cried, "and I shall see
That angel face no more!

"I feel, I feel this breaking heart
Beat high against my side!"
From her white arm down sunk her head,
She shiver'd, sigh'd, and died.

SAMUEL JOHNSON.

1709-1784.

[SAMUEL JOHNSON was born at Lichfield on the 18th of September, 1709. The first of his noteworthy poems, *London*, was published in 1738, at a period of his life when he was in great poverty, and for the copyright of the poem he only obtained ten guineas. It appeared on the same morning as Pope's Satire, "1738," and surpassed the latter in popularity. In 1747 he wrote his celebrated Prologue for the opening of Drury Lane Theatre. At this theatre was exhibited in 1749 his tragedy of *Irene*, which, though acted for thirteen nights, failed to secure the public favor. *The Vanity of Human Wishes* was published earlier in the same year with a view to excite an interest in the author of the play. These were his last important poetical works. He wrote, however, three Prologues: one to *Comus* in 1750, when that play was acted for the benefit of Milton's granddaughter; another to Goldsmith's *Good-natured Man*, in 1769; and a third to the revived *Word to the Wise*, in 1777. He died on the 13th of December, 1784.]

FRIENDSHIP.

FRIENDSHIP, peculiar boon of heaven,
The noble mind's delight and pride,
To men and angels only given,
To all the lower world denied.

While love, unknown among the blest,
Parent of thousand wild desires,
The savage and the human breast
Torments alike with raging fires.

With bright, but oft destructive gleam,
Alike o'er all his lightnings fly,
Thy lambent glories only beam
Around the fav'rites of the sky.

Thy gentle flows of guiltless joys,
On fools and villains ne'er descend;
In vain for thee the tyrant sighs,
And hugs a flatterer for a friend.

Directress of the brave and just,
O guide us through life's darksome way!
And let the tortures of mistrust
On selfish bosoms only prey.

Nor shall thine ardors cease to glow,
When souls to peaceful climes remove:
What rais'd our virtue here below,
Shall aid our happiness above.

CARDINAL WOLSEY.

[From *The Vanity of Human Wishes*.]

In full blown dignity see Wolsey stand,
Law in his voice, and fortune in his hand:
To him the church, the realm, their pow'r consign,
Through him the rays of regal bounty shine,
Still to new heights his restless wishes tow'r,
Claim leads to claim, and pow'r advances pow'r;
Till conquest unresisted ceas'd to please,
And rights submitted left him none to seize.
At length his sov'reign frowns—the train of state
Mark the keen glance, and watch the sign to hate.
Where'er he turns he meets a stranger's eye,
His suppliants scorn him, and his followers fly;
At once is lost the pride of awful state,
The golden canopy, the glittering plate,
The regal palace, the luxurious board,
The liveried army, and the menial lord.

With age, with cares, with maladies oppress'd,
He seeks the refuge of monastic rest.
Grief aids disease, remember'd folly stings,
And his last sighs reproach the faith of kings.

CHARLES XII.

ON what foundation stands the warrior's pride,
How just his hopes let Swedish Charles decide;
A frame of adamant, a soul of fire,
No dangers fright him, and no labors tire;
O'er love, o'er fear, extends his wide domain,
Unconquer'd lord of pleasure and of pain;
No joys to him pacific sceptres yield,
War sounds the trump, he rushes to the field;
Behold surrounding kings their pow'rs combine,
And one capitulate, and one resign;
Peace courts his hand, but spreads her charms in vain:
"Think nothing gain'd," he cries, "till naught remain;
On Moscow's walls till Gothic standards fly,
And all be mine beneath the polar sky."
The march begins in military state,
And nations on his eye suspended wait;
Stern famine guards the solitary coast,
And Winter barricades the realms of frost;
He comes, not want and cold his course delay;
Hide, blushing Glory, hide Pultowa's day:
The vanquish'd hero leaves his broken bands,
And shows his miseries in distant lands;
Condemn'd a needy supplicant to wait;
While ladies interpose, and slaves debate.
But did not chance at length her error mend?

Did no subverted empire mark his end?
Or hostile millions press him to the
ground?

His fall was destin'd to a barren strand,
A petty fortress, and a dubious hand:
He left the name, at which the world
grew pale,
To point a moral, or adorn a tale.

*PROLOGUE SPOKEN AT THE
OPENING OF THE DRURY
LANE THEATRE, 1747.*

WHEN Learning's triumph o'er her bar-
barous foes

First reared the stage immortal Shake-
speare rose:

Each change of many-colored life he
drew,

Exhausted worlds and then imagined
new:

Existence saw him spurn her bounded
reign,

And panting Time toiled after him in
vain:

His powerful strokes presiding Truth
impressed,

And unresisted Passion stormed the
breast.

Then Jonson came, instructed from
the school,

To please in method and invent by rule;
His studious patience and laborious art,

By regular approach assailed the heart:
Cold approbation gave the lingering

bays,
For those who durst not censure scarce
could praise.

A mortal born, he met the general
doom,

But left, like Egypt's kings, a lasting
tomb.

The wits of Charles found easier ways
to fame,

Nor wished for Jonson's art or Shake-
speare's flame;

Themselves they studied, as they felt
they writ;

Intrigue was plot, obscenity was wit.

Vice always found a sympathetic friend;
They pleased their age and did not aim
to mend.

Yet bards like these aspired to lasting
praise,

And proudly hoped to pimp in future
days.

Their cause was general, their supports
were strong,

Their slaves were willing and their reign
was long,

Till Shame regained the post that Sense
betrayed,

And Virtue called Oblivion to her aid.
Then crushed by rules, and weakened
as refined,

For years the power of Tragedy de-
clined:

From bard to bard the frigid caution
crept,

Till Declamation roared, whilst Passion
slept.

Yet still did Virtue deign the stage to
tread,

Philosophy remained though Nature fled.
But forced at length her ancient reign
to quit,

She saw great Faustus lay the ghost of
Wit;

Exulting Folly hailed the joyful day,
And Pantomime and Song confirmed her
sway.

But who the coming changes can pre-
sage,

And mark the future periods of the
Stage?

Perhaps if skill could distant times ex-
plore,

New Behns, new Durveys yet remain in
store;

Perhaps, where Lear has raved, and
Hamlet died,

On flying cars new sorcerers may ride:
Perhaps (for who can guess th' effects of
chance?)

Here Hunt may box, or Mahomet may
dance.

Hard is his lot that, here by Fortune
plac'd,

Must watch the wild vicissitudes of taste;
With ev'ry meteor of caprice must
play,

And chase the new-blown bubbles of the day.

Ah! let not Censure term our fate our choice,

The stage but echoes back the public voice;

The drama's laws, the drama's patrons give,

For we that live to please, must please to live.

Then prompt no more the follies you decry,

As tyrants doom their tools of guilt to die;

'Tis yours, this night, to bid the reign commence

Of rescued Nature and reviving Sense;
To chase the charms of sound, the pomp of show,

For useful mirth and salutary woe;
Bid scenic Virtue form the rising age,
And Truth diffuse her radiance from the stage.

*PROLOGUE TO THE COMEDY
OF A WORD TO THE WISE.*

THIS night presents a play which public rage,

Or right, or wrong, once hooted from the stage,

From zeal or malice now no more we dread,

For English vengeance wars not with the dead.

A generous foe regards with pitying eye
The man whom fate has laid where all must lie.

To wit reviving from its author's dust
Be kind, ye judges, or at least be just.

For no renewed hostilities invade
Th' oblivious grave's inviolable shade.

Let one great payment every claim appease,

And him, who cannot hurt, allow to please,

To please by scenes unconscious of offence,

By harmless merriment, or useful sense,
Where aught of bright or fair the piece displays,

Approve it only — 'tis too late to praise.
If want of skill or want of care appear,

Forbear to hiss — the poet cannot hear.
By all like him must praise and blame

be found
At best a fleeting gleam, or empty sound.

Yet then shall calm reflection bless the night,

When liberal pity dignified delight;
When pleasure fir'd her torch at virtue's flame,

And mirth was bounty with an humbler name.

WILLIAM SHENSTONE.

1714-1763.

[SHENSTONE was born at the Leasowes, near Hales Owen, in 1714: he died at the same place in 1763. In 1737, while still at Pembroke College, Oxford, he published some miscellaneous poems anonymously. *The Judgment of Hercules* appeared in 1741, *The Schoolmistress* next year. His works, prose and verse, were published in 1764, the year after his death.]

THE SCHOOLMISTRESS.

IN every village mark'd with little spire,

Embower'd in trees and hardly known to fame,

There dwells, in lowly shed and mean attire,

A matron old, whom we Schoolmistress name,

Who boasts unruly brats with birch to tame;

They griev'd sore, in piteous durance pent,

Aw'd by the power of this relentless
dame,
And oft times, on vagaries idly bent,
For unkempt hair, or task unconn'd, are
sorely shent.

Near to this dome is found a patch so
green,
On which the tribe their gambols do display,
And at the door imprisoning board is
seen,
Lest weakly wights of smaller size should
stray,
Eager, perdie, to bask in sunny day!
The noises intermix'd, which thence re-
sound,
Do learning's little tenement betray,
Where sits the dame, disguis'd in look
profound,
And eyes her fairy throng, and turns her
wheel around.

Her cap, far whiter than the driven snow,
Emblem right meet of decency does
yield;
Her apron dy'd in grain, as blue, I trow,
As is the harebell that adorns the field;
And in her hand, for sceptre, she does
wield
'Twas birchen sprays, with anxious fear
entwin'd,
With dark distrust, and sad repentance
fill'd,
And steadfast hate, and sharp affliction
join'd,
And fury uncontroul'd, and chastisement
unkind.

A russet stole was o'er her shoulders
thrown,
A russet kirtle fenc'd the nipping air;
'Twas simple russet, but it was her own;
'Twas her own country bred the flock so
fair;
'Twas her own labour did the fleece pre-
pare;
And, sooth to say, her pupils rang'd
around,
Through pious awe did term it passing
rare,
For they in gaping wonderment abound,

And think, no doubt, she been the
greatest wight on ground.

Albeit, ne flattery did corrupt her truth,
Ne pompous title did debauch her ear,
Goody, good-woman, gossip, n'aunt, for-
sooth,
Or dame, the sole additions she did hear;
Yet these she challeng'd, these she held
right dear;
Ne would esteem him act as mough/
behove
Who should not honour'd eld with these
revere:
For never title yet so mean could prove.
But there was eke a mind which did that
title love.

Herbs too she knew, and well of each
could speak
That in her garden sipp'd the silvery dew,
Where no vain flower disclos'd a gaudy
streak,
But herbs for use and physic, not a few
Of gray renown, within those borders
grew;
The tufted basil, pun-provoking thyme,
Fresh baum, and marygold of cheerful
hue,
The lowly gill, that never dares to climb,
And more I fain would sing, disdaining
here to rhyme.

Yet euphrasy may not be left unsung,
That gives dim eyes to wander leagues
around,
And pungent radish, biting infant's
tongue,
And plantain ribb'd, that heals the
reaper's wound,
And marjoram sweet, in shepherd's
posy found,
And lavender, whose spikes of azure
bloom
Shall be, erewhile, in arid bundles
bound,
To lurk amidst the labours of her loom,
And crown her kerchiefs clean with
mickle rare perfume.

Here oft the dame, on sabbath's decent
eve,

Hymned such psalms as Sternhold forth
 did mete;
 If winter 'twere, she to her hearth did
 cleave,
 But in her garden found a summer-seat:
 Sweet melody! to hear her then repeat
 How Israel's sons, beneath a foreign
 king,
 While taunting foe-men did a song en-
 treat,
 All for the nonce untuning every string,
 Upon their useless lyres — small heart
 had they to sing.

For she was just, and friend to virtuous
 lore,
 And pass'd much time in truly virtuous
 deed;
 And in those elfins' ears would oft de-
 plore
 The times when Truth by Popish rage
 did bleed,
 And tortuous death was true Devotion's
 meed;
 And simple Faith in iron chains did
 mourn,

That n' ould on wooden image place her
 creed;
 And lawny saints in smouldering flames
 did burn:
 Ah! dearest Lord! forefend, thilk days
 should e'er return.

.

Right well she knew each temper to
 descry,
 To thwart the proud, and the submiss
 to raise,
 Some with vile copper prize exalt on
 high,
 And some entice with pittance small of
 praise,
 And other some with baleful sprig she
 'frays:
 Ev'n absent, she the reins of power doth
 hold,
 While with quaint arts the giddy crowd
 she sways;
 Forewarn'd, if little bird their pranks
 behold,
 'Twill whisper in her ear, and all the
 scene unfold.



TOBIAS SMOLLETT.

1720-1771.

[BORN in 1720 at Dalquhurn, in the County of Dumbarton; educated under a surgeon in Glasgow, where he attended the medical lectures of the University; married a lady of Jamaica; died in the neighborhood of Leghorn, Oct., 1771.]

THE TEARS OF SCOTLAND.

MOURN, hapless Caledonia, mourn
 Thy banish'd peace, thy laurels torn!
 Thy sons, for valor long renown'd,
 Lie slaughter'd on their native ground;
 Thy hospitable roofs no more
 Invite the stranger to the door;
 In smoky ruins sunk they lie,
 The monuments of cruelty.

The wretched owner sees afar
 His all become the prey of war;
 Bethinks him of his babes and wife,
 Then smites his breast, and curses
 life,

Thy swains are famish'd on the rocks,
 Where once they fed their wanton flocks:
 Thy ravish'd virgins shriek in vain;
 Thy infants perish on the plain.

What boots it, then, in every clime,
 Through the wide-spreading waste of
 time,
 Thy martial glory, crown'd with praise,
 Still shone with undiminish'd blaze!
 Thy tow'ring spirit now is broke,
 Thy neck is bended to the yoke.
 What foreign arms could never quell.
 By civil rage and rancor fell,

The rural pipe and merry lay
 No more shall cheer the happy day :
 No social scenes of gay delight
 Beguile the dreary winter night :
 No strains but those of sorrow flow,
 And nought be heard but sounds of woe,
 While the pale phantoms of the slain
 Glide nightly o'er the silent plain.

O baneful cause ! oh, fatal morn !
 Accursed to ages yet unborn !
 The sons against their fathers stood,
 The parent shed his children's blood.
 Yet, when the rage of battle ceased,
 The victor's soul was not appeased :
 The naked and forlorn must feel
 Devouring flames and murd'ring steel !

The pious mother, doom'd to death,
 Forsaken wanders o'er the heath ;
 The bleak wind whistles round her head,
 Her helpless orphans cry for bread ;
 Bereft of shelter, food, and friend,
 She views the shades of night descend ;
 And stretch'd beneath th' inclement skies,
 Weeps o'er her tender babes, and dies.

While the warm blood bedews my veins,
 And unimpair'd remembrance reigns,
 Resentment of my country's fate,
 Within my filial breast shall beat ;
 And, spite of her insulting foe,
 My sympathizing verse shall flow :
 " Mourn, hapless Caledonia, mourn
 Thy banish'd peace, thy laurels torn "

INDEPENDENCE.

STROPHE.

THY spirit, Independence, let me share,
 Lord of the lion-heart and eagle-eye,
 Thy steps I follow with my bosom bare,
 Nor heed the storm that howls along the sky.

Deep in the frozen regions of the north,
 A goddess violated brought thee forth,
 Immortal Liberty, whose look sublime
 Hath bleach'd the tyrant's cheek in every varying clime.

What time the iron-hearted Gaul,

With frantic superstition for his guide,
 Arm'd with the dagger and the pall,
 The sons of Woden to the field defied :
 The ruthless hag, by Weser's flood,
 In Heaven's name urged the infernal blow,
 And red the stream began to flow :
 The vanquish'd were baptized with blood !

ANTISTROPHE.

The Saxon prince in horror fled
 From altars stain'd with human gore ;
 And Liberty his routed legions led
 In safety to the bleak Norwegian shore.
 There in a cave asleep she lay,
 Lull'd by the hoarse-resounding main ;
 When a bold savage past that way,
 Impell'd by destiny, his name Disdain.
 Of ample front the portly chief appear'd :
 The hunted bear supplied a shaggy vest ;
 The drifted snow hung on his yellow beard ;
 And his broad shoulders braved the furious blast.
 He stopt : he gazed ; his bosom glow'd,
 And deeply felt the impression of her charms :
 He seized the advantage fate allow'd,
 And straight compressed her in his vigorous arms.

STROPHE.

The curlew scream'd, the tritons blew
 Their shells to celebrate the ravish'd rite ;
 Old Time exulted as he flew ;
 And Independence saw the light.
 The light he saw in Albion's happy plains,
 Where under cover of a flowering thorn,
 While Philomel renew'd her warbled strains,
 The auspicious fruit of stol'n embrace was born.
 The mountain dryads seized with joy,
 The smiling infant to their care consign'd ;
 The Doric muse caress'd the favorite boy ;
 The hermit Wisdom stored his opening mind.
 As rolling years matured his age,

He flourish'd bold and sinewy as his
sire;
While the mild passions in his breast
assuage
The fiercer flames of his maternal fire.

ANTISTROPHE.

Accomplish'd thus, he wing'd his way,
And zealous roved from pole to pole,
The rolls of right eternal to display,
And warm with patriot thoughts the as-
piring soul.
On desert isles 'twas he that raised
Those spires that gild the Adriatic
wave,
Where tyranny beheld amazed
Fair freedom's temple, where he mark'd
her grave.
He steel'd the blunt Batavian's arms
To burst the Iberian's double chain;
And cities rear'd, and planted farms,
Won from the skirts of Neptune's wide
domain.
He with the generous rustics sate,
On Uri's rocks in close divan;
And wing'd that arrow sure as fate,
Which ascertain'd the sacred rights of
man.

STROPHE.

Arabia's scorching sands he cross'd,
Where blasted nature pants supine,
Conductor of her tribes adust,
To freedom's adamant shrine;
And many a Tartar horde forlorn,
aghast!
He snatch'd from under fell oppres-
sion's wing,
And taught amidst the dreary waste
The all-cheering hymns of liberty to
sing.
He virtue finds, like precious ore,
Diffused through every baser mould;
Even now he stands on Calvi's rocky
shore,
And turns the dross of Corsica to gold:
He, guardian genius, taught my youth
Pomp's tinsel livery to despise:
My lips by him chastised to truth,
Ne'er paid that homage which my heart
denies.

ANTISTROPHE.

Those sculptur'd halls my feet shall
never tread,
Where varnish'd vice and vanity com-
bined,
To dazzle and seduce, their banners
spread,
And forge vile shackles for the free-
born mind;
While insolence his wrinkled front up-
rears,
And all the flowers of spurious fancy
blow;
And tittle his ill-woven chaplet wears,
Full often wreathed around the mis-
creant's brow:
Where ever-dimpling falsehood, pert
and vain,
Presents her cup of stale profession's
froth;
And pale disease, with all his bloated
train,
Torments the sons of gluttony and sloth.

STROPHE.

In fortune's car behold that minion ride,
With either India's glittering spoils op-
prest;
So moves the sumpter-mule, in harness'd
pride,
That bears the treasure which he cannot
taste.
For him let venal bards disgrace the
bay,
And hireling minstrels wake the tink-
ling string;
Her sensual snares let faithless pleasure
lay;
And jingling bells fantastic folly ring;
Disquiet, doubt, and dread shall inter-
vene;
And nature, still to all her feelings just,
In vengeance hang a damp on every
scene,
Shook from the baleful pinions of dis-
gust.

ANTISTROPHE.

Nature I'll court in her sequester'd
haunts,

By mountain, meadow, streamlet, grove,
 or cell,
 Where the poised lark his evening ditty
 chaunts,
 And health, and peace, and contempla-
 tion dwell.
 There study shall with solitude recline;
 And friendship pledge me to his fellow-
 swains;
 And toil and temperance sedately twine
 The slender cord that fluttering life sus-
 tains:
 And fearless poverty shall guard the
 door;
 And taste unspoil'd the frugal table
 spread;
 And industry supply the humble store;
 And sleep unbribed his dews refreshing
 shed;
 White-mantled innocence, ethereal
 sprite,
 Shall chase far off the goblins of the
 night;
 And Independence o'er the day preside,
 Propitious power! my patron and my
 pride.

ODE TO LEVEN WATER.

ON Leven's banks, while free to rove,
 And tune the rural pipe to love,

I envied not the happiest swain
 That ever trod the Arcadian plain.
 Pure stream, in whose transparent
 wave
 My youthful limbs I wont to lave;
 No torrents stain thy limpid source,
 No rocks impede thy dimpling course,
 That sweetly warbles o'er its bed,
 With white round polish'd pebbles
 spread;
 While, lightly poised, the scaly brood
 In myriads cleave thy crystal flood;
 The springing trout in speckled pride,
 The salmon, monarch of the tide;
 The ruthless pike, intent on war,
 The silver eel, and mottled par.
 Devolving from thy parent lake,
 A charming maze thy waters make,
 By bowers of birch and groves of
 pine,
 And hedges flower'd with eglantine.
 Still on thy banks so gaily green,
 May numerous herds and flocks be
 seen:
 And lasses chanting o'er the pail,
 And shepherds piping in the dale;
 And ancient faith that knows no guile,
 And industry embrown'd with toil;
 And hearts resolved and hands pre-
 pared
 The blessings they enjoy to guard!

MARK AKENSIDE.

1721-1770.

[BORN November 9, 1721; studied medicine at Edinburgh and Leyden; practised as a physician at Northampton; received from his friend Jeremiah Dyson an annual allowance of £300; removed to London, 1748; appointed one of the Physicians to the Queen; wrote various medical tracts and lectures; died June 23, 1770. *The Pleasures of Imagination* was published in January, 1744; *Odes on Several Subjects*, 1745. The unfinished recast of *The Pleasures of Imagination* appeared after Akenside's death in his *Poems*, 1772.]

THE MINGLED PAIN AND PLEASURE ARISING FROM VIRTUOUS EMOTIONS.

[From *Pleasures of the Imagination*.]

BEHOLD the ways
 Of Heaven's eternal destiny to man,
 For ever just, benevolent, and wise:
 That Virtue's awful steps, howe'er pur-
 sued

By vexing Fortune and intrusive Pain,
 Should never be divided from her chaste,
 Her fair attendant, Pleasure. Need I
 urge
 Thy tardy thought through all the vari-
 ous round
 Of this existence, that thy soft'ning soul
 At length may learn what energy the
 hand
 Of Virtue mingles in the bitter tide

Of passion swelling with distress and pain,
 To mitigate the sharp with gracious drops
 Of cordial Pleasure? Ask the faithful youth,
 Why the cold urn of her whom long he lov'd
 So often fills his arms; so often draws
 His lonely footsteps, at the silent hour,
 To pay the mournful tribute of his tears?
 O! he will tell thee, that the wealth of worlds
 Should ne'er seduce his bosom to forego
 That sacred hour, when, stealing from the noise
 Of Care and Envy, sweet Remembrance
 soothes,
 With Virtue's kindest looks, his aching breast,
 And turns his tears to rapture. — Ask the crowd,
 Which flies impatient from the village walk
 To climb the neighb'ring cliffs, when far below
 The cruel winds have hurl'd upon the coast
 Some hapless bark; while sacred Pity melts
 The gen'ral eye, or Terror's icy hand
 Smites their distorted limbs and horrent hair;
 While ev'ry mother closer to her breast
 Catches her child, and, pointing where the waves
 Foam through the shatter'd vessel, shrieks aloud,
 As one poor wretch, that spreads his piteous arms
 For succor, swallow'd by the roaring surge,
 As now another, dash'd against the rock,
 Drops lifeless down. O! deemest thou indeed
 No kind endearment here by Nature giv'n
 To mutual Terror and Compassion's tears?
 No sweetly-swelling softness, which attracts,
 O'er all that edge of pain, the social pow'rs

To this their proper action and their end? —
 Ask thy own heart; when, at the midnight hour,
 Slow through that studious gloom thy pausing eye,
 Led by the glimm'ring taper, moves around
 The sacred volumes of the dead, the songs
 Of Grecian bards, and records writ by Fame
 For Grecian heroes, where the present pow'r
 Of heav'n and earth surveys th' immortal page,
 E'en as a father blessing, while he reads
 The praises of his son; if then thy soul,
 Spurning the yoke of these inglorious days,
 Mix in their deeds and kindle with their flame:
 Say, when the prospect blackens on thy view,
 When rooted from the base, heroic states
 Mourn in the dust, and tremble at the frown
 Of curs'd Ambition; — when the pious band
 Of youths that fought for freedom and their sires
 Lie side by side in gore; — when ruffian Pride
 Usurps the throne of Justice, turns the pomp
 Of public pow'r the majesty of rule,
 The sword, the laurel, and the purple robe,
 To slavish empty pageants, to adorn
 A tyrant's walk, and glitter in the eyes
 Of such as bow the knee; — when honor'd urns
 Of patriots and of chiefs, the awful bust
 And storied arch, to glut the coward rage
 Of regal envy, strew the public way
 With hallow'd ruins! — when the muse's haunt,
 The marble porch where Wisdom, wont to talk
 With Socrates or Tully, hears no more,

Save the hoarse jargon of contentious monks,
 Or female Superstition's midnight pray'r; —
 When ruthless Rapine from the hand of Time
 Tears the destroying scythe, with surer blow
 To sweep the works of Glory from their base;
 Till Desolation o'er the grass-grown street
 Expands his raven wings, and up the wall,
 Where senates once the pride of monarchs doom'd,
 Hisses the gliding snake through hoary weeds,
 That clasp the mould'ring column: — thus defac'd,
 Thus widely mournful when the prospect thrills
 Thy beating bosom, when the patriot's tear
 Starts from thine eye, and thy extended arm
 In fancy hurls the thunderbolt of Jove,
 To fire the impious wreath on Philip's brow,
 Or dash Octavius from the trophied car; —
 Say, does thy secret soul repine to taste
 The big distress? or wouldst thou then exchange
 Those heart-ennobling sorrows for the lot
 Of him who sits amid the gaudy herd
 Of mute barbarians bending to his nod,
 And bears aloft his gold-invested front,
 And says within himself, "I am a king,
 And wherefore should the clam'rous voice of Woe
 Intrude upon mine ear?" — The baleful dregs
 Of these late ages, this inglorious draught
 Of servitude and folly, have not yet,
 Blest be th' Eternal Ruler of the world!
 Defil'd to such a depth of sordid shame
 The native honors of the human soul,
 Nor so effac'd the image of its sire.

ON TASTE.

[From *Pleasures of the Imagination*.]

SAY, what is Taste, but the internal pow'rs
 Active and strong, and feelingly alive
 To each fine impulse? a discerning sense
 Of decent and sublime, with quick disgust
 From things deform'd, or disarrang'd, or gross
 In species? This nor gems, nor stores of gold,
 Nor purple state, nor culture can bestow;
 But God alone, when first his active hand
 Imprints the sacred bias of the soul.
 He, Mighty Parent! wise and just in all,
 Free as the vital breeze, or light of heav'n,
 Reveals the charms of Nature. Ask the swain
 Who journeys homeward from a summer-day's
 Long labor, why, forgetful of his toils
 And due repose, he loiters to behold
 The sunshine gleaming as through amber clouds
 O'er all the western sky! Full soon, I ween,
 His rude expression, and untutor'd airs,
 Beyond the pow'r of language, will unfold
 The form of Beauty smiling at his heart,
 How lovely! how commanding! But though Heav'n
 In every breast hath sown these early seeds
 Of love and admiration, yet in vain,
 Without fair Culture's kind parental aid,
 Without enliv'ning suns and genial show'rs,
 And shelter from the blast, in vain we hope
 The tender plant should rear its blooming head,
 Or yield the harvest promis'd in its spring.
 Nor yet will ev'ry soil with equal stores
 Repay the tiller's labor; or attend
 His will, obsequious, whether to produce
 The olive or the laurel. Diff'rent minds
 Incline to diff'rent objects: one pursues

The vast alone, the wonderful, the wild;
 Another sighs for harmony and grace,
 And gentlest beauty. Hence when light-
 ning fires
 The arch of heav'n, and thunders rock
 the ground;
 When furious whirlwinds rend the howl-
 ing air,
 And Ocean, groaning from his lowest bed,
 Heaves his tempestuous billows to the
 sky;
 Amid the mighty uproar, while below
 The nations tremble, Shakespeare looks
 abroad
 From some high cliff, superior, and enjoys
 The elemental war. But Waller longs,
 All on the margin of some flow'ry stream,
 To spread his careless limbs, amid the
 cool
 Of plantane shades, and to the list'ning
 deer
 The tale of slighted vows and Love's
 disdain
 Resounds, soft warbling, all the livelong
 day.
 Consenting Zephyr sighs; the weeping
 rill
 Joins in his plaint, melodious; mute the
 groves;
 And hill and dale with all their echoes
 mourn.
 Such and so various are the tastes of men.

THE PLEASURES OF A CULTI-
 VATED IMAGINATION.

[From *Pleasures of the Imagination*.]

BLEST of Heav'n, whom not the lan-
 guid songs
 Of Luxury, the siren! not the bribes
 Of sordid Wealth, nor all the gaudy
 spoils

Of pageant Honor, can seduce to leave
 Those everblooming sweets, which from
 the store
 Of Nature fair Imagination culls,
 To charm th' enliven'd soul! What
 though not all
 Of mortal offspring can attain the height
 Of envied life; though only few possess
 Patrician treasures, or imperial state:
 Yet Nature's care to all her children just,
 With richer treasures and an ampler state
 Endows at large whatever happy man
 Will deign to use them. His the city's
 pomp,
 The rural honors his. What'er adorns
 The princely dome, the column, and the
 arch,
 The breathing marbles, and the sculptur'd
 gold,
 Beyond the proud possessor's narrow
 claim,
 His tuneful breast enjoys. For him the
 Spring
 Distils her dew, and from the silken
 gem
 Its lucid leaves unfolds; for him the
 hand
 Of Autumn tinges every fertile branch
 With blooming gold, and blushes like
 the morn.
 Each passing hour sheds tribute from
 her wing;
 And still new beauties meet his lonely
 walk,
 And loves unfelt attract him. Not a
 breeze
 Flies o'er the meadow, not a cloud im-
 bibes
 The setting sun's effulgence, not a strain
 From all the tenants of the warbling
 shade
 Ascend, but whence his bosom can par-
 take
 Fresh pleasure unreprieved.

WILLIAM COLLINS.

1721-1759.

[WILLIAM COLLINS was born at Chichester on Christmas Day, 1721. It is believed that he went for a time to the Prebendal School of that city; and in 1733 he entered Winchester College, then under Dr. Burton. Before he left school he had written the *Persian Eclogues* (which in their later editions are called *Oriental Eclogues*); and he had printed a so-called sonnet in the "Gentleman's Magazine." In 1740 he entered as commoner of Queen's College, Oxford, there being no vacancy at New College; and next year he obtained a demyship at Magdalen. The *Persian Eclogues* were published in 1742; next year came the *Epistle to Sir T. Hanmer*; and in 1744 he seems to have left Oxford for London, where he found a true friend in Johnson. His *Odes*, which he once meant to have published jointly with those of his old schoolfellow Joseph Warton, appeared alone in 1747. After this he went to live at Richmond, where he saw much of Thomson, Armstrong, and others of that company. In 1749 he wrote the *Ode on the Death of Thomson*, and the *Ode on the Popular Superstitions of the Highlands*. Soon afterwards he was attacked by the brain-disease from which, with certain intervals of partial recovery, he suffered for the rest of his life. His last years were spent at Chichester under the care of his sister, Mrs. Sempill. He died in 1759.]

THE DEATH OF THE BRAVE.

[Written in the beginning of the year 1746.]

How sleep the brave, who sink to rest
By all their country's wishes blest!
When spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallow'd mould,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod
Than fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung,
By forms unseen their dirge is sung:
There Honor comes, a pilgrim gray,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay;
And Freedom shall awhile repair,
To dwell a weeping hermit there.

ODE TO FEAR.

THOU, to whom the world unknown,
With all its shadowy shapes is shown;
Who seest appall'd th' unreal scene,
While Fancy lifts the veil between:

Ah Fear! ah frantic Fear!

I see, I see thee near.

I know thy hurried step, thy haggard
eye!

Like thee I start, like thee disorder'd fly;
For lo, what monsters in thy train appear!

Danger, whose limbs of giant mould
What mortal eye can fix'd behold?
Who stalks his round, a hideous form,
Howling amidst the midnight storm,

Or throws him on the ridgy steep
Of some loose hanging rock to sleep:
And with him thousand phantoms join'd,
Who prompt to deeds accurs'd the mind:
And those the fiends, who, near allied,
O'er Nature's wounds and wrecks pre-
side;

While Vengeance in the lurid air
Lifts her red arm, expos'd and bare:
On whom that ravening brood of Fare,
Who lap the blood of Sorrow, wait;
Who, Fear, this ghastly train can see,
And look not madly wild, like thee?

Thou, who such weary lengths has
pass'd,
Where wilt thou rest, mad Nymph, at
last?

Say, wilt thou shroud in haunted cell,
Where gloomy Rape and Murder dwell?
Or in some hollow'd seat,

'Gainst which the big waves beat,
Hear drowning seamen's cries in tem-
pests brought,

Dark pow'r, with shudd'ring meek sub-
mitted Thought?

Be mine, to read the visions old,
Which thy awak'ning bards have told,
And, lest thou meet my blasted view,
Hold each strange tale devoutly true;
Ne'er be I found, by thee o'eraw'd,
In that thrice hallow'd eve abroad,
When ghosts, as cottage-maids believe,
The pebbled beds permitted leave,
And goblins haunt, from fire, or fen,
Or mine, or flood, the walks of men!

O thou whose spirit most possess'd
The sacred seat of Shakespeare's breast !
By all that from thy prophet broke,
In thy divine emotions spoke !
Hither again thy fury deal,
Teach me but once like him to feel;
His cypress wreath my meed decree,
And I, O Fear ! will dwell with thee.

ODE TO EVENING.

If aught of oaten stop, or pastoral song,
May hope, chaste Eve, to soothe thy
modest ear,
Like thy own solemn springs,
Thy springs, and dying gales;

O nymph reserved, while now the bright-
hair'd Sun
Sits in yon western tent, whose cloudy
skirts,
With braid ethereal wove,
O'erhang his wavy bed :

Now air is hush'd, save where the weak-
ey'd bat,
With short shrill shriek flits by on
leathern wing;
Or where the beetle winds
His small but sullen horn,

As oft he rises 'midst the twilight path,
Against the pilgrim borne in heedless
hum;
Now teach me, maid composed
To breathe some soften'd strain,

Whose numbers, stealing through thy
darkening vale
May not unseemly with its stillness suit;
As, musing slow, I hail
Thy genial loved return !

For when thy folding-star arising shows
His paly circlet, at his warning lamp,
The fragrant Hours, and Elves
Who slept in buds the day.

And many a Nymph who wreathes her
brows with sedge,¹

¹ The water-nymphs, Naiads, are so crowned.

And sheds the freshening dew, and,
lovelier still,
The pensive Pleasures sweet,
Prepare thy shadowy car.

Then let me rove some wild and heathy
scene;
Or find some ruin 'midst its dreary dells,
Whose walls more awful nod
By thy religious gleams.

Or, if chill blustering winds, or driving
rain,
Prevent my willing feet, be mine the
hut,
That from the mountain's side,
Views wilds, and swelling floods,

And hamlets brown, and dim-discover'd
spires;
And hears their simple bell, and marks
o'er all
Thy dewy fingers draw
The gradual dusky veil.

While Spring shall pour his showers, as
oft he wont,
And bathe thy breathing tresses, meekest
Eve !
While summer loves to sport
Beneath thy lingering light;

While fallow Autumn fills thy lap with
leaves :
Or Winter yelling through the troublous
air,
Affrights thy shrinking train,
And rudely rends thy robes;

So long, regardful of thy quiet rule,
Shall Fancy, Friendship, Science, smil-
ing Peace,
Thy gentlest influence own,
And love thy favorite name !

THE PASSIONS.

WHEN music, heavenly maid, was
young,
While yet in early Greece she sung,
The Passions oft to hear her shell,
Throng'd around her magic cell,

Exulting, trembling, raging, fainting,
 Possess'd beyond the Muse's painting:
 By turns they felt the glowing mind
 Disturb'd, delighted, raised, refined;
 Till once, 'tis said, when all were fired,
 Fill'd with fury, rapt, inspired,
 From the supporting myrtles round
 They snatch'd their instruments of
 sound;

And, as they oft had heard apart,
 Sweet lessons of her forceful art,
 Each (for Madness ruled the hour)
 Would prove his own expressive power.

First, Fear, his hand, its skill to try,
 Amid the chords bewilder'd laid,
 And back recoil'd, he knew not why,
 E'en at the sound himself had made.

Next, Anger rush'd: his eyes on fire
 In lightnings own'd his secret stings:
 In one rude clash he struck the lyre,
 And swept with hurried hand the
 strings.

With woeful measures wan Despair
 Low, sullen sounds his grief beguiled;
 A solemn, strange, and mingled air,
 'Twas sad by fits, by starts 'twas wild.

But thou, O Hope, with eyes so fair,
 What was thy delighted measure?
 Still it whisper'd promised pleasure,
 And bade the lovely scenes at distance
 hail!

Still would her touch the strain prolong;
 And from the rocks, the woods, the
 vale,

She call'd on Echo still, through all the
 song:

And, where her sweetest theme she
 chose,

A soft responsive voice was heard at
 every close,

And Hope enchanted smiled, and waved
 her golden hair.

And longer had she sung; — but with a
 frown,

Revenge impatient rose:

He threw his blood-stain'd sword, in
 thunder, down;

And, with a withering look,
 The war-denouncing trumpet took,

And blew a blast so loud and dread,
 Were ne'er prophetic sounds so full of
 woe!

And, ever and anon, he beat
 The doubling drum, with furious heat;
 And though sometimes, each dreary
 pause between,

Dejected Pity, at his side,
 Her soul-subduing voice applied,
 Yet still he kept his wild unalter'd mien,
 While each strain'd ball of sight seem'd
 bursting from his head.

Thy numbers, Jealousy, to nought were
 fix'd;

Sad proof of thy distressful state;
 Of differing themes the veering song
 was mix'd;

And now it courted Love, now raving
 call'd on Hate,

With eyes upraised, as one inspired,
 Pale Melancholy sate retired,
 And from her wild sequester'd seat,
 In notes by distance made more sweet,
 Pour'd through the mellow horn her
 pensive soul:

And, dashing soft from rocks around,
 Bubbling runnels join'd the sound;
 Through glades and glooms the mingled
 measure stole,

Or o'er some haunted stream, with
 fond delay,

Round an holy calm diffusing,
 Love of peace, and lonely musing,

In hollow murmurs died away,
 But O! how alter'd was its sprightlier
 tone,

When Cheerfulness, a nymph of heal-
 thiest hue,

Her bow across her shoulder flung,
 Her buskins gemm'd with morning
 dew,

Blew an inspiring air, that dale and
 thicket rung,

The hunter's call to Faun and Dryad
 known!

The oak-crown'd sisters, and their
 chaste-eyed Queen,¹

Satyrs and Sylvan Boys were seen,
 Peeping from forth their alleys green:

¹ The Dryads and Diana.

Brown Exercise rejoiced to hear;
And Sport leapt up and seized his
beechen spear.

Last came Joy's ecstatic trial:
He, with viny crown advancing,
First to the lively pipe his hand ad-
dress'd;

But soon he saw the brisk-awakening
viol.

Whose sweet entrancing voice he
loved the best;

They would have thought who heard
the strain

They saw, in Tempé's vale, her native
maids,

Amidst the festal sounding shades,
To some unwearied minstrel dancing,
While as his flying fingers kiss'd the
strings,

Love fram'd with Mirth a gay fantas-
tic round:

Loose were her tresses seen, her zone
unbound;

And he, amidst his frolic play,
As if he would the charming air repay,
Shook thousand odors from his dewy
wings.

O Music! sphere-descended maid,
Friend of Pleasure, Wisdom's aid!
Why, goddess, why, to us denied,
Lay'st thou thy ancient lyre aside?
As, in that loved Athenian bower,
You learn'd an all-commanding power,
Thy mimic soul, O Nymph endear'd,
Can well recall what then it heard;
Where is thy native simple heart,
Devote to Virtue, Fancy, Art?

Arise, as in that elder time,
Warm, energetic, chaste, sublime!
Thy wonders, in that god-like age,
Fill thy recording Sister's page —
'Tis said, and I believe the tale,
Thy humblest reed could more prevail,
Had more of strength, diviner rage,
Than all which charms this laggard
age;

E'en all at once together found,
Cecilia's mingled world of sound —
O bid our vain endeavor cease;
Revive the just designs of Greece:
Return in all thy simple state!
Confirm the tales her sons relate!

DIRGE IN CYMBELINE.

To fair Fidele's grassy tomb
Soft maids and village hinds shall bring
Each opening sweet of earliest bloom,
And rifle all the breathing spring.

No wailing ghost shall dare appear
To vex with shrieks this quiet grove;
But shepherd lads assemble here,
And melting virgins own their love.

No wither'd witch shall here be seen,
No goblins lead their nightly crew;
But female fays shall haunt the green,
And dress thy grave with pearly dew

The redbreast oft at evening hours
Shall kindly lend his little aid,
With hoary moss and gather'd flowers
To deck the ground where thou art
laid.

When howling winds and beating rain
In tempests shake the sylvan cell,
Or 'midst the chase upon the plain,
The tender thought on thee shall dwell.

Each lonely scene shall thee restore,
For thee the tear be duly shed;
Beloved till life can charm no more,
And mourn'd till Pity's self be dead.

ODE TO MERCY.

STROPHE.

O THOU, who sit'st a smiling bride
By Valor's arm'd and awful side,
Gentlest of sky-born forms, and best
adored;

Who oft with songs, divine to hear,
Win'st from his fatal grasp the spear,
And hid'st in wreaths of flowers his
bloodless sword!

Thou who, amidst the deathful field,
By god-like chiefs alone beheld,
Oft with thy bosom bare art found,
Pleading for him the youth who sinks to
ground:

See, Mercy, see, with pure and loaded
hands,
Before thy shrine my country's genius
stands,
And decks thy altar still, though pierced
with many a wound !

ANTISTROPHE.

When he whom ev'n our joys provoke,
The fiend of nature join'd his yoke,
And rush'd in wrath to make our isle his
prey;
Thy form, from out thy sweet abode,
O'ertook him on his blasted road,
And stopp'd his wheels, and look'd his
rage away.

I see recoil his sable steeds,
That bore him swift to savage deeds,
Thy tender melting eyes they own;
O maid, for all thy love to Britain shown,
Where Justice bars her iron tower,
To thee we build a roseate bower,
Thou, thou shalt rule our queen, and
share our monarch's throne !

ON THE DEATH OF THOMSON.

In yonder grave a Druid lies
Where slowly winds the stealing wave !
The year's best sweets shall duteous rise,
To deck its poet's sylvan grave !

In yon deep bed of whispering reeds
His airy harp shall now be laid,
That he whose heart in sorrow bleeds,
May love through life the soothing
shade.

Then maids and youths shall linger here,
And, while its sounds at distance swell,
Shall sadly seem in pity's ear
To hear the woodland pilgrim's knell.

Remembrance oft shall haunt the shore
When Thames in summer wreaths is
drest,
And oft suspend the dashing oar
To bid his gentle spirit rest !

And oft as ease and health retire
To breezy lawn, or forest deep,
The friend shall view yon whitening
spire,
And 'mid the varied landscape weep.

But thou, who own'st that earthy bed,
Ah ! what will every dirge avail?
Or tears with love and pity shed,
That mourn beneath the gliding sail !

Yet lives there one, whose heedless eye
Shall scorn thy pale shrine glimmering
near?
With him, sweet bard, may fancy die,
And joy desert the blooming year.

But thou, lorn stream, whose sullen
tide
No sedge-crown'd sisters now attend,
Now waft me from the green hill's side
Whose cold turf hides the buried
friend !

And see, the fairy valleys fade,
Dun night has veil'd the solemn view !
Yet once again, dear parted shade,
Meek nature's child, again adieu !

The genial meads assign'd to bless
Thy life, shall mourn thy early doom !
Their hinds and shepherd girls shall dress
With simple hands thy rural tomb.

Long, long, thy stone, and pointed clay
Shall melt the musing Briton's eyes,
O ! vales, and wild woods, shall he say,
In yonder grave your Druid lies !

THOMAS GRAY.

1716-1771.

[THOMAS GRAY was born in London on the 26th of December, 1716. His father is described as "a citizen and money-scrivener"; we should say nowadays, he was on the stock-exchange. He appears to have been a selfish, extravagant, and violent man. Mr. Antrobus, Gray's uncle on the mother's side, was one of the assistant masters at Eton, and at Eton, under his care, Gray was brought up. At Eton he formed a friendship with Horace Walpole, and with Richard West, whose father was Lord Chancellor of Ireland. At Cambridge Gray did not read mathematics and took no degree. He occupied himself with classical literature, history, and modern languages; several of his translations and Latin poems date from this time. He intended to read law; but a few months after his leaving Cambridge, Horace Walpole invited him to be his companion on a tour through France and Italy. The friends visited Paris, Florence, and Rome, and remained abroad together more than two years. Gray saw and noted much; on this journey were produced the best of his Latin poems. Walpole, however, the son of the Prime Minister, and rich, gave himself airs; a difference arose which made Gray separate from him and return alone to England. He was reconciled with Walpole a year or two later; but meanwhile his father died, in 1741; his mother went to live at Stoke, near Windsor; and Gray, with a narrow income of his own, gave up the law and settled himself in college at Cambridge. In 1742 he lost his friend West; the *Ode to the Spring* was written just before West's death; the *Ode on the Prospect of Eton*, the *Hymn to Adversity*, and the *Elegy written in a Country Churchyard*, were written not long after. The first of Gray's poems which appeared in print was the *Ode on the Prospect of Eton*, published in folio by Dodsley in 1747; "little notice," says Warton, "was taken of it." The *Elegy* was handed about in manuscript before its publication in 1750; it was popular instantly, and made Gray's reputation. In 1753 Gray lost his mother, to whom he owed everything, and whom he devotedly loved. In 1755 *The Progress of Poesy* was finished, and *The Bard* begun. The post of Poet-Laureate was offered to Gray in 1757, and declined by him. He applied to Lord Bute, in 1762, for the professorship of modern history at Cambridge, but in vain. Six years afterwards the professorship again became vacant, and the Duke of Grafton gave it to Gray without his applying for it. The year afterwards the Duke of Grafton was elected Chancellor of the University, and Gray composed for his installation the well-known *Ode for Music*. It was the last of his works. He talked of giving lectures as professor of history, but his health was bad, and his spirits were low; Gray was the most temperate of men, but he was full of hereditary gout. Travelling amused and revived him; he had made with much enjoyment journeys to Scotland, Wales, and the English Lakes, and in the last year of his life, 1771, he entertained a project of visiting Switzerland. But he was too unwell to make the attempt, and he remained at Cambridge. On the 24th of July, while at dinner in the College hall, he was seized with illness; convulsions came on, and on the 30th of July, 1771, at the age of fifty-four, Gray died. He was never married.]

THE PROGRESS OF POESY.

A PINDARIC ODE.

I.

AWAKE, Æolian lyre, awake,
And give to rapture all thy trembling
strings.
From Helicon's harmonious springs
A thousand rills their mazy progress
take;
The laughing flowers that round them
blow,
Drink life and fragrance as they flow.
Now the rich stream of music winds
along,
Deep, majestic, smooth, and strong,
Through verdant vales, and Ceres'
golden reign:
Now rolling down the steep amain,
Headlong, impetuous, see it pour:

The rocks, and nodding groves, rebel-
low to the roar.

Oh! sovereign of the willing soul,
Parent of sweet and solemn-breathing
airs,
Enchanting shell! the sullen cares,
And frantic passions, hear thy soft
control:
On Thracia's hills the lord of war
Has curb'd the fury of his car,
And dropp'd his thirsty lance at thy
command:
Perching on the scepter'd hand
Of Jove, thy magic lulls the feather'd
king
With ruffled plumes, and flagging
wing:
Quench'd in dark clouds of slumber
lie

The terror of his beak, and lightning of his eye.

Thee the voice, the dance, obey,
Temper'd to thy warbled lay,
O'er Idalia's velvet-green
The rosy-crown'd Loves are seen,
On Cytherea's day,
With antic Sports and blue-eyed Pleasures,

Frisking light in frolic measures;
Now pursuing, now retreating,
Now in circling troops they meet:
To brisk notes in cadence beating,
Glance their many-twinkling feet.
Slow-melting strains their queen's approach declare.

Where'er she turns the Graces homage pay,
With arms sublime that float upon the air;
In gliding state she wins her easy way:

O'er her warm cheek and rising bosom move
The bloom of young Desire, and purple light of Love.

II.

Man's feeble race what ills await,
Labor and Penury, the racks of Pain,
Disease, and Sorrow's weeping train,
And Death, sad refuge from the storms of Fate!

The fond complaint, my song, disprove,
And justify the laws of Jove.
Say, has he given in vain the heavenly Muse?

Night and all her sickly dews,
Her spectres wan, and birds of boding cry,

He gives to range the dreary sky:
Till down the eastern cliffs afar
Hyperion's march they spy, the glittering shafts of war.

In climes beyond the solar road,
Where shaggy forms o'er ice-built mountains roam,
The Muse has broke the twilight gloom

To cheer the shivering native's dull abode.

And oft, beneath the odorous shade
Of Chili's boundless forests laid,
She deigns to hear the savage youth repeat,

In loose numbers wildly sweet,
Their feather-cinctured chiefs, and dusky loves.

Her track, where'er the goddess roves,
Glory pursue, and generous Shame,
Th' unconquerable mind, and Freedom's holy flame.

Woods, that wave o'er Delphi's steep,
Isles, that crown'd th' Ægean deep,
Fields, that cool Ilissus laves,
Or where Mæander's amber waves
In lingering labyrinth creep,
How do your tuneful Echoes languish

Mute, but to the voice of anguish?

Where each old poetic mountain

Inspiration breathed around:

Every shade and hallow'd fountain

Murmur'd deep a solemn sound:

Till the sad Nine, in Greece's evil hour,

Left their Parnassus, for the Latian plains.

Alike they scorn the pomp of tyrant-power,

And coward Vice, that revels in her chains.

When Latium had her lofty spirit lost,

They sought, oh Albion! next thy sea-encircled coast.

III.

Far from the Sun and summer-gale,
In thy green lap was Nature's darling laid,

What time, where lucid Avon stray'd,
To him the mighty mother did unveil

Her awful face: the dauntless child
Stretch'd forth his little arms, and smiled.

"This pencil take," she said, "whose colors clear

Richly paint the vernal year :
 Thine too these golden keys, immortal boy !
 This can unlock the gates of Joy ;
 Of Horror that, and thrilling fears,
 Or ope the sacred source of sympathetic
 tears."

Nor second he; that rode sublime
 Upon the seraph-wings of Ecstasy,
 The secrets of th' abyss to spy.
 He pass'd the flaming bounds of place
 and time :
 The living throne, the sapphire-
 blaze,
 Where angels tremble, while they
 gaze,
 He saw; but, blasted with excess of
 light,
 Closed his eyes in endless night.
 Behold, where Dryden's less presump-
 tuous car,
 Wide o'er the field of Glory bear
 Two coursers of ethereal race,
 With necks in thunder clothed, and
 long-resounding pace.

Hark, his hands the lyre explore !
 Bright-eyed Fancy, hovering o'er,
 Scatters from her pictured urn
 Thoughts that breathe, and words
 that burn.
 But ah ! 'tis heard no more —
 Oh ! lyre divine, what daring spirit
 Wakes thee now? Though he in-
 herit
 Nor the pride, nor ample pinion,
 That the Theban eagle bear,
 Sailing with supreme dominion
 Through the azure deep of air :
 Yet oft before his infant eyes would
 run
 Such forms as glitter in the Muse's
 ray
 With orient hues, unborrow'd of the
 Sun :
 Yet shall he mount, and keep his dis-
 tant way
 Beyond the limits of a vulgar fate,
 Beneath the good how far ! — but far
 above the great.

HYMN TO ADVERSITY.

DAUGHTER of Jove, relentless pow'r,
 Thou tamer of the human breast,
 Whose iron scourge and tort'ring hour
 The bad affright, afflict the best !
 Bound in thy adamant chain,
 The proud are taught to taste of pain,
 And purple tyrants vainly groan
 With pangs unfelt before, unpitied and
 alone.

When first thy sire to send on earth
 Virtue, his darling child, design'd,
 To thee he gave the heav'nly birth,
 And bade thee form her infant mind.
 Stern rugged nurse ! thy rigid lore
 With patience many a year she bore :
 What sorrow was, thou bad'st her know
 And from her own she learn'd to melt
 at others' woe.

Scared at thy frown terrific, fly
 Self-pleasing Folly's idle brood,
 Wild Laughter, Noise, and thoughtless
 Joy,
 And leave us leisure to be good.
 Light they disperse, and with them go
 The summer Friend the flatt'ring Foe ;
 By vain Prosperity received,
 To her they vow their truth, and are
 again believed.

Wisdom in sable garb array'd,
 Immersed in rapt'rous thought profound,
 And Melancholy, silent maid,
 With leaden eye, that loves the ground,
 Still on thy solemn steps attend :
 Warm Charity, the gen'ral friend,
 With Justice, to herself severe,
 And Pity, dropping soft the sadly pleas-
 ing tear.

O, gently on thy suppliant's head,
 Dread Goddess lay thy chast'ning hand !
 Not in thy Gorgon terrors clad,
 Nor circled with the vengeful band
 (As by the impious thou art seen)
 With thund'ring voice, and threat'ning
 mien,
 With screaming Horror's funeral cry,
 Despair, and fell Disease, and ghastly
 Poverty.

Thy form benign, O Goddess! wear,
 Thy milder influence impart,
 Thy philosophic train be there,
 To soften, not to wound my heart.
 The gen'rous spark extinct revive,
 Teach me to love and to forgive,
 Exact my own defects to scan,
 What others are, to feel, and to know
 myself a man.

*ODE ON A DISTANT PROSPECT
 OF ETON COLLEGE.*

YE distant spires, ye antique tow'rs,
 That crown the wat'ry glade,
 Where grateful Science still adores
 Her Henry's holy shade;
 And ye, that from the stately brow
 Of Windsor's heights th' expanse below
 Of grove, of lawn, of mead survey,
 Whose turf, whose shade, whose flow'rs
 among
 Wanders the hoary Thames along
 His silver winding way.

Ah, happy hills! ah, pleasing shade!
 Ah, fields beloved in vain!
 Where once my careless childhood
 stray'd,
 A stranger yet to pain!
 I feel the gales, that from ye blow,
 A momentary bliss bestow,
 As waving fresh their gladsome wing,
 My weary soul they seem to sooth,
 And, redolent of joy and youth,
 To breathe a second spring.

Say, Father Thames (for thou hast
 seen
 Full many a sprightly race,
 Disporting on thy margent green,
 The paths of pleasure trace),
 Who foremost now delight to cleave
 With pliant arm thy glassy wave?
 The captive linnet which enthrall?
 What idle progeny succeed
 To chase the rolling circle's speed,
 Or urge the flying ball?

While some, on earnest business bent,
 Their murm'ring labors ply
 'Gainst graver hours, that bring con-
 straint

To sweeten liberty:
 Some bold adventurers disdain
 The limits of their little reign,
 And unknown regions dare descry,
 Still as they run they look behind,
 They hear a voice in every wind,
 And snatch a fearful joy.

Gay hope is theirs by Fancy fed,
 Less pleasing when possess'd;
 The tear forgot as soon as shed,
 The sunshine of the breast;
 Their buxom Health of rosy hue,
 Wild Wit, Invention ever new,
 And lively Cheer, of Vigor born;
 The thoughtless day, the easy night,
 The spirits pure, the slumbers light,
 That fly th' approach of morn.

Alas! regardless of their doom,
 The little victims play!
 No sense have they of ills to come,
 No care beyond to-day:
 Yet see how all around them wait
 The ministers of human fate,
 And black Misfortune's baleful train!
 Ah, show them where in ambush stand,
 To seize their prey, the murd'rous band,
 Ah, tell them they are men!

These shall the fury passions tear,
 The vultures of the mind,
 Disdainful Anger, pallid Fear,
 And Shame that skulks behind:
 Or pining Love shall waste their youth,
 Or Jealousy with rankling tooth,
 That inly gnaws the secret heart,
 And Envy wan, and faded Care,
 Grim visaged comfortless Despair,
 And Sorrow's piercing dart.

Ambition this shall tempt to rise,
 Then whirl the wretch from high,
 To bitter Scorn a sacrifice,
 And grinning Infamy.
 The stings of Falsehood those shall try,
 And hard Unkindness' alter'd eye,
 That mocks the tear it forced to flow;

And keen Remorse with blood defiled,
And moody Madness laughing wild
Amid severest woe.

Lo, in the vale of years beneath
A grisly troop are seen,
The painful family of Death,
More hideous than their queen;
This racks the joints, this fires the veins,
That every lab'ring sinew strains,
Those in the deeper vitals rage:
Lo, Poverty, to fill the band,
That numbs the soul with icy hand,
And slow consuming Age.

To each his sufferings: all are men,
Condemn'd alike to groan;
The tender for another's pain,
Th' unfeeling for his own.
Yet ah! why should they know their
fate
Since Sorrow never comes too late,
And Happiness too swiftly flies;
Thought would destroy their Paradise.
No more; where ignorance is bliss,
'Tis folly to be wise.

ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD.

THE curfew tolls the knell of parting
day,
The lowing herds wind slowly o'er the
lea,
The ploughman homeward plods his
weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to
me.

Now fades the glimm'ring landscape on
the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his dron-
ing flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant
folds;

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled
tower,
The moping owl does to the moon com-
plain

Of such, as wand'ring near her secret
bow'r,
Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew
tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a moul-
d'ring heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing
Morn,
The swallow twitt'ring from the straw-
built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing
horn,
No more shall rouse them from their
lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth
shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her ev'ning care:
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to
share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has
broke:
How jocund did they drive their team
afield!
How bow'd the woods beneath their
sturdy stroke!

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;
Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful
smile
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of Heraldry, the pomp of
Pow'r,
And all that Beauty, all that Wealth e'er
gave,
Await alike th' inevitable hour,
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the
fault,
If Mem'ry o'er their tombs no trophies
raise,

Where through the long drawn aisle,
and fretted vault,
The pealing anthem swells the note of
praise.

Can storied urn, or animated bust,
Back to its mansion call the fleeting
breath?
Can Honor's voice provoke the silent
dust,
Or Flatt'ry sooth the dull cold ear of
death?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial
fire;
Hands, that the rod of empire might
have sway'd,
Or wak'd to ecstasy the living lyre.

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample
page,
Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er
unroll;
Chill Penury repress'd their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean
bear;
Full many a flow'r is born to blush un-
seen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert
air.

Some village Hampden, that with daunt-
less breast
The little tyrant of his fields withstood;
Some mute inglorious Milton here may
rest,
Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's
blood.

Th' applause of list'ning senates to com-
mand,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their hist'ry in a nation's eyes,
Their lot forbade: nor circumscrib'd
alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes
confin'd;

Forbade to wade through slaughter to
a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on man-
kind;

The struggling pangs of conscious truth
to hide,
To quench the blushes of ingenuous
shame,
Or heap the shrine of Luxury and Pride
With incense kindled at the Muse's
flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble
strife
Their sober wishes never learn'd to
stray;
Along the cool sequester'd vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenor of their
way.

Yet ev'n these bones from insult to pro-
tect,
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless
sculpture deck'd,
Implores the pleasing tribute of a sigh.

Their names, their years, spelt by th'
unletter'd Muse,
The place of fame and elegy supply;
And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing anxious being e'er re-
sign'd,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful
day,
Nor cast one longing, ling'ring look be-
hind?

On some fond breast the parting soul
relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye re-
quires;
Ev'n from the tomb the voice of Nature
cries,
Ev'n in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who, mindful of th' unhon-
or'd dead,

Dost in these lines their artless tale relate;
 If chance, by lonely Contemplation led,
 Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate,

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,
 "Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn,

Brushing with hasty steps the dew away,
 To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.
 "There at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
 That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
 His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
 And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

"Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
 Mutt'ring his wayward fancies he would rove;
 Now drooping, woful, wan, like one forlorn,
 Or craz'd with care, or cross'd in hopeless love.
 "One morn, I miss'd him on th' accustomed hill,
 Along the heath, and near his fav'rite tree;
 Another came, nor yet beside the rill,
 Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he;
 "The next, with dirges due, in sad array,
 Slow through the churchway path we saw him borne,
 Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay,
 Grav'd on the stone beneath yon aged thorn."

THE EPITAPH.

HERE rests his head upon the lap of Earth,
 A youth to Fortune and to Fame unknown:
 Fair Science frown'd not on his humble birth,
 And Melancholy mark'd him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,
 Heav'n did a recompense as largely send:
 He gave to Mis'ry all he had, a tear;
 He gain'd from Heav'n, 'twas all he wish'd, a friend.

No farther seek his merits to disclose,
 Or draw his frailties from their dread abode:
 (There they alike in trembling hope repose)
 The bosom of his Father and his God.

THE BARD.

I. I.

"RUIN seize thee, ruthless King!
 Confusion on thy banners wait;
 Tho' fann'd by Conquest's crimson wing,
 They mock the air with idle state.
 Helm, nor hauberk's twisted mail,
 Nor e'en thy virtues, Tyrant, shall avail
 To save thy secret soul from nightly fears,
 From Cambria's curse, from Cambria's tears!"
 Such were the sounds that o'er the crested pride
 Of the first Edward scatter'd wild dismay,
 As down the steep of Snowdon's shaggy side
 He wound with toilsome march his long array.
 Stout Glo'ster stood aghast in speechless trance:
 "To arms!" cried Mortimer, and crouch'd his quiv'ring lance.

I. 2.

On a rock, whose haughty brow
 Frowns o'er cold Conway's foaming flood,
 Robed in the sable garb of woe,
 With haggard eyes the poet stood;
 (Loose his beard, and hoary hair
 Stream'd, like a meteor, to the troubled air)

And with a master's hand, and prophet's
fire,
Struck the deep sorrows of his lyre.
"Hark, how each giant oak, and desert
cave,
Sighs to the torrent's awful voice
beneath!
O'er thee, O King! their hundred arms
they wave,
Revenge on thee in hoarser murmurs
breathe;
Vocal no more, since Cambria's fatal
day,
To high-born Hoel's harp, or soft Llew-
ellyn's lay.

I. 3.

"Cold is Cadwallo's tongue,
That hush'd the stormy main:
Brave Urien sleeps upon his craggy bed:
Mountains, ye mourn in vain
Modred, whose magic song
Made huge Plinlimmon bow his cloud-
topt head.
On dreary Arvon's shore they lie,
Smear'd with gore, and ghastly pale:
Far, far aloof th' affrighted ravens sail;
The famish'd eagle screams, and
passes by.
Dear lost companions of my tuneful art,
Dear as the light that visits these sad
eyes,
Dear as the ruddy drops that warm my
heart,
Ye died amidst your dying country's
cries—
No more I weep. They do not sleep.
On yonder cliffs, a grisly band,
I see them sit, they linger yet,
Avengers of their native land:
With me in dreadful harmony they join,
And weave with bloody hands the tissue
of thy line.

II. I.

"Weave the warp, and weave the
woof,
The winding-sheet of Edward's race.
Give ample room, and verge enough
The characters of hell to trace.
Mark the year, and mark the night,
When Severn shall re-echo with affright

The shrieks of death, thro' Berkely's
roof that ring,
Shrieks of an agonizing king.
She-wolf of France, with unrelenting
fangs,
That tear'st the bowels of thy mangled
mate,
From thee be born, who o'er thy
country hangs
The scourge of Heav'n. What Terrors
round him wait!
Amazement in his van, with Flight com-
bin'd,
And Sorrow's faded form, and Solitude
behind.

II. 2.

"Mighty victor, mighty lord!
Low on his funeral couch he lies!
No pitying heart, no eye, afford
A tear to grace his obsequies.
Is the sable warrior fled?
Thy son is gone. He rests among the
dead.
The swarm, that in thy noon-tide beam
were born.
Gone to salute the rising morn.
Fair laughs the morn, and soft the zephyr
blows,
While proudly riding o'er the azure
realm
In gallant trim the gilded vessel goes;
Youth on the prow, and Pleasure at
the helm:
Regardless of the sweeping whirlwind's
sway,
That, hush'd in grim repose, expects his
ev'ning prey.

II. 3.

"Fill high the sparkling bowl,
The rich repast prepare,
Reft of a crown, he yet may share the
feast:
Close by the regal chair
Fell Thirst and Famine scowl
A baleful smile upon their baffled
guest.
Heard ye the din of battle bray,
Lance to lance, and horse to horse?
Long years of havoc urge their des-
tined course,

And thro' the kindred squadrons mow
their way.

Ye towers of Julius, London's lasting
shame,
With many a foul and midnight murder
fed,

Revere his consort's faith, his father's
fame,

And spare the meek usurper's holy head.
Above, below, the rose of snow,

Twin'd with her blushing foe, we
spread:

The bristled Boar in infant-gore
Wallows beneath the thorny shade.

Now, brothers, bending o'er the accursed
loom,

Stamp we our vengeance deep, and
ratify his doom.

III. 1.

"Edward, lo! to sudden fate
(Weave we the woof. The thread is
spun.)

Half of thy heart we consecrate.
(The web is wove. The work is done.)
Stay, oh stay! nor thus forlorn
Leave me unblest'd, unpitied, here to
mourn:

In yon bright track, that fires the west-
ern skies,

They melt, they vanish from my eyes.
But oh! what solemn scenes on Snow-
don's height

Descending slow their glittering skirts
unroll?

Visions of glory, spare my aching sight!
Ye unborn ages, crowd not on my soul!
No more our long-lost Arthur we bewail.
All hail, ye genuine kings, Britannia's
issue, hail!

III. 2.

"Girt with many a baron bold
Sublime their starry fronts they rear;
And gorgeous dames, and statesmen
old

In bearded majesty, appear.
In the midst a form divine!

Her eye proclaims her of the Briton-
line;

Her lion-port, her awe-commanding
face,

Attemper'd sweet to virgin-grace.
What strings symphonious tremble in
the air,

What strains of vocal transport round
her play!

Hear from the grave, great Taliessin,
hear;

They breathe a soul to animate thy
clay.

Bright Rapture calls, and soaring as she
sings,

Waves in the eye of heav'n her many-
color'd wings.

III. 3.

"The verse adorn again
Fierce War, and faithful Love,
And Truth severe, by fairy fiction drest.
In buskin'd measures move
Pale Grief, and pleasing Pain,
With Horror, tyrant of the throbbing
breast.

A voice, as of the cherub-choir,
Gales from blooming Eden bear;
And distant warblings lessen on my ear,
That lost in long futurity expire.

Fond impious man, think'st thou yon
sanguine cloud,

Rais'd by thy breath, has quench'd
the orb of day?

To-morrow he repairs the golden flood,
And warms the nations with redoubled
ray.

Enough for me; with joy I see
The different doom our fates assign.
Be thine Despair, and sceptred Care,
To triumph, and to die, are mine."

He spoke, and headlong from the moun-
tain's height

Deep in the roaring tide he plunged to
endless night.

ODE ON THE SPRING.

Lo! where the rosy-bosom'd Hours,
Fair Venus' train, appear,

Disclose the long-expecting flowers,
And wake the purple year!

The Attic warbler pours her throat,
Responsive to the cuckoo's note,

The untaught harmony of spring:

While, whispering pleasure as they fly,
Cool Zephyrs thro' the clear blue sky
Their gathered fragrance fling.

Where'er the oak's thick branches
stretch
A broader, browner shade,
Where'er the rude and moss-grown beech
O'er-canopies the glade,
Beside some water's rushy brink
With me the Muse shall sit, and think
(At ease reclined in rustic state)
How vain the ardor of the crowd,
How low, how little are the proud,
How indigent the great!

Still is the toiling hand of Care;
The panting herds repose:
Yet hark, how thro' the peopled air
The busy murmur glows!
The insect-youth are on the wing,
Eager to taste the honied spring,
And float amid the liquid noon:
Some lightly o'er the current skim,

Some show their gaily-gilded trim
Quick-glancing to the sun.

To Contemplation's sober eye
Such is the race of Man:
And they that creep, and they that fly,
Shall end where they began.
Alike the Busy and the Gay
But flutter thro' life's little day,
In Fortune's varying colors drest:
Brushed by the hand of rough Mischance
Or chilled by Age, their airy dance
They leave, in dust to rest.

Methinks I hear, in accents low,
The sportive kind reply:
Poor moralist! and what art thou?
A solitary fly!
Thy joys no glittering female meets,
No hive hast thou of hoarded sweets,
No painted plumage to display:
On hasty wings thy youth is flown;
Thy sun is set, thy spring is gone—
We frolic while 'tis May.



OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

1728-1774.

[BORN at Pallas, county of Longford, Ireland, on the 10th of November, 1728; died in his chambers in Brick Court, London, on the 4th of April, 1774. *The Traveller* was published in December, 1764; *The Deserted Village*, May, 1770. The ballad *The Hermit* first appeared in *The Vicar of Wakefield*, 1776. *The Haunch of Venison*, written about 1771, was first published after its author's death, 1776; *Retaliation*, Goldsmith's last work, was also of posthumous publication, 1774.]

THE DESERTED VILLAGE.

SWEET Auburn! loveliest village of the
plain,
Where health and plenty cheer'd the
laboring swain,
Where smiling spring its earliest visit
paid
And parting summer's ling'ring blooms
delay'd;
Dear lovely bowers of innocence and
ease,
Seats of my youth, when every sport
could please;
How often have I loiter'd o'er thy green,
Where humble happiness endear'd each
scene;

How often have I paus'd on every
charm,
The shelter'd cot, the cultivated farm,
The never-failing brook, the busy mill,
The decent church that topt the neigh-
b'ring hill,
The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath
the shade,
For talking age and whispering lovers
made!
How often have I blest the coming day,
When toil remitting lent its turn to play,
And all the village train, from labor free,
Led up their sports beneath the spread-
ing tree,

While many a pastime circled in the shade,
 The young contending as the old survey'd;
 And many a gambol frolick'd o'er the ground,
 And sleights of art and feats of strength went round;
 And still as each repeated pleasure tired,
 Succeeding sports the mirthful band inspired.
 The dancing pair that simply sought renown,
 By holding out, to tire each other down;
 The swain mistrustless of his smutt'd face,
 While secret laughter titter'd round the place;
 The bashful virgin's sidelong looks of love,
 The matron's glance that would those looks reprove —
 These were thy charms, sweet village! sports like these,
 With sweet succession, taught ev'n toil to please;
 These round thy bowers their cheerful influence shed,
 These were thy charms — But all these charms are fled.

Sweet smiling village, loveliest of the lawn,
 Thy sports are fled, and all thy charms withdrawn;
 Amidst thy bowers the tyrant's hand is seen,
 And desolation saddens all thy green:
 One only master grasps the whole domain,
 And half a tillage stints thy smiling plain;
 No more thy glassy brook reflects the day,
 But, chok'd with sedges, works its weedy way;
 Along thy glades, a solitary guest,
 The hollow-sounding bittern guards its nest;
 Amidst thy desert walks the lapwing flies,
 And tires their echoes with unvary'd cries.

Sunk are thy bowers in shapeless ruin all,
 And the long grass o'ertops the mould'ring wall;
 And, trembling, shrinking from the spoiler's hand,
 Far, far away thy children leave the land.

Ill fares the land, to hast'ning ills a prey,
 Where wealth accumulates, and men decay;
 Princes and lords may flourish, or may fade;
 A breath can make them, as a breath has made;
 But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
 When once destroy'd, can never be supplied.

A time there was, ere England's griefs began,
 When every rood of ground maintain'd its man;
 For him light labor spread her wholesome store,
 Just gave what life required, but gave no more:
 His best companions, innocence and health,
 And his best riches, ignorance of wealth.

But times are alter'd; trade's unfeeling train
 Usurp the land, and dispossess the swain;
 Along the lawn, where scatter'd hamlets rose,
 Unwieldy wealth and cumb'rous pomp repose:
 And every want to luxury allied,
 And every pang that folly pays to pride.
 Those gentle hours that plenty bade to bloom,
 Those calm desires that ask'd but little room,
 Those healthful sports that graced the peaceful scene,
 Lived in each look, and brighten'd all the green;

These, far departing, seek a kinder shore,
And rural mirth and manners are no more.

—

RECOLLECTIONS OF HOME AND INFANCY.

SWEET Auburn! parent of the blissful hour,
Thy glades forlorn confess the tyrant's power.
Here, as I take my solitary rounds,
Amidst thy tangling walks, and ruin'd grounds,
And, many a year elapsed, return to view
Where once the cottage stood, the hawthorn grew,
Remembrance wakes with all her busy train,
Swells at my breast, and turns the past to pain.

In all my wand'rings round this world of care,
In all my griefs—and God has giv'n my share—
I still had hopes my latest hours to crown,
Amidst these humble bowers to lay me down;
To husband out life's taper at the close,
And keep the flame from wasting by repose:
I still had hopes, for pride attends us still,
Amidst the swains to show my book-learn'd skill,
Around my fire an evening group to draw,
And tell of all I felt, and all I saw;
And, as an hare whom hounds and horns pursue,
Pants to the place from whence at first he flew,
I still had hopes, my long vexations past,
Here to return—and die at home at last.

O blest retirement, friend to life's decline,
Retreats from care that never must be mine,
How blest is he who crowns in shades like these,
A youth of labor with an age of ease;
Who quits a world where strong temptations try,
And, since 'tis hard to combat, learns to fly!
For him no wretches, born to work and weep,
Explore the mine, or tempt the dang'rous deep;
No surly porter stands in guilty state,
To spurn imploring famine from the gate;
But on he moves to meet his latter end,
Angels around befriending virtue's friend;
Sink to the grave with unperceived decay,
While resignation gently slopes the way;
And, all his prospects bright'ning to the last,
His heaven commences ere the world be past!

Sweet was the sound, when, oft at ev'ning's close,
Up yonder hill the village murmur rose:
There, as I past with careless steps and slow,
The mingling notes came soften'd from below;
The swain, responsive as the milkmaid sung,
The sober herd that low'd to meet their young,
The noisy geese that gabbled o'er the pool,
The playful children just let loose from school,
The watch-dog's voice that bay'd the whispering wind,
And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind;
These all in sweet confusion sought the shade,
And fill'd each pause the nightingale had made.
But now the sounds of population fail,

No cheerful murmurs fluctuate in the
gale,
No busy steps the grass-grown foot-way
tread,
But all the blooming flush of life is fled.
All but yon widow'd, solitary thing,
That feebly bends beside the plashy
spring;
She, wretched matron, forced in age,
for bread,
To strip the brook with mantling cresses
spread,
To pick her wint'ry faggot from the
thorn,
To seek her nightly shed, and weep till
morn;
She only left of all the harmless train,
The sad historian of the pensive plain.

THE VILLAGE PASTOR.

NEAR yonder copse, where once the
garden smiled
And still where many a garden flower
grows wild;
There, where a few torn shrubs the
place disclose,
The village preacher's modest mansion
rose.
A man he was to all the country dear,
And passing rich with forty pounds a
year;
Remote from towns he ran his godly
race,
Nor e'er had chang'd, nor wish'd to
change his place;
Unskilful he to fawn, or seek for power,
By doctrines fashion'd to the varying
hour;
Far other aims his heart had learn'd to
prize,
More bent to raise the wretched than to
rise.
His house was known to all the vagrant
train,
He chid their wand'rings, but relieved
their pain;
The long remember'd beggar was his
guest,
Whose beard descending swept his aged
breast;

The ruin'd spendthrift, now no longer
proud,
Claim'd kindred there, and had his
claims allow'd;
The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,
Sat by his fire, and talk'd the night away;
Wept o'er his wounds, or, tales of sor-
row done,
Shoulder'd his crutch, and show'd how
fields were won.
Pleased with his guests, the good man
learn'd to glow,
And quite forgot their vices in their woe;
Careless their merits or their faults to
scan,
His pity gave ere charity began.

Thus to relieve the wretched was his
pride,
And even his failings lean'd to virtue's
side;
But in his duty prompt at every call,
He watch'd and wept, he pray'd and felt
for all;
And, as a bird each fond endearment tries,
To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the
skies;
He tried each art, reproved each dull
delay,
Allured to brighter worlds, and led the
way.

Beside the bed where parting life was
laid,
And sorrow, guilt, and pain, by turns
dismay'd,
The rev'rend champion stood. At his
control,
Despair and anguish fled the struggling
soul;
Comfort came down the trembling wretch
to raise,
And his last falt'ring accents whisper'd
praise.

At church, with meek and unaffected
grace,
His looks adorn'd the venerable place;
Truth from his lips prevail'd with double
sway,
And fools, who came to scoff, remained
to pray.

The service past, around the pious man,
 With ready zeal, each honest rustic ran;
 Even children follow'd, with endearing
 wile,
 And pluck'd his gown, to share the good
 man's smile.
 His ready smile a parent's warmth ex-
 prest,
 Their welfare pleased him, and their
 cares distress;
 To them his heart, his love, his griefs
 were given,
 But all his serious thoughts had rest in
 heaven.
 As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
 Swells from the vale, and midway leaves
 the storm,
 Though round its breast the rolling
 clouds are spread,
 Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

THE VILLAGE SCHOOLMASTER AND THE VILLAGE INN.

BESIDE yon straggling fence that skirts
 the way,
 With blossom'd furze unprofitably gay,
 There, in his noisy mansion, skill'd to
 rule,
 The village master taught his little
 school;
 A man severe he was, and stern to view,
 I knew him well, and every truant knew;
 Well had the boding tremblers learn'd
 to trace
 The day's disasters in his morning face;
 Full well they laugh'd with counter-
 feited glee
 At all his jokes, for many a joke had he;
 Full well the busy whisper circling
 round,
 Convey'd the dismal tidings when he
 frown'd;
 Yet he was kind, or if severe in aught,
 The love he bore to learning was in
 fault;
 The village all declared how much he
 knew;
 'Twas certain he could write, and cypher
 too;

Lands he could measure, terms and tides
 presage,
 And even the story ran that he could
 gauge:
 In arguing, too, the parson own'd his
 skill,
 For even though vanquish'd, he could
 argue still;
 While words of learned length, and
 thund'ring sound,
 Amazed the gazing rustics ranged
 around,
 And still they gazed, and still the won-
 der grew,
 That one small head could carry all he
 knew.

But past is all his fame. The very
 spot
 Where many a time he triumph'd, is
 forgot.
 Near yonder thorn, that lifts its head on
 high,
 Where once the sign-post caught the
 passing eye,
 Low lies that house where nut-brown
 draughts inspired,
 Where gray-beard mirth and smiling
 toil retired,
 Where village statesmen talk'd with
 looks profound,
 And news much older than their ale
 went round.
 Imagination fondly stoops to trace
 The parlor splendors of that festive
 place;
 The white-wash'd wall, the nicely sanded
 floor,
 The varnish'd clock that click'd behind
 the door;
 The chest contrived a double debt to
 pay,
 A bed by night, a chest of drawers by
 day;
 The pictures placed for ornament and
 use,
 The twelve good rules, the royal game
 of goose;
 The hearth, except when winter chill'd
 the day,
 With aspen boughs and flowers and fen-
 nel gay,

While broken tea-cups, wisely kept for
show,
Ranged o'er the chimney, glisten'd in a
row.

Vain transitory splendor! could not
all
Reprieve the tott'ring mansion from its
fall?
Obscure it sinks, nor shall it more im-
part
An hour's importance to the poor man's
heart.

THE EXILES.

WHERE, then, ah! where shall poverty
reside,
To 'scape the pressure of contiguous
pride?
If to some common's fenceless limits
stray'd,
He drives his flock to pick the scanty
blade,
Those fenceless fields the sons of wealth
divide,
And even the bare-worn common is
denied.

If to the city sped, what waits him
there?
To see profusion that he must not share;
To see ten thousand baneful arts com-
bined
To pamper luxury, and thin mankind;
To see each joy the sons of pleasure
know,
Extorted from his fellow-creatures' woe.
Here, while the courtier glitters in bro-
cade,
There the pale artist plies the sickly
trade;
Here while the proud their long-drawn
pomps display,
There the black gibbet glooms beside
the way;
The dome where pleasure holds her mid-
night reign,
Here, richly deck'd, admits the gorgeous
train;
Tumultuous grandeur crowds the blazing
square,

The rattling chariots clash, the torches
glare.

Sure scenes like these no troubles e'er
annoy!

Sure these denote one universal joy! —
Are these thy serious thoughts? ah, turn
thine eyes

Where the poor houseless shivering
female lies.

She once, perhaps, in village plenty
bless'd,

Has wept at tales of innocence distress'd;
Her modest looks the cottage might
adorn,

Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath
the thorn.

Now lost to all, her friends, her virtue
fled,

Near her betrayer's door she lays her
head,

And, pinch'd with cold, and shrinking
from the shower

With heavy heart deplores that luckless
hour,

When, idly first, ambitious of the town,
She left her wheel, and robes of country
brown.

Do thine, sweet Auburn, thine, the
loveliest train,

Do thy fair tribes participate her pain?
Even now, perhaps, by cold and hunger

led,
At proud men's doors they ask a little
bread!

Ah, no. To distant climes, a dreary
scene,

Where half the convex world intrudes
between,

Through torrid tracts with fainting steps
they go,

Where wild Altama murmurs to their
woe.

Far different there from all that charm'd
before,

The various terrors of that horrid shore;
Those blazing suns that dart a down-

ward ray,
And fiercely shed intolerable day;

Those matted woods where birds forget
to sing,

But silent bats in drowsy clusters cling;
 Those poisonous fields with rank luxu-
 riance crown'd,
 Where the dark scorpion gathers death
 around;
 Where at each step the stranger fears
 to wake
 The rattling terrors of the vengeful
 snake;
 Where crouching tigers wait their hap-
 less prey,
 And savage men more murderous still
 than they;
 While oft in whirls the mad tornado flies,
 Ming'ling the ravaged landscape with the
 skies.
 Far different these from every former
 scene,
 The cooling brook, the grassy-vested
 green;
 The breezy covert of the warbling grove,
 That only shelter'd thefts of harmless
 love.

Good Heaven! what sorrows gloom'd
 that parting day,
 That call'd them from their native walks
 away;
 When the poor exiles, every pleasure
 past,
 Hung round the bowers, and fondly
 look'd their last,
 And took a long farewell, and wish'd in
 vain
 For seats like these beyond the western
 main;
 And shuddering still to face the distant
 deep,
 Return'd and wept, and still return'd to
 weep!
 The good old sire, the first, prepared to
 go
 To new-found worlds, and wept for
 others' woe:
 But for himself, in conscious virtue brave,
 He only wish'd for worlds beyond the
 grave.
 His lovely daughter, lovelier in her tears,
 The fond companion of his helpless
 years,
 Silent went next, neglectful of her
 charms,

And left a lover's for a father's arms.
 With louder plaints the mother spoke
 her woes,
 And bless'd the cot where every pleasure
 rose;
 And kiss'd her thoughtless babes with
 many a tear,
 And clasp'd them close, in sorrow doubly
 dear;
 Whilst her fond husband strove to lend
 relief
 In all the silent manliness of grief. —
 O luxury; thou cursed by Heaven's
 decree,
 How ill exchanged are things like these
 for thee!
 How do thy potions, with insidious joy,
 Diffuse their pleasures only to destroy!
 Kingdoms by thee, to sickly greatness
 grown,
 Boast of a florid vigor not their own;
 At every draught more large and large
 they grow,
 A bloated mass of rank unwieldy woe;
 Till sapp'd their strength, and every part
 unsound,
 Down, down they sink, and spread a
 ruin round.

Even now the devastation is begun,
 And half the business of destruction
 done;
 Even now, methinks, as pondering here
 I stand,
 I see the rural Virtues leave the land.
 Down where yon anchoring vessel
 spreads the sail,
 That idly waiting flaps with every gale,
 Downward they move, a melancholy
 band,
 Pass from the shore, and darken all the
 strand.
 Contented Toil, and hospitable Care,
 And kind connubial Tenderness, are
 there:
 And Piety with wishes placed above,
 And steady Loyalty and faithful Love.
 And thou, sweet Poetry, thou loveliest
 maid,
 Still first to fly where sensual joys
 invade;
 Unfit in these degenerate times of shame,

To catch the heart, or strike for honest
fame;
Dear charming nymph, neglected and
decried,
My shame in crowds, my solitary pride;
Thou source of all my bliss, and all my
woe,
Thou found'st me poor at first, and
keep'st me so:
Thou guide by which the nobler arts
excel,
Thou nurse of every virtue, fare thee well.

THE TRAVELLER.

REMOTE, unfriended, melancholy, slow,
Or by the lazy Scheld, or wandering Po;
Or onward, where the rude Carinthian
boor
Against the houseless stranger shuts the
door;
Or where Campania's plain forsaken lies,
A weary waste expanding to the skies:
Where'er I roam, whatever realms to see,
My heart, untravell'd, fondly turns to
thee:
Still to my brother turns, with ceaseless
pain,
And drags at each remove a lengthen-
ing chain.

Eternal blessings crown my earliest
friend,
And round his dwelling guardian saints
attend;
Bless'd be that spot, where cheerful
guests retire
To pause from toil, and trim their eve-
ning fire:
Bless'd that abode, where want and pain
repair,
And every stranger finds a ready chair;
Bless'd be those feasts with simple plenty
crown'd,
Where all the ruddy family around
Laugh at the jests or pranks that never
fail,
Or sigh with pity at some mournful tale;
Or press the bashful stranger to his food,
And learn the luxury of doing good.

But me, not destined such delights to
share,
My prime of life in wandering spent and
care;
Impell'd with steps unceasing to pursue
Some fleeting good, that mocks me with
the view:
That, like the circle bounding earth and
skies,
Allures from far, yet, as I follow, flies;
My fortune leads to traverse realms
alone,
And find no spot of all the world my
own.

Even now, where Alpine solitudes
ascend,
I sit me down a pensive hour to spend:
And, placed on high, above the storm's
career,
Look downward where an hundred
realms appear;
Lakes, forests, cities, plains extending
wide,
The pomp of kings, the shepherd's
humbler pride.

When thus creation's charms around
combine,
Amidst the store, should thankless pride
repine?
Say, should the philosophic mind dis-
dain
That good which makes each humbler
bosom vain?
Let school-taught pride dissemble all it
can,
These little things are great to little
man;
And wiser he, whose sympathetic mind
Exults in all the good of all mankind.
Ye glittering towns, with wealth and
splendor crown'd;
Ye fields, where summer spreads pro-
fusion round;
Ye lakes, whose vessels catch the busy
gale;
Ye bending swains, that dress the flowery
vale;
For me your tributary stores combine;
Creation's heir, the world, the world is
mine!

As some lone miser, visiting his store,
 Bends at his treasure, counts, recounts
 it o'er:
 Hoards after hoards his rising raptures
 fill,
 Yet still he sighs, for hoards are want-
 ing still;
 Thus to my breast alternate passions
 rise,
 Pleased with each good that Heaven to
 man supplies;
 Yet oft a sigh prevails, and sorrows fall,
 To see the hoard of human bliss so
 small;
 And oft I wish, amidst the scene, to
 find
 Some spot to real happiness consign'd,
 Where my worn soul, each wandering
 hope at rest,
 May gather bliss, to see my fellows
 bless'd.

But where to find that happiest spot
 below,
 Who can direct, when all pretend to
 know?
 The shuddering tenant of the frigid zone
 Boldly proclaims that happiest spot his
 own;
 Extols the treasures of his stormy seas,
 And his long nights of revelry and
 ease;
 The naked negro, panting at the line,
 Boasts of his golden sands and palmy
 wine,
 Basks in the glare, or stems the tepid
 wave,
 And thanks his gods for all the good
 they gave.
 Such is the patriot's boast where'er we
 roam,
 His first, best country, ever is at home.
 And yet, perhaps, if countries we com-
 pare,
 And estimate the blessings which they
 share,
 Though patriots flatter, still shall wisdom
 find
 An equal portion dealt to all mankind:
 As different good, by art or nature given,
 To different nations makes their bless-
 ings even.

CHARACTER OF THE ITALIANS.

FAR to the right, where Appenine
 ascends,
 Bright as the summer, Italy extends:
 Its uplands sloping deck the mountain's
 side,
 Woods over woods in gay theatric pride:
 While oft some temple's mouldering tops
 between
 With venerable grandeur mark the scene.

Could Nature's bounty satisfy the
 breast,
 The sons of Italy were surely bless'd.
 Whatever fruits in different climes are
 found,
 That proudly rise, or humbly court the
 ground;
 Whatever blooms in torrid tracts appear,
 Whose bright succession decks the
 varied year;
 Whatever sweets salute the northern
 sky
 With vernal lives, that blossom but to
 die;
 These here disporting, own the kindred
 soil,
 Nor ask luxuriance from the planter's
 toil;
 While sea-born gales their gelid wings
 expand
 To winnow fragrance round the smiling
 land.

But small the bliss that sense alone
 bestows,
 And sensual bliss is all the nation knows.
 In florid beauty groves and fields appear,
 Man seems the only growth that dwindle
 here.
 Contrasted faults through all his manners
 reign;
 Though poor, luxurious; though submis-
 sive, vain;
 Though grave, yet trifling; zealous, yet
 untrue;
 And even in penance planning sins
 anew.
 All evils here contaminate the mind,
 That opulence departed leaves behind;
 For wealth was theirs, not far removed
 the date,

When commerce proudly flourish'd
 through the state;
 At her command the palace learn'd to
 rise,
 Again the long-fall'n column sought the
 skies,
 The canvas glow'd, beyond e'en Nature
 warm,
 The pregnant quarry teem'd with human
 form:
 Till, more unsteady than the southern
 gale,
 Commerce on other shores display'd her
 sail;
 While nought remain'd of all that riches
 gave,
 But towns unmann'd, and lords without
 a slave:
 And late the nation found, with fruitless
 skill,
 Its former strength was but plethoric ill.

Yet, still the loss of wealth is here sup-
 plied
 By arts, the splendid wrecks of former
 pride;
 From these the feeble heart and long-
 fall'n mind
 An easy compensation seem to find.
 Here may be seen, in bloodless pomp
 array'd,
 The pasteboard triumph and the caval-
 cade:
 By sports like these are all their cares
 beguiled;
 The sports of children satisfy the child:
 Each nobler aim, repress'd by long con-
 trol,
 Now sinks at last, or feebly mans the soul;
 While low delights, succeeding fast be-
 hind,
 In happier meanness occupy the mind:
 As in those domes, where Cesars once
 bore sway,
 Defaced by time, and tottering in decay,
 There in the ruin, heedless of the dead,
 The shelter-seeking peasant builds his
 shed;
 And, wondering man could want the
 larger pile,
 Exults, and owns his cottage with a
 smile.

CHARACTER OF THE SWISS.

My soul turn from them; — turn we to
 survey
 Where rougher climes a nobler race dis-
 play,
 Where the bleak Swiss their stormy man-
 sion tread,
 And force a churlish soil for scanty
 bread;
 No product here the barren hills afford
 But man and steel, the soldier and his
 sword:
 No vernal blooms their torpid rocks
 array,
 But winter lingering chills the lap of
 May;
 No zephyr fondly sues the mountain's
 breast,
 But meteors glare, and stormy glooms
 invest.

Yet still, even here, content can spread
 a charm,
 Redress the clime, and all its rage dis-
 arm.
 Though poor the peasant's hut, his
 feasts though small,
 He sees his little lot the lot of all;
 Sees no contiguous palace rear its head,
 To shame the meanness of his humble
 shed;
 No costly lord the sumptuous banquet
 deal,
 To make him loathe his vegetable meal;
 But calm, and bred in ignorance and
 toil,
 Each wish contracting, fits him to the
 soil.
 Cheerful at morn, he wakes from short
 repose,
 Breathes the keen air, and carols as he
 goes;
 With patient angle trolls the finny deep,
 Or drives his venturous ploughshare to
 the steep;
 Or seeks the den where snow-tracks
 mark the way,
 And drags the struggling savage into
 day.
 At night returning, every labor sped,
 He sits him down the monarch of a
 shed;

Smiles by his cheerful fire, and round
 surveys
 His children's looks, that brighten at the
 blaze;
 While his loved partner, boastful of her
 hoard,
 Displays her cleanly platter on the
 board:
 And, haply too, some pilgrim thither
 led,
 With many a tale repays the nightly bed.

Thus every good his native wilds im-
 part,
 Imprints the patriot passion on his heart;
 And ev'n those hills, that round his man-
 sion rise,
 Enhance the bliss his scanty fund sup-
 plies:
 Dear is that shed to which his soul con-
 forms,
 And dear that hill which lifts him to the
 storms;
 And as a child, when scaring sounds
 molest,
 Clings close and closer to the mother's
 breast,
 So the loud torrent, and the whirlwind's
 roar,
 But bind him to his native mountains
 more.

CHARACTER OF THE FRENCH.

To kinder skies, where gentler manners
 reign,
 I turn; and France displays her bright
 domain.
 Gay sprightly land of mirth and social
 ease,
 Pleased with thyself, whom all the world
 can please,
 How often have I led thy sporting choir,
 With tuneless pipe, beside the murmur-
 ing Loire,
 Where shading elms along the margin
 grew,
 And freshen'd from the wave the zephyr
 flew;
 And haply, though my harsh touch
 falt'ring still,

But mock'd all tune, and marr'd the
 dancers' skill,
 Yet would the village praise my won-
 drous power,
 And dance forgetful of the noon-tide hour.
 Alike all ages. Dames of ancient days
 Have led their children through the
 mirthful maze;
 And the gay grandsire, skill'd in gestic
 lore,
 Has frisk'd beneath the burden of three-
 score.

So blest a life these thoughtless realms
 display,
 Thus idly busy rolls their world away:
 Theirs are those arts that mind to mind
 endear,
 For honor forms the social temper here.
 Honor, that praise which real merit
 gains,
 Or even imaginary worth obtains,
 Here passes current; paid from hand to
 hand,
 It shifts in splendid traffic round the
 land:
 From courts to camps, to cottages it
 strays,
 And all are taught an avarice of praise;
 They please, are pleased, they give to
 get esteem,
 Till, seeming blest, they grow to what
 they seem.

But while this softer art their bliss
 supplies,
 It gives their follies also room to rise:
 For praise too dearly loved, or warmly
 sought,
 Enfeebles all internal strength of thought,
 And the weak soul, within itself unblest,
 Leans for all pleasure on another's breast.
 Hence ostentation here, with tawdry art,
 Pants for the vulgar praise which fools
 impart;
 Here vanity assumes her pert grimace,
 And trims her robe of frieze with copper
 lace;
 Here beggar pride defrauds her daily
 cheer,
 To boast one splendid banquet once a
 year;

The mind still turns where shifting fashion draws,
Nor weighs the solid worth of self-applause.

CONCLUSION OF THE TRAVELLER.

HAVE we not seen, round Britain's peopled shore,
Her useful sons exchanged for useless ore?
Seen all her triumphs but destruction haste,
Like flaring tapers bright'ning as they waste;
Seen opulence, her grandeur to maintain,
Lead stern depopulation in her train,
And over fields where scatter'd hamlets rose,
In barren solitary pomp repose?
Have we not seen at pleasure's lordly call,
The smiling long-frequented village fall?
Beheld the duteous son, the sire decay'd,
The modest matron, and the blushing maid,
Forced from their homes, a melancholy train,
To traverse climes beyond the western main;
Where wild Oswego spreads her swamps around,
And Niagara stuns with thun'dring sound?

Even now, perhaps, as there some pilgrim strays
Through tangled forests, and through dangerous ways;
Where beasts with man divided empire claim,
And the brown Indian marks with murd'rous aim;
There, while above the giddy tempest flies,
And all around distressful yells arise,
The pensive exile, bending with his woe,
To stop too fearful, and too faint to go,

Casts a long look where England's glories shine,
And bids his bosom sympathize with mine.

Vain, very vain, my weary search to find
That bliss which only centres in the mind;
Why have I stray'd, from pleasure and repose,
To seek a good each government bestows?
In every government, though terrors reign,
Though tyrant kings, or tyrant laws restrain,
How small of all that human hearts endure,
That part which laws or kings can cause or cure!
Still to ourselves in every place consign'd,
Our own felicity we make or find.
With secret course, which no loud storms annoy,
Glides the smooth current of domestic joy.
The lifted axe, the agonizing wheel,
Luke's iron crown, and Damien's bed of steel,
To men remote from power but rarely known,
Leave reason, faith, and conscience, all our own.

EDWIN AND ANGELINA.

"TURN, gentle hermit of the dale,
And guide my lonely way
To where yon taper cheers the vale
With hospitable ray.

"For here forlorn and lost I tread,
With fainting steps and slow;
Where wilds, unmeasurably spread,
Seem lengthening as I go."

"Forbear, my son," the hermit cries,
"To tempt the dangerous gloom;
For yonder faithless phantom flies
To lure thee to thy doom.

"Here to the houseless child of want
My door is open still;
And though my portion is but scant,
I give it with good will.

"Then turn to-night, and freely share
Whate'er my cell bestows;
My rushy couch and frugal fare,
My blessing, and repose.

"No flocks that range the valley free
To slaughter I condemn;
Taught by that Power that pities me,
I learn to pity them.

"But from the mountain's grassy side
A guiltless feast I bring;
A scrip with herbs and fruits supplied,
And water from the spring.

"Then, pilgrim, turn, thy cares forego,
All earth-born cares are wrong;
Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long."

Soft as the dew from heaven descends,
His gentle accents fell;
The modest stranger lowly bends,
And follows to the cell.

Far in a wilderness obscure
The lonely mansion lay;
A refuge to the neighboring poor,
And strangers led astray.

No stores beneath its humble thatch
Required a master's care;
The wicket, opening with a latch,
Received the harmless pair.

And now, when busy crowds retire
To take their evening rest,
The hermit trimm'd his little fire,
And cheer'd his pensive guest:

And spread his vegetable store,
And gaily press'd, and smiled;
And, skill'd in legendary lore,
The lingering hours beguiled.

Around, in sympathetic mirth,
Its tricks the kitten tries;

The cricket chirrups in the hearth,
The crackling faggot flies.

But nothing could a charm impart
To soothe the stranger's woe;
For grief was heavy at his heart,
And tears began to flow.

His rising cares the hermit spied,
With answering care oppress:
"And whence, unhappy youth," he cried,
"The sorrows of thy breast?"

"From better habitations spurn'd,
Reluctant dost thou rove?
Or grieve for friendship unreturn'd,
Or unregarded love?"

"Alas! the joys that fortune brings
Are trifling, and decay;
And those who prize the paltry things,
More trifling still than they.

"And what is friendship but a name,
A charm that lulls to sleep:
A shade that follows wealth or fame,
But leaves the wretch to weep?"

"And love is still an emptier sound,
The modern fair one's jest;
On earth unseen, or only found
To warm the turtle's nest.

"For shame, fond youth, thy sorrows hush,
And spurn the sex," he said:
But while he spoke, a rising blush
His love-lorn guest betrayed.

Surprised he sees new beauties rise,
Swift mantling to the view;
Like colors o'er the morning skies,
As bright, as transient too.

The bashful look, the rising breast,
Alternate spread alarms;
The lovely stranger stands confest
A maid in all her charms!

And, "Ah, forgive a stranger rude,
A wretch forlorn," she cried;
"Whose feet unhallow'd thus intrude
Where heaven and you reside.

"But let a maid thy pity share,
Whom love has taught to stray;
Who seeks for rest, and finds despair
Companion of her way.

"My father lived beside the Tyne,
A wealthy lord was he;
And all his wealth was mark'd as mine;
He had but only me.

"To win me from his tender arms,
Unnumber'd suitors came;
Who praised me for imputed charms,
And felt, or feign'd, a flame.

"Each hour a mercenary crowd
With richest proffers strove;
Among the rest young Edwin bow'd,
But never talked of love.

"In humble, simplest habit clad,
No wealth nor power had he;
Wisdom and worth were all he had,
But these were all to me.

"The blossom opening to the day,
The dews of heaven refined,
Could naught of purity display,
To emulate his mind.

"The dew, the blossom on the tree,
With charms inconstant shine;
Their charms were his, but, woe is me,
Their constancy was mine!

"For still I tried each fickle art,
Importunate and vain:

And while his passion touch'd my heart,
I triumph'd in his pain.

"Till quite dejected with my scorn,
He left me to my pride;
And sought a solitude forlorn,
In secret, where he died.

"But mine the sorrow, mine the fault,
And well my life shall pay;
I'll seek the solitude he sought,
And stretch me where he lay.

"And there forlorn, despairing, hid,
I'll lay me down and die;
'Twas so for me that Edwin did,
And so for him will I."

"Forbid it, Heaven!" the hermit cried,
And clasp'd her to his breast:
The wond'ring fair one turn'd to chide—
'Twas Edwin's self that prest!

"Turn, Angelina, ever dear,
My charmer, turn to see
Thy own, thy long-lost Edwin here,
Restored to love and thee!

"Thus let me hold thee to my heart,
And every care resign:
And shall we never, never part,
My life—my all that's mine?

"No, never from this hour to part,
We'll live and love so true;
The sigh that rends thy constant heart,
Shall break thy Edwin's too."

WILLIAM COWPER.

1731-1800.

[WILLIAM COWPER was born at the rectory, Great Berkhamstead, Nov. 26, 1731. His father, the rector of the parish, was a nephew of Lord Chancellor Cowper; his mother was Ann Donne, of the family of Dr. John Donne, the celebrated Dean of St. Paul's. Cowper was educated at a private school, and afterwards at Westminster, where Vincent Bourne was a master, and Warren Hastings, Robert Lloyd, Colman, and Churchill were among the boys. After leaving Westminster he became a member of the Middle Temple, and was articled to a solicitor, a Mr. Chapman, one of his fellow-clerks being Thurlow, afterwards Lord Chancellor. During his three years under Mr. Chapman he saw much of the family of his uncle, Ashley Cowper, with one of whose daughters, Theodora, he formed a deep attachment. Another daughter, Harriet, afterwards Lady Hesketh, was in the latter years of his life one of his warmest friends. The engagement of marriage with

Theodora was not sanctioned by her father; and this disappointment, with other troubles, seems to have greatly affected Cowper, and to have prepared the way for the first attack of insanity, which took place in 1763. The immediate cause was the excitement occasioned by his appointment to two clerkships in the House of Lords, at the hands of his uncle, Major Cowper. His malady was intensified by the injudicious handling he received from his cousin, Martin Madan, a strong Calvinist, and it was only after a stay of fifteen months under the care of the amiable physician and verse-writer, Dr. Nathaniel Cotton, at St. Albans, that he recovered. He did not resume work in London, but went to live at Huntingdon. There he fell in with the Unwins, and there began their lifelong intimacy. After Mr. Unwin's death (1767) Cowper removed with Mrs. Unwin to Olney, where they remained till 1786. The peace of Cowper's life at Olney was shaken in 1773 by a second attack of melancholia, which lasted for sixteen months. Before and after that time he corresponded freely with many friends; he joined with John Newton, curate-in-charge at Olney, in composing the *Olney Hymns* (published, 1779); but it was not till December, 1780, that he began seriously to write poetry, having deserted the art since the days of his early love-verses to "Delia." His first volume, containing *Table Talk*, *Conversation*, *Retirement*, and the other didactic poems, was published in 1782; his second, containing *The Task*, *Tirocinium*, and among others the ballad of *John Gilpin* (which had been published in a newspaper, and had become famous through the recitations of Henderson, the actor), appeared in 1785. The subjects of both *John Gilpin* and *The Task* were suggested to Cowper by Lady Austen, a fascinating person, who for some years was on intimate terms with him and Mrs. Unwin. Afterwards he began his translation of Homer, which was completed and published in 1791. The last years of his life, from 1791 to 1800, were years of great misery. Mrs. Unwin was paralytic from 1791 to her death in 1796; he himself was suffering from hopeless dejection, regarding himself, as he had done since his first attack, as an outcast from God. He died at East Dereham, in Norfolk, April 25, 1800.]

RELISH OF FAIR PROSPECT.

[From *The Task*, Book I. *The Sofa*.]

OH! may I live exempted (while I live
 Guiltless of pampered appetite obscene)
 From pangs arthritic that infest the toe
 Of libertine excess. The Sofa suits
 The gouty limb, 'tis true; but gouty limb,
 Though on a Sofa, may I never feel:
 For I have loved the rural walk through
 lanes
 Of grassy swarth, close cropped by nib-
 bling sheep
 And skirted thick with intertexture firm
 Of thorny boughs; have loved the rural
 walk
 O'er hills, through valleys, and by riv-
 ers' brink,
 E'er since a truant boy I passed my
 bounds
 To enjoy a ramble on the banks of
 Thames;
 And still remember, nor without regret,
 Of hours that sorrow since has much
 endeared,
 How oft, my slice of pocket store con-
 sumed,
 Still hungering, penniless, and far from
 home,
 I fed on scarlet hips and stony haws,
 Or blushing crabs, or berries that em-
 boss

The bramble, black as jet, or sloes austere.

Hard fare! but such as boyish appetite
 Disdains not, nor the palate undepraved
 By culinary arts, unsavory deems.

No Sofa then awaited my return,
 Nor Sofa then I needed. Youth repairs
 His wasted spirits quickly, by long toil
 Incurring short fatigue; and though our
 years,

As life declines, speed rapidly away,
 And not a year but pilfers as he goes,
 Some youthful grace that age would
 gladly keep,

A tooth or auburn lock, and by degrees
 Their length and color from the locks
 they spare,

The elastic spring of an unweari'd foot
 That mounts the stile with ease, or leaps
 the fence,

That play of lungs, inhaling and again
 Respiring freely the fresh air, that makes
 Swift pace or steep ascent no toil to me,
 Mine have not pilfered yet; nor yet im-
 paired

My relish of fair prospect: scenes that
 soothed

Or charmed me young, no longer young,
 I find

Still soothing and of power to charm
 me still.

And witness, dear companion of my
 walks,

Whose arm this twentieth winter I perceive
 Fast locked in mine, with pleasure such
 as love,
 Confirmed by long experience of thy
 worth
 And well-tried virtues, could alone inspire,
 Witness a joy that thou hast doubled long.
 Thou knowest my praise of nature most
 sincere,
 And that my raptures are not conjured
 up
 To serve occasions of poetic pomp,
 But genuine, and art partner of them all.
 How oft upon yon eminence our pace
 Has slackened to a pause, and we have
 borne
 The ruffling wind, scarce conscious that
 it blew,
 While admiration, feeding at the eye,
 And still unsated, dwelt upon the scene.
 Thence with what pleasure have we just
 discerned
 The distant plough slow moving, and
 beside
 His laboring team, that swerved not
 from the track,
 The sturdy swain diminished to a boy.
 Here Ouse, slow winding through a
 level plain
 Of spacious meads with cattle sprinkled
 o'er,
 Conducts the eye along his sinuous
 course
 Delighted. There, fast rooted in their
 bank,
 Stand, never overlooked, our favorite
 elms,
 That screen the herdsman's solitary hut;
 While far beyond, and overthwart the
 stream,
 That, as with molten glass, inlays the
 vale,
 The sloping land recedes into the
 clouds;
 Displaying on its varied side the grace
 Of hedge-row beauties numberless,
 square tower,
 Tall spire, from which the sound of
 cheerful bells

Just undulates upon the listening ear;
 Groves, heaths, and smoking villages
 remote.
 Scenes must be beautiful which, daily
 viewed,
 Please daily, and whose novelty survives
 Long knowledge and the scrutiny of
 years:
 Praise justly due to those that I describe.

CRAZY KATE. THE GIPSIES.

THERE often wanders one, whom
 better days
 Saw better clad, in cloak of satin
 trimmed
 With lace, and hat with splendid riband
 bound.
 A serving-maid was she, and fell in love
 With one who left her, went to sea, and
 died.
 Her fancy followed him through foam-
 ing waves
 To distant shores, and she would sit and
 weep
 At what a sailor suffers; fancy too,
 Delusive most where warmest wishes
 are,
 Would oft anticipate his glad return,
 And dream of transports she was not to
 know.
 She heard the doleful tidings of his
 death,
 And never smiled again. And now she
 roams
 The dreary waste; there spends the
 livelong day,
 And there, unless when charity forbids,
 The livelong night. A tattered apron
 hides,
 Worn as a cloak, and hardly hides, a
 gown
 More tattered still; and both but ill
 conceal
 A bosom heaved with never-ceasing
 sighs.
 She begs an idle pin of all she meets,
 And hoards them in her sleeve; but
 needful food,
 Though pressed with hunger oft, or
 comelier clothes,

Though pinched with cold, asks
never. — Kate is crazed.

I see a column of slow-rising smoke
O'er top the lofty wood that skirts the
wild.

A vagabond and useless tribe there eat
Their miserable meal. A kettle, slung
Between two poles upon a stick trans-
verse,

Receives the morsel; flesh obscene of
dog,

Or vermin, or, at best, of cock purloined
From his accustomed perch. Hard-
faring race!

They pick their fuel out of every hedge,
Which, kindled with dry leaves, just
saves unquenched

The spark of life. The sportive wind
blows wide

Their fluttering rags, and shows a tawny
skin,

The vellum of the pedigree they claim.
Great skill have they in palmistry, and
more

To conjure clean away the gold they
touch,

Conveying worthless dross into its
place;

Loud when they beg, dumb only when
they steal.

Strange! that a creature rational, and
cast

In human mould, should brutalize by
choice

His nature, and, though capable of arts
By which the world might profit and
himself,

Self banished from society, prefer
Such squalid sloth to honorable toil!
Yet even these, though, feigning sickness
oft,

They swathe the forehead, drag the
limping limb,

And vex their flesh with artificial sores,
Can change their whine into a mirthful
note

When safe occasion offers; and with
dance,

And music of the bladder and the bag,
Beguile their woes, and make the woods
resound.

Such health and gaiety of heart enjoy

The houseless rovers of the sylvan world;
And breathing wholesome air, and wan-
dering much,

Need other physic none to heal the
effects

Of loathsome diet, penury, and cold.

ENGLAND.

[From Book II. *The Timepiece*.]

ENGLAND, with all thy faults, I love
thee still,

My country! and, while yet a nook is
left

Where English minds and manners may
be found,

Shall be constrained to love thee.
Though thy clime

Be fickle, and thy year, most part, de-
formed

With dripping rains, or withered by a
frost,

I would not yet exchange thy sullen skies
And fields without a flower, for warmer
France

With all her vines; nor for Ausonia's
groves

Of golden fruitage, and her myrtle
bowers.

To shake thy senate, and from heights
sublime

Of patriot eloquence to flash down fire
Upon thy foes, was never meant my task;
But I can feel thy fortunes, and partake
Thy joys and sorrows with as true a
heart

As any thunderer there. And I can feel
Thy follies too, and with a just disdain
Frown at effeminates, whose very looks
Reflect dishonor on the land I love.

How, in the name of soldiership and
sense,

Should England prosper, when such
things, as smooth

And tender as a girl, all-essenced o'er
With odors, and as profligate as sweet,
Who sell their laurel for a myrtle wreath,
And love when they should fight, —
when such as these

Presume to lay their hand upon the ark
Of her magnificent and awful cause?

Time was when it was praise and boast
 enough
 In every clime, and travel where we
 might,
 That we were born her children; praise
 enough
 To fill the ambition of a private man,
 That Chatham's language was his mother
 tongue,
 And Wolfe's great name compatriot
 with his own.
 Farewell those honors, and farewell with
 them
 The hope of such hereafter! They have
 fallen
 Each in his field of glory: one in arms,
 And one in council—Wolfe upon the
 lap
 Of smiling Victory that moment won,
 And Chatham, heart-sick of his country's
 shame!
 They made us many soldiers. Chatham
 still
 Consulting England's happiness at home,
 Secured it by an unforgiving frown
 If any wronged her. Wolfe, where'er
 he fought,
 Put so much of his heart into his act,
 That his example had a magnet's force,
 And all were swift to follow whom all
 loved.
 Those suns are set. Oh, rise some other
 such!
 Or all that we have left is empty talk
 Of old achievements, and despair of new.

AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL.

[From Book III., *The Garden*.]

I WAS a stricken deer that left the
 herd
 Long since; with many an arrow deep
 infixed
 My panting side was charged, when I
 withdrew
 To seek a tranquil death in distant shades.
 There was I found by One who had
 Himself
 Been hurt by the archers: In His side He
 bore,

And in His hands and feet, the cruel
 scars.
 With gentle force soliciting the darts,
 He drew them forth, and healed and
 bade me live.
 Since then, with few associates, in remote
 And silent woods I wander, far from
 those
 My former partners of the peopled scene;
 With few associates, and not wishing
 more.
 Here much I ruminate, as much I may,
 With other views of men and manners
 now
 Than once, and others of a life to come.
 I see that all are wanderers, gone astray
 Each in his own delusions; they are lost
 In chase of fancied happiness, still wooed
 And never won. Dream after dream
 ensues,
 And still they dream that they shall still
 succeed,
 And still are disappointed. Rings the
 world
 With the vain stir. I sum up half man-
 kind,
 And add two-thirds of the remaining half,
 And find the total of their hopes and fears
 Dreams, empty dreams.

THE POST. THE FIRESIDE IN WINTER.

[From Book IV., *The Winter Evening*.]

HARK! 'tis the twanging horn! O'er
 yonder bridge,
 That with its wearisome but needful
 length
 Bestrides the wintry flood, in which the
 moon
 Sees her unwrinkled face reflected
 bright,
 He comes, the herald of a noisy world,
 With spattered boots, strapped waist,
 and frozen locks,
 News from all nations lumbering at his
 back.
 True to his charge, the close-packed
 load behind,
 Yet careless what he brings, his one
 concern

Is to conduct it to the destined inn,
 And having dropped the expected bag
 — pass on.
 He whistles as he goes, light-hearted
 wretch,
 Cold and yet cheerful: messenger of
 grief
 Perhaps to thousands, and of joy to
 some,
 To him indifferent whether grief or joy.
 Houses in ashes, and the fall of stocks,
 Births, deaths, and marriages, epistles wet
 With tears that trickled down the writer's
 cheeks
 Fast as the periods from his fluent quill,
 Or charged with amorous sighs of absent
 swains,
 Or nymphs responsive, equally affect
 His horse and him, unconscious of them
 all.
 But oh the important budget! ushered in
 With such heart-shaking music, who can
 say
 What are its tidings? have our troops
 awaked?
 Or do they still, as if with opium drugged,
 Snore to the murmurs of the Atlantic
 wave?
 Is India free? and does she wear her
 plumed
 And jewelled turban with a smile of
 peace,
 Or do we grind her still? The grand
 debate,
 The popular harangue, the tart reply,
 The logic, and the wisdom, and the wit,
 And the loud laugh — I long to know
 them all;
 I burn to set the imprisoned wranglers
 free,
 And give them voice and utterance once
 again.
 Now stir the fire, and close the shutters
 fast,
 Let fall the curtains, wheel the sofa
 round,
 And while the bubbling and loud hissing
 urn
 Throws up a steamy column, and the
 cups
 That cheer but not inebriate, wait on
 each,

So let us welcome peaceful evening in.

.
 O Winter! ruler of the inverted year,
 Thy scattered air with sleet like ashes
 filled,
 Thy breath congealed upon thy lips, thy
 cheeks
 Fringed with a beard made white with
 other snows
 Than those of age, thy forehead wrapt
 in clouds,
 A leafless branch thy sceptre, and thy
 throne
 A sliding car, indebted to no wheels,
 But urged by storms along its slippery
 way;
 I love thee, all unlovely as thou seemest,
 And dreaded as thou art. Thou holdest
 the sun
 A prisoner in the yet undawning east,
 Shortening his journey between morn
 and noon,
 And hurrying him, impatient of his stay,
 Down to the rosy west; but kindly still
 Compensating his loss with added hours
 Of social converse and instructive ease,
 And gathering, at short notice, in one
 group
 The family dispersed, and fixing thought,
 Not less dispersed by daylight and its
 cares.
 I crown thee King of intimate delights,
 Fireside enjoyments, homeborn happi-
 ness,
 And all the comforts that the lowly roof
 Of undisturbed retirement, and the
 hours
 Of long uninterrupted evening know.
 No rattling wheels stop short before
 these gates;
 No powdered pert, proficient in the art
 Of sounding an alarm, assaults these
 doors
 Till the street rings; no stationary steeds
 Cough their own knell, while, heedless
 of the sound,
 The silent circle fan themselves, and
 quake:
 But here the needle plies its busy task,
 The pattern grows, the well-depicted
 flower,

Wrought patiently into the snowy lawn,
 Unfolds its bosom; buds, and leaves,
 and sprigs,
 And curling tendrils, gracefully disposed,
 Follow the nimble finger of the fair;
 A wreath that cannot fade, of flowers
 that blow
 With most success when all besides
 decay.
 The poet's or historian's page, by one
 Made vocal for the amusement of the
 rest;
 The sprightly lyre, whose treasure of
 sweet sounds
 The touch from many a trembling chord
 shakes out;
 And the clear voice symphonious, yet
 distinct,
 And in the charming strife triumphant
 still;
 Beguile the night, and set a keener edge
 On female industry: the threaded steel
 Flies swiftly, and unfelt the task pro-
 ceeds.

SNOW.

I SAW the woods and fields at close of
 day
 A variegated show; the meadows green,
 Though faded; and the lands, where
 lately waved
 The golden harvest, of a mellow brown,
 Upturned so lately by the forceful share:
 I saw far off the weedy fallows smile
 With verdure not unprofitable, grazed
 By flocks, fast feeding, and selecting
 each
 His favorite herb; while all the leafless
 groves
 That skirt the norizon, wore a sable hue,
 Scarce noticed in the kindred dusk of
 eve.
 To-morrow brings a change, a total
 change!
 Which even now, though silently per-
 formed
 And slowly, and by most unfelt, the face
 Of universal nature undergoes.
 Fast falls a fleecy shower: the downy
 flakes

Descending, and, with never-ceasing
 lapse,
 Softly alighting upon all below,
 Assimilate all objects. Earth receives
 Gladly the thickening mantle, and the
 green
 And tender blade that feared the chill-
 ing blast
 Escapes unhurt beneath so warm a veil.
 In such a world, so thorny, and where
 none
 Finds happiness unblighted, or, if found,
 Without some thistly sorrow at its side,
 It seems the part of wisdom, and no sin
 Against the law of love, to measure lots
 With less distinguished than ourselves,
 that thus
 We may with patience bear our moder-
 ate ills,
 And sympathize with others, suffering
 more.
 Ill fares the traveller now, and he that
 stalks
 In ponderous boots beside his reeking
 team.
 The wain goes heavily, impeded sore
 By congregated loads adhering close
 To the clogged wheels; and in its slug-
 gish pace
 Noiseless appears a moving hill of snow.
 The toiling steeds expand the nostril
 wide,
 While every breath, by respiration
 strong
 Forced downward, is consolidated soon
 Upon their jutting chests. He, formed
 to bear
 The pelting brunt of the tempestuous
 night,
 With half-shut eyes and puckered
 cheeks, and teeth
 Presented bare against the storm, plods
 on.
 One hand secures his hat, save when
 with both
 He brandishes his pliant length of whip,
 Resounding oft, and never heard in
 vain.
 O happy! and in my account, denied
 That sensibility of pain with which
 Refinement is endued, thrice happy
 thou.

Thy frame, robust and hardy, feels indeed
 The piercing cold, but feels it unimpaired.
 The learnèd finger never need explore
 Thy vigorous pulse; and the unhealthful east,
 That breathes the spleen, and searches every bone
 Of the infirm, is wholesome air to thee.
 Thy days roll on exempt from household care;
 The wagon is thy wife; and the poor beasts
 That drag the dull companion to and fro,
 Thine helpless charge, dependent on thy care.
 Ah, treat them kindly! rude as thou appearest,
 Yet show that thou hast mercy, which the great,
 With needless hurry whirled from place to place,
 Humane as they would seem, not always show.

EARLY LOVE OF THE COUNTRY AND OF POETRY.

BUT slighted as it is, and by the great
 Abandoned, and, which still I more regret,
 Infected with the manners and the modes
 It knew not once, the country wins me still.
 I never framed a wish, or formed a plan,
 That flattered me with hopes of earthly bliss,
 But there I laid the scene. There early strayed
 My fancy, ere yet liberty of choice
 Had found me, or the hope of being free.
 My very dreams were rural, rural too
 The firstborn efforts of my youthful muse,
 Sportive, and jingling her poetic bells

Ere yet her ear was mistress of their powers.
 No bard could please me but whose lyre was tuned
 To Nature's praises. Heroes and their feats
 Fatigued me, never weary of the pipe
 Of Tityrus, assembling, as he sang,
 The rustic throng beneath his favorite beech.
 Then Milton had indeed a poet's charms:
 New to my taste, his Paradise surpassed
 The struggling efforts of my boyish tongue
 To speak its excellence; I danced for joy.
 I marvelled much that, at so ripe an age
 As twice seven years, his beauties had then first
 Engaged my wonder, and admiring still,
 And still admiring, with regret supposed
 The joy half lost because not sooner found.
 Thee too, enamored of the life I loved,
 Pathetic in its praise, in its pursuit
 Determined, and possessing it at last
 With transports such as favored lovers feel,
 I studied, prized, and wished that I had known,
 Ingenious Cowley! and though now reclaimed
 By modern lights from an erroneous taste,
 I cannot but lament thy splendid wit
 Entangled in the cobwebs of the schools;
 I still revere thee, courtly though retired,
 Though stretched at ease in Chertsey's silent bowers,
 Not unemployed, and finding rich amends
 For a lost world in solitude and verse.

MEDITATION IN WINTER.

[From Book VI. *The Winter Walk at Noon.*]

THE night was winter in his roughest mood,

The morning sharp and clear. But now
 at noon,
 Upon the southern side of the slant
 hills,
 And where the woods fence off the
 northern blast,
 The season smiles, resigning all its rage,
 And has the warmth of May. The
 vault is blue
 Without a cloud, and white without a
 speck
 The dazzling splendor of the scene be-
 low.
 Again the harmony comes o'er the vale,
 And through the trees I view the em-
 battled tower
 Whence all the music. I again per-
 ceive
 The soothing influence of the wafted
 strains,
 And settle in soft musings as I tread
 The walk, still verdant, under oaks and
 elms,
 Whose outspread branches overarch the
 glade.
 The roof, though moveable through all
 its length
 As the wind sways it, has yet well suf-
 ficed,
 And intercepting in their silent fall
 The frequent flakes, has kept a path for
 me.
 No noise is here, or none that hinders
 thought.
 The redbreast warbles still, but is content
 With slender notes, and more than half
 suppressed:
 Pleased with his solitude, and flitting
 light
 From spray to spray, where'er he rests
 he shakes
 From many a twig the pendant drops of
 ice,
 That tinkle in the withered leaves be-
 low.
 Stillness, accompanied with sounds so
 soft,
 Charms more than silence. Meditation
 here
 May think down hours to moments.
 Here the heart
 May give a useful lesson to the head,

And learning wiser grow without his
 books.
 Knowledge and wisdom, far from being
 one,
 Have oftentimes no connexion. Knowledge
 dwells
 In heads replete with thoughts of other
 men,
 Wisdom in minds attentive to their own.
 Knowledge, a rude unprofitable mass,
 The mere materials with which wisdom
 builds,
 Till smoothed and squared and fitted to
 its place,
 Does but encumber whom it seems to en-
 rich.
 Knowledge is proud that he has learned
 so much;
 Wisdom is humble that he knows no
 more.
 Books are not seldom talismans and
 spells,
 By which the magic art of shrewder wits
 Holds an unthinking multitude en-
 thrall'd.
 Some to the fascination of a name
 Surrender judgment hoodwinked.
 Some the style
 Infatuates, and through labyrinths and
 wilds
 Of error leads them, by a tune entranced.
 While sloth seduces more, too weak to
 bear
 The insupportable fatigue of thought,
 And swallowing therefore, without pause
 or choice,
 The total grist unsifted, husks and all.
 But trees, and rivulets whose rapid
 course
 Defies the check of winter, haunts of deer,
 And sheepwalks populous with bleating
 lambs,
 And 'anes in which the primrose ere her
 time
 Peeps through the moss that clothes the
 hawthorn root,
 Deceive no student. Wisdom there,
 and Truth,
 Not shy as in the world, and to be won
 By slow solicitation, seize at once
 The roving thought, and fix it on them-
 selves.

THE POET IN THE WOODS.

HERE unmolested, through whatever
sign
The sun proceeds, I wander; neither
mist,
Nor freezing sky nor sultry, checking me,
Nor stranger intermeddling with my joy.
Even in the spring and playtime of
the year,
That calls the unwonted villager abroad
With all her little ones, a sportive train,
To gather kingcups in the yellow mead,
And prink their hair with daisies, or to
pick
A cheap but wholesome salad from the
brook,
These shades are all my own. The
timorous hare,
Grown so familiar with her frequent
guest,
Scarce shuns me; and the stockdove
unalarm'd
Sits cooing in the pine-tree, nor sus-
pends
His long love-ditty for my near approach.
Drawn from his refuge in some lonely
elm
That age or injury has hollowed deep,
Where on his bed of wool and matted
leaves
He has outslept the winter, ventures
forth
To frisk awhile, and bask in the warm
sun,
The squirrel, flippant, pert, and full of
play.
He sees me, and at once, swift as a bird,
Ascends the neighboring beech; there
whisks his brush,
And perks his ears, and stamps and
scolds aloud,
With all the prettiness of feigned alarm,
And anger insignificantly fierce.

EPITAPH ON A HARE.

HERE lies, whom hound did ne'er pur-
sue,
Nor swifter greyhound follow,
Whose foot ne'er tainted morning dew,
Nor ear heard huntsman's halloo;

Old Tiney, surliest of his kind,
Who, nursed with tender care,
And to domestic bounds confined,
Was still a wild Jack hare.

Though duly from my hand he took
His pittance every night,
He did it with a jealous look,
And, when he could, would bite.

His diet was of wheaten bread,
And milk, and oats, and straw;
Thistles, or lettuces instead,
With sand to scour his maw.

On twigs of hawthorn he regaled,
On pippins' russet peel,
And, when his juicy salads failed,
Sliced carrot pleased him well.

A Turkey carpet was his lawn,
Whereon he loved to bound,
To skip and gambol like a fawn,
And swing his rump around.

His frisking was at evening hours,
For then he lost his fear,
But most before approaching showers,
Or when a storm drew near.

Eight years and five round-rolling
moons
He thus saw steal away,
Dozing out all his idle noons,
And every night at play.

I kept him for his humor's sake,
For he would oft beguile
My heart of thoughts that made it
ache,
And force me to a smile.

But now beneath this walnut shade
He finds his long last home,
And waits, in snug concealment laid,
Till gentler Puss shall come.

He, still more agèd, feels the shocks,
From which no care can save,
And, partner once of Tiney's box,
Must soon partake his grave.

*ON THE DEATH OF MRS.
THROCKMORTON'S BULLFINCH.*

Ye Nymphs, if e'er your eyes were red
With tears o'er hapless favorites shed,
Oh share Maria's grief!
Her favorite, even in his cage
(What will not hunger's cruel rage?)
Assassined by a thief.

Where Rhenus strays his vines among
The egg was laid from which he sprung;
And though by nature mute,
Or only with a whistle blessed,
Well-taught, he all the sounds expressed
Of flageolet or flute.

The honors of his ebon poll
Were brighter than the sleekest mole,
His bosom of the hue
With which Aurora decks the skies,
When piping winds shall soon arise
To sweep away the dew.

Above, below, in all the house,
Dire foe alike of bird and mouse,
No cat had leave to dwell;
And Bully's cage supported stood
On props of smoothest-shaven wood,
Large built and latticed well.

Well latticed, — but the grate, alas!
Not rough with wire of steel or brass,
For Bully's plumage sake,
But smooth with wands from Ouse's side,
With which, when neatly peeled and
dried,
The swains their baskets make.

Night veiled the pole; all seemed secure;
When, led by instinct sharp and sure,
Subsistence to provide,
A beast forth sallied on the scout,
Long backed, long tailed, with whiskered
snout,
And badger-colored hide.

He, entering at the study door,
Its ample area 'gan explore;
And something in the wind
Conjectured, sniffing round and round,
Better than all the books he found,
Food chiefly for the mind.

Just then, by adverse fate impressed,
A dream disturbed poor Bully's rest;
In sleep he seemed to view
A rat fast clinging to the cage,
And screaming at the sad presage,
Awoke and found it true.

For, aided both by ear and scent,
Right to his mark the monster went, —
Ah, Muse! forbear to speak
Minute the horrors that ensued;
His teeth were strong, the cage was
wood. —
He left poor Bully's beak.

Oh, had he made that too his prey!
That beak, whence issued many a lay
Of such mellifluous tone,
Might have repaid him well, I wote,
For silencing so sweet a throat,
Fast stuck within his own.

Maria weeps, — the Muses mourn; —
So, when by Bacchanalians torn,
On Thracian Hebrus' side
The tree-enchanter Orpheus fell,
His head alone remained to tell
The cruel death he died.

*ON THE LOSS OF THE ROYAL
GEORGE.*

[Written when the news arrived.]

TOLL for the brave!
The brave that are no more!
All sunk beneath the wave,
Fast by their native shore!

Eight hundred of the brave,
Whose courage well was tried,
Had made the vessel heel,
And laid her on her side.

A land-breeze shook the shrouds,
And she was overset;
Down went the Royal George,
With all her crew complete.

Toll for the brave!
Brave Kempenfelt is gone;
His last sea-fight is fought;
His work of glory done.

It was not in the battle;
No tempest gave the shock;
She sprang no fatal leak;
She ran upon no rock.

His sword was in its sheath;
His fingers held the pen,
When Kempenfelt went down
With twice four hundred men.

Weigh the vessel up,
Once dreaded by our foes!
And mingle with our cup
The tears that England owes.

Her timbers yet are sound,
And she may float again
Full charged with England's thunder,
And plough the distant main.

But Kempenfelt is gone,
His victories are o'er;
And he and his eight hundred
Shall plough the wave no more.

THE ACQUIESCENCE OF PURE LOVE.

[From the French of Madame Guyon.]

LOVE! if Thy destined sacrifice am I,
Come, slay thy victim, and prepare
Thy fires;
Plunged in the depths of mercy, let me die
The death which every soul that lives
desires!

I watch my hours, and see them fleet
away;
The time is long that I have languished
here;
Yet all my thoughts Thy purposes obey,
With no reluctance, cheerful and sincere.

To me 'tis equal, whether Love ordain
My life or death, appoint me pain or
ease:

My soul perceives no real ill in pain;
In ease or health no real good she sees.

One Good she covets, and that Good
alone;
To choose Thy will, from selfish bias
free;
And to prefer a cottage to a throne,
And grief to comfort, if it pleases
Thee.

That we should bear the cross is Thy
command,
Die to the world, and live to self no
more;
Suffer, unmoved, beneath the rudest
hand,
As pleased when shipwrecked as when
safe on shore.

ON THE RECEIPT OF MY MOTHER'S PICTURE.

OH, that those lips had language! Life
has passed
With me but roughly since I heard thee
last.

Those lips are thine—thy own sweet
smile I see,
The same that oft in childhood solaced
me;

Voice only fails, else how distinct they
say,
"Grieve not, my child, chase all thy fears
away!"

The meek intelligence of those dear eyes
(Blessed be the art that can immortal-
ize,

The art that baffles Time's tyrannic claim
To quench it) here shines on me still the
same.

Faithful remembrancer of one so dear,
O welcome guest, though unexpected
here!

Who bidst me honor with an artless song,
Affectionate, a mother lost so long,
I will obey, not willingly alone,
But gladly, as the precept were her own:
And, while that face renews my filial
grief,

Fancy shall weave a charm for my relief,
Shall steep me in Elysian reverie,
A momentary dream that thou art she.

My mother! when I learnt that thou
wast dead,
Say, wast thou conscious of the tears I
shed?
Hovered thy spirit o'er thy sorrowing
son,
Wretch even then life's journey just
begun?
Perhaps thou gavest me, though un-
felt, a kiss:
Perhaps a tear, if souls can weep in
bliss—
Ah, that maternal smile! It answers—
Yes.
I heard the bell tolled on thy burial day,
I saw the hearse that bore thee slow away,
And, turning from my nursery window,
drew
A long, long sigh, and wept a last adieu!
But was it such?—It was.—Where thou
art gone
Adieus and farewells are a sound un-
known.
May I but meet thee on that peaceful
shore,
The parting word shall pass my lips no
more!
Thy maidens, grieved themselves at my
concern,
Oft gave me promise of thy quick return.
What ardently I wished I long believed,
And, disappointed still, was still deceived.
By expectation every day beguiled,
Dupe of *to-morrow* even from a child.
Thus many a sad to-morrow came and
went,
Till, all my stock of infant sorrow spent,
I learned at last submission to my lot;
But, though I less deplored thee, ne'er
forgot.
Where once we dwelt our name is
heard no more,
Children not thine have trod my nursery
floor;
And where the gardener Robin, day by
day,
Drew me to school along the public way,
Delighted with my bauble coach, and
wrapped
In scarlet mantle warm, and velvet
capped,
'Tis now become a history little known,

That once we called the pastoral house
our own.
Short-lived possession! but the record
fair
That memory keeps, of all thy kindness
there,
Still outlives many a storm that has
effaced
A thousand other themes less deeply
traced.
Thy nightly visits to my chamber made,
That thou mightst know me safe and
warmly laid;
Thy morning bounties ere I left my home,
The biscuit, or confectionary plum;
The fragrant waters on my cheek be-
stowed
By thy own hand, till fresh they shone
and glowed;
All this, and more endearing still than
all,
Thy constant flow of love, that knew no
fall,
Ne'er roughened by those cataracts and
brakes
That humor interposed too often makes;
All this still legible in memory's page,
And still to be so to my latest age,
Adds joy to duty, makes me glad to pay
Such honors to thee as my numbers
may;
Perhaps a frail memorial, but sincere,
Not scorned in heaven, though little
noticed here.
Could Time, his flight reversed, re-
store the hours,
When, playing with thy vesture's tissued
flowers,
The violet, the pink, and jessamine,
I pricked them into paper with a pin
(And thou wast happier than myself
the while,
Wouldst softly speak, and stroke my
head and smile),
Could those few pleasant days again
appear,
Might one wish bring them, would I
wish them here?
I would not trust my heart—the dear
delight
Seems so to be desired, perhaps I
might.—

But no — what here we call our life is
such

So little to be loved, and thou so much,
That I should ill requite thee to constrain
Thy unbound spirit into bonds again.

Thou, as a gallant bark from Albion's
coast

(The storms all weathered and the ocean
crossed)

Shoots into port at some well-havened
isle,

Where spices breathe, and brighter
seasons smile,

There sits quiescent on the floods that
show

Her beauteous form reflected clear
below,

While airs impregnated with incense
play

Around her, fanning light her streamers
gay;

So thou, with sails how swift! hast
reached the shore,

"Where tempests never beat nor billows
roar."

And thy loved consort on the dangerous
tide

Of life long since has anchored by thy
side.

But me, scarce hoping to attain that rest,
Always from port withheld, always dis-
tressed —

Me howling blasts drive devious, tem-
pest tost,

Sails ripped, seams opening wide, and
compass lost,

And day by day some current's thwart-
ing force

Sets me more distant from a prosperous
course.

Yet, oh, the thought that thou art safe,
and he!

That thought is joy, arrive what may to
me.

My boast is not, that I deduce my birth
From loins enthroned and rulers of the

earth;

But higher far my proud pretensions
rise —

The son of parents passed into the skies!
And now, farewell — Time unrevoked
has run

His wonted course, yet what I wished is
done.

By contemplation's help, not sought in
vain,

I seem to have lived my childhood o'er
again;

To have renewed the joys that once were
mine,

Without the sin of violating thine:

And, while the wings of Fancy still are
free,

And I can view this mimic show of thee,
Time has but half succeeded in his
theft —

Thyself removed, thy power to soothe
me left.

THE POPLAR FIELD.

THE poplars are felled; farewell to the
shade,

And the whispering sound of the cool
colonnade;

The winds play no longer and sing in
the leaves,

Nor Ouse on his bosom their image re-
ceives.

Twelve years have elapsed since I first
took a view

Of my favorite field, and the bank where
they grew;

And now in the grass behold they are
laid,

And the tree is my seat that once lent
me a shade!

The blackbird has fled to another re-
treat,

Where the hazels afford him a screen
from the heat,

And the scene where his melody charmed
me before

Resounds with his sweet-flowing ditty no
more.

My fugitive years are all hasting away,
And I must ere long lie as lowly as they,

With a turf on my breast, and a stone
at my head,

Ere another such grove shall arise in its
stead.

'Tis a sight to engage me, if anything
can,
To muse on the perishing pleasures of
man;
Though his life be a dream, his enjoy-
ments, I see,
Have a being less durable even than he.¹

TO MARY.

THE twentieth year is well nigh past,
Since first our sky was overcast;
Ah, would that this might be the last!
My Mary!

Thy spirits have a fainter flow,
I see thee daily weaker grow;
'Twas my distress that brought thee low,
My Mary!

Thy needles, once a shining store,
For my sake restless heretofore,
Now rust disused, and shine no more,
My Mary!

For though thou gladly wouldst fulfil
The same kind office for me still,
Thy sight now seconds not thy will,
My Mary!

But well thou playedst the housewife's
part,
And all thy threads with magic art
Have wound themselves about this heart,
My Mary!

Thy indistinct expressions seem
Like language uttered in a dream;
Yet me they charm, whate'er the theme,
My Mary!

Thy silver locks, once auburn bright,
Are still more lovely in my sight
Than golden beams of orient light,
My Mary!

¹ *Note to Ed. of 1803.* Mr. Cowper afterwards altered the last stanza in the following manner:—

"The change both my heart and my fancy employs,
I reflect on the frailty of man and his joys;
Short-lived as we are, yet our pleasures, we see,
Have a still shorter date, and die sooner than we."

For, could I view nor them nor thee,
What sight worth seeing could I see?
The sun would rise in vain for me,
My Mary!

Partakers of thy sad decline,
Thy hands their little force resign;
Yet, gently prest, press gently mine,
My Mary!

Such feebleness of limbs thou provest,
That now at every step thou movest
Upheld by two, yet still thou lovest,
My Mary!

And still to love, though prest with ill,
In wintry age to feel no chill,
With me is to be lovely still,
My Mary!

But ah! by constant heed I know,
How oft the sadness that I show
Transforms thy smiles to looks of woe,
My Mary!

And should my future lot be cast
With much resemblance of the past,
Thy worn-out heart will break at last,
My Mary!

THE CASTAWAY.

OBSCUREST night involved the sky,
The Atlantic billows roared,
When such a destined wretch as I,
Washed headlong from on board,
Of friends, of hope, of all bereft,
His floating home for ever left.

No braver chief could Albion boast
Than he with whom he went,
Nor ever ship left Albion's coast
With warmer wishes sent.
He loved them both, but both in vain,
Nor him beheld, nor her again.

Not long beneath the whelming brine,
Expert to swim, he lay;
Nor soon he felt his strength decline,
Or courage die away;
But waged with death a lasting strife,
Supported by despair of life.

He shouted : nor his friends had failed

To check the vessel's course,
But so the furious blast prevailed,
That, pitiless perforce,
They left their outcast mate behind,
And scudded still before the wind.

Some succor yet they could afford;
And such as storms allow,
The cask, the coop, the floated cord,
Delayed not to bestow.
But he (they knew) nor ship nor shore,
Whate'er they gave, should visit more.

Nor, cruel as it seemed, could he
Their haste himself condemn;
Aware that flight, in such a sea,
Alone could rescue them;
Yet bitter felt it still to die
Deserted, and his friends so nigh.

He long survives, who lives an hour
In ocean, self-upheld;
And so long he, with unspent power,
His destiny repelled;
And ever, as the minutes flew,
Entreated help, or cried "Adieu!"

At length, his transient respite past,
His comrades, who before
Had heard his voice in every blast,
Could catch the sound no more:
For then, by toil subdued, he drank
The stifling wave, and then he sank.

No poet wept him; but the page
Of narrative sincere,
That tells his name, his worth, his age,
Is wet with Anson's tear:
And tears by bards or heroes shed
Alike immortalize the dead.

I therefore purpose not, or dream,
Descanting on his fate,
To give the melancholy theme
A more enduring date:
But misery still delights to trace
Its semblance in another's case.

No voice divine the storm allayed,
No light propitious shone,
When, snatched from all effectual aid,
We perished, each alone:
But I beneath a rougher sea,
And whelmed in deeper gulfs than he.

THE DOVES.

REAS'NING at every step he treads,
Man yet mistakes his way,
While meaner things, whom instinct
leads,
Are rarely known to stray.

One silent eve I wander'd late,
And heard the voice of love;
The turtle thus address'd her mate,
And sooth'd the list'ning dove:

Our mutual bond of faith and truth
No time shall disengage,
Those blessings of our early youth
Shall cheer our latest age.

While innocence without disguise,
And constancy sincere,
Shall fill the circles of those eyes,
And mine can read them there;

Those ills that wait on all below,
Shall ne'er be felt by me,
Or gently felt and only so,
As being shared with thee.

When lightnings flash among the trees,
Or kites are hov'ring near,
I fear lest thee alone they seize,
And know no other fear.

'Tis then I feel myself a wife,
And press thy wedded side,
Resolved an union form'd for life.
Death never shall divide.

But oh! if fickle and unchaste
(Forgive a transient thought)
Thou couldst become unkind at last,
And scorn thy present lot,

No need of lightnings from on high,
Or kites with cruel beak,
Denied th' endearments of thine eye
This widow'd heart would break.

Thus sang the sweet sequester'd bird,
Soft as the passing wind,
And I recorded what I heard,
A lesson for mankind.

BOADICEA.

WHEN the British warrior queen,
Bleeding from the Roman rods,
Sought, with an indignant mien,
Counsel of her country's gods,

Sage beneath the spreading oak
Sat the Druid, hoary chief;
Every burning word he spoke
Full of rage, and full of grief.

"Princess! if our aged eyes
Weep upon thy matchless wrongs,
'Tis because resentment ties
All the terrors of our tongues.

"Rome shall perish — write that word
In the blood that she has spilt;
Perish, hopeless and abhorr'd,
Deep in ruin as in guilt.

"Rome, for empire far renown'd,
Tramples on a thousand states;
Soon her pride shall kiss the ground —
Hark! the Gaul is at her gates!

"Other Romans shall arise,
Heedless of a soldier's name;
Sounds, not arms, shall win the prize,
Harmony the path to fame.

"Then the progeny that springs
From the forests of our land,
Arm'd with thunder, clad with wings,
Shall a wider world command.

"Regions Cæsar never knew
Thy posterity shall sway;
Where his eagles never flew,
None invincible as they."

Such the bard's prophetic words,
Pregnant with celestial fire,
Bending as he swept the chords
Of his sweet but awful lyre.

She, with all a monarch's pride,
Felt them in her bosom glow;
Rush'd to battle, fought, and died;
Dying hurl'd them at the foe.

"Ruffians, pitiless as proud,
Heaven awards the vengeance due;
Empire is on us bestow'd,
Shame and ruin wait for you."

ALEXANDER SELKIRK.

I AM monarch of all I survey,
My right there is none to dispute;
From the centre all round to the sea,
I am lord of the fowl and the brute.
O Solitude, where are the charms
That sages have seen in thy face?
Better dwell in the midst of alarms
Than reign in this horrible place.

I am out of humanity's reach;
I must finish my journey alone;
Never hear the sweet music of speech —
I start at the sound of my own.
The beasts that roam over the plain
My form with indifference see;
They are so unacquainted with men,
Their tameness is shocking to me.

Society, friendship, and love,
Divinely bestow'd upon man;
O had I the wings of a dove,
How soon would I taste you again!
My sorrows I then might assuage
In the ways of religion and truth;
Might learn from the wisdom of age,
And be cheer'd by the sallies of youth.

Religion! what treasure untold
Resides in that heavenly word!
More precious than silver and gold,
Or all that this earth can afford.
But the sound of the church-going bell
These valleys and rocks never heard —
Never sigh'd at the sound of a knell,
Or smiled when a Sabbath appear'd.

Ye winds that have made me your sport,
Convey to this desolate shore
Some cordial endearing report
Of a land I shall visit no more.
My friends, do they now and then send
A wish or a thought after me?
O tell me I yet have a friend,
Though a friend I am never to see.

How fleet is a glance of the mind!
 Compared with the speed of its flight,
 The tempest itself lags behind,
 And the swift-winged arrows of light.
 When I think of my own native land,
 In a moment I seem to be there;
 But, alas! recollection at hand
 Soon hurries me back to despair.

But the sea-fowl is gone to her nest;
 The beast is laid down in his lair;
 Even here is a season of rest,
 And I to my cabin repair.
 There's mercy in every place;
 And mercy, encouraging thought!
 Gives even affliction a grace,
 And reconciles man to his lot.



JAMES BEATTIE.

1735-1803.

[JAMES BEATTIE was born at Laurencekirk in 1735, and died at Aberdeen in 1803. He published his first volume of poems in 1761, *The Judgment of Paris* in 1765, and *Some Lines on the Proposed Monument to Churchill* in 1766. The first part of *The Minstrel* appeared in 1770, the second in 1774.]

EDWIN.

[From *The Minstrel*.]

THERE liv'd in gothic days, as legends
 tell,

A shepherd-swain, a man of low de-
 gree;

Whose sires, perchance, in Fairyland
 might dwell,

Sicilian groves, or vales of Arcady.

But he, I ween, was of the north coun-
 trie:

A nation fam'd for song, and beauty's
 charms;

Zealous, yet modest; innocent, though
 free;

Patient of toil; serene amidst alarms;
 Inflexible in faith; invincible in arms.

The shepherd-swain of whom I mention
 made,

On Scotia's mountains fed his little
 flock;

The sickle, scythe, or plough, he never
 sway'd;

An honest heart was almost all his
 stock;

His drink the living water from the
 rock:

The milky dams supplied his board,
 and lent

Their kindly fleece to baffle winter's
 shock;

And he, though oft with dust and
 sweat besprent,
 Did guide and guard their wander-
 ings, wheresoe'er they went.

From labor health, from health content-
 ment springs,

Contentment opes the source of every
 joy;

He envied not, he never thought of,
 kings;

Nor from those appetites sustain'd
 annoy,

That chance may frustrate, or indulgence
 cloy:

Nor Fate his calm and humble hopes
 beguil'd;

He mourn'd no recreant friend, nor
 mistress coy,

For on his vows the blameless Phoebe
 smil'd,

And her alone he lov'd, and lov'd her
 from a child.

No jealousy their dawn of love o'er-
 cast,
 Nor blasted were their wedded days
 with strife;

Each season, look'd delightful, as it
 past,

To the fond husband, and the faithful
 wife;

Beyond the lowly vale of shepherd life

They never roam'd; secure beneath
the storm
Which in ambition's lofty land is rife,
Where peace and love are canker'd
by the worm
Of pride, each bud of joy industrious
to deform.

The wight, whose tales these artless
lines unfold,
Was all the offspring of this humble
pair:

His birth no oracle or seer foretold:
No prodigy appear'd in earth or air,
Nor aught that might a strange event
declare.

You guess each circumstance of Ed-
win's birth;
The parent's transport, and the parent's
care;
The gossip's prayer for wealth, and
wit, and worth;
And one long summer-day of indo-
lence and mirth.

And yet poor Edwin was no vulgar boy;
Deep thought oft seem'd to fix his
infant eye:

Dainties he heeded not, nor gaude, nor
toy,
Save one short pipe of rudest min-
strelsy.

Silent, when glad; affectionate, though
shy;

And now his look was most demurely
sad,

And now he laugh'd aloud, yet none
knew why;

The neighbors star'd and sigh'd, yet
bless'd the lad;

Some deem'd him wondrous wise, and
some believ'd him mad.

But why should I his childish feats dis-
play?

Concourse, and noise, and toil he ever
fled;

Nor car'd to mingle in the clamorous
fray

Of squabbling imps, but to the forest
sped,

Or roam'd at large the lonely mountain's
head;

Or, where the maze of some bewilder'd
stream

To deep untrodden groves his footsteps
led,

There would he wander wild, till
Phœbus' beam,

Shot from the western cliff, releas'd
the weary team.

Th' exploit of strength, dexterity, or
speed,

To him nor vanity nor joy could
bring:

His heart, from cruel sport estrang'd,
would bleed

To work the woe of any living thing,
By trap or net, by arrow or by sling;

These he detested, those he scorn'd
to wield;

He wish'd to be the guardian, not the
king,

Tyrant far less, or traitor of the field:
And sure the sylvan reign unbloody
joy might yield.

Lo! where the stripling, wrapt in won-
der, roves

Beneath the precipice o'erhung with
pine;

And sees, on high, amidst th' encircling
groves,

From cliff to cliff the foaming tor-
rents shine:

While waters, woods, and winds, in
concert join,

And Echo swells the chorus to the
skies.

Would Edwin this majestic scene resign
For aught the huntsman's puny craft
supplies?

Ah! no: he better knows great
Nature's charms to prize.

And oft he trac'd the uplands, to
survey,

When o'er the sky advanc'd the kind-
ling dawn,

The crimson cloud, blue main, and
mountain gray,

And lake, dim gleaming on the
smoky lawn;

Far to the west the long long vale with-
drawn,

Where twilight loves to linger for a while;
 And now he faintly kens the bounding fawn,
 And villager abroad at early toil. —
 But lo! the sun appears! and heaven,
 earth, ocean, smile.

And oft the craggy cliff he lov'd to climb,
 When all in mist the world below was lost:

What dreadful pleasure! there to stand sublime,

Like shipwreck'd mariner on desert coast,
 And view th' enormous waste of vapor tost

In billows, lengthening to th' horizon round,
 Now scoop'd in gulfs, with mountains now emboss'd!

And hear the voice of mirth and song rebound,
 Flocks, herds, and waterfalls, along the hoar profound!

In truth he was a strange and wayward wight,
 Fond of each gentle, and each dreadful scene:

In darkness, and in storm, he found delight;

Nor less, than when on ocean-wave serene

The southern sun diffus'd his dazzling shene,

Even sad vicissitude amus'd his soul:
 And if a sigh would sometimes intervene,

And down his cheek a tear of pity roll,

A sigh, a tear so sweet, he wish'd not to control.

*EDWIN'S MEDITATIONS IN
 AUTUMN.*

"O YE wild groves, O where is now your bloom!"

(The Muse interprets thus his tender thought)

"Your flowers, your verdure, and your balmy gloom,
 Of late so grateful in the hour of drought!

Why do the birds, that song and rapture brought

To all your bowers, their mansions now forsake?

Ah! why has fickle chance this ruin wrought?

For now the storm howls mournful through the brake,

And the dead foliage flies in many a shapeless flake.

"Where now the rill, melodious, pure, and cool,

And meads, with life, and mirth, and beauty crown'd!

Ah! see, th' unsightly slime, and slug-gish pool,

Have all the solitary vale imbrown'd;

Fled each fair form, and mute each melting sound,

The raven croaks forlorn on naked spray:

And, hark! the river, bursting every mound,

Down the vale thunders; and with wasteful sway,

Uproots the grove, and rolls the shatter'd rocks away.

"Yet such the destiny of all on earth;
 So flourishes and fades majestic man!

Fair is the bud his vernal morn brings forth,

And fostering gales a while the nursing fan:

O smile, ye heavens, serene; ye mildews wan,

Ye blighting whirlwinds, spare his balmy prime,

Nor lessen of his life the little span:

Borne on the swift, though silent wings of Time,

Old age comes on apace to ravage all the clime.

"And be it so. Let those deplore their doom,

Whose hope still grovels in this dark
sojourn :
But lofty souls, who look beyond the
tomb,
Can smile at Fate, and wonder how
they mourn.
Shall Spring to these sad scenes no
more return?
Is yonder wave the sun's eternal
bed? —
Soon shall the orient with new lustre
burn,
And spring shall soon her vital in-
fluence shed,
Again attune the grove, again adorn
the mead.

"Shall I be left abandon'd in the dust,
When Fate, relenting, lets the flower
revive,
Shall Nature's voice, to man alone unjust,
Bid him, though doom'd to perish,
hope to live?
Is it for this fair Virtue oft must strive
With disappointment, penury, and
pain? —
No: Heaven's immortal spring shall
yet arrive
And man's majestic beauty bloom again,
Bright through th' eternal year of
Love's triumphant reign."

This truth sublime his simple sire had
taught,
In sooth, 'twas almost all the shepherd
knew,
No subtle nor superfluous lore he sought,
Nor ever wish'd his Edwin to pur-
sue: —
"Let man's own sphere" (quoth he)
"confine his view;
Be man's peculiar work his sole de-
light."
And much, and oft, he warn'd him to
eschew
Falsehood and guile, and aye main-
tain the right,
By pleasure unseduc'd, unaw'd by
lawless might.

"And from the prayer of Want, and
plaint of Woe,

O never, never turn away thine ear;
Forlorn in this bleak wilderness below,
Ah! what were man, should Heaven
refuse to hear!
To others do (the law is not severe)
What to thyself thou wishest to be
done.
Forgive thy foes; and love thy parents
dear,
And friends, and native land; nor
those alone;
All human weal and woe learn thou
to make thine own."

MORNING.

BUT who the melodies of morn can tell?
The wild-brook babbling down the
mountain side;
The lowing herd; the sheepfold's sim-
ple bell;
The pipe of early shepherd dim de-
scribed
In the lone valley; echoing far and
wide
The clamorous horn along the cliffs
above;
The hollow murmur of the ocean-tide;
The hum of bees, and linnet's lay of love,
And the full choir that wakes the uni-
versal grove.

The cottage-curs at early pilgrim bark;
Crown'd with her pail the tripping
milkmaid sings;
The whistling ploughman stalks afield;
and, hark!
Down the rough slope the ponderous
wagon rings;
Thro' rustling corn the hare astonish'd
springs;
Slow tolls the village-clock the drowsy
hour;
The partridge bursts away on whirr-
ing wings;
Deep mourns the turtle in sequester'd
bower,
And shrill lark carols clear from her
aërial tower.

EDWIN'S FANCIES AT EVENING.

WHEN the long-sounding curfew from
 afar
 Loaded with loud lament the lonely
 gale,
 Young Edwin, lighted by the evening
 star,
 Lingered and listening wander'd
 down the vale.
 There would he dream of graves, and
 corpses pale;
 And ghosts, that to the charnel-dungeon
 throng,
 And drag a length of clanking chain,
 and wail,
 Till silenced by the owl's terrific song,
 Or blast that shrieks by fits the shud-
 dering aisles along.

O when the setting moon, in crimson
 died,
 Hung o'er the dark and melancholy
 deep,
 To haunted stream, remote from man
 he hied,
 Where Fays of yore their revels wont
 to keep;
 And there let Fancy roam at large, till
 sleep
 A vision brought to his entranced sight.
 And first, a wildly-murmuring wind
 'gan creep
 Shrill to his ringing ear; then tapers
 bright,

With instantaneous gleam, illumed the
 vault of Night.

Anon in view a portal's blazon'd arch
 Arose; the trumpet bids the valves
 unfold;
 And forth a host of little warriors march,
 Grasping the diamond lance, and targe
 of gold.
 Their look was gentle, their demeanor
 bold,
 And green their helms, and green their
 silk attire.
 And here and there, right venerably old,
 The long-robed minstrels wake the warb-
 ling wire,
 And some with mellow breath the mar-
 tial pipe inspire.

With merriment, and song, and timbrels
 clear,
 A troop of dames from myrtle bowers
 advance:
 The little warriors doff the targe and
 spear,
 And loud enlivening strains provoke
 the dance.
 They meet, they dart away, they wheel
 askance
 To right, to left, they thrid the flying maze;
 Now bound aloft with vigorous spring,
 then glance
 Rapid along; with many-color'd rays
 Of tapers, gems, and gold, the echoing
 forests blaze.



THOMAS CHATTERTON.

1752-1770.

[BORN at Bristol, 1752. Son of a sexton and parish schoolmaster, and died by suicide before he had completed his eighteenth year, London, 1770. In this brief interval he gave proof of powers unsurpassed in one so young, and executed a number of forgeries almost without parallel for ingenuity and variety. His avowed compositions are very inferior to the forgeries, a fact that Scott explains by supposing that in the forgeries all his powers must have been taxed to the utmost to support the deception.]

ON RESIGNATION.

O GOD, whose thunder shakes the sky,
 Whose eye this atom globe surveys,
 To thee, my only rock, I fly,
 Thy mercy in thy justice praise.

The mystic mazes of thy will,
 The shadows of celestial light,
 Are past the powers of human skill;
 But what the Eternal acts is right.

O teach me in the trying hour,
When anguish swells the dewy tear,
To still my sorrows, own thy power,
Thy goodness love, thy justice fear.

If in this bosom aught but thee,
Encroaching sought a boundless sway,
Omniscience could the danger see,
And mercy look the cause away.

Then, why, my soul, dost thou complain?
Why drooping seek the dark recess?
Shake off the melancholy chain,
For God created all to bless.

But, ah! my breast is human still;
The rising sigh, the falling tear,
My languid vitals' feeble rill,
The sickness of my soul declare.

But yet, with fortitude resign'd,
I'll thank the infliction of the blow,
Forbid the sigh, compose my mind
Nor let the gush of misery flow.

The gloomy mantle of the night,
Which on my sinking spirit steals,
Will vanish at the morning light,
Which God, my East, my Sun, reveals.



MRS. BARBAULD.

1743-1825.

[ANNA LÆTITIA AIKIN, was born at Kibworth Harcourt, in Leicestershire, 1743. Published *Poems*, 1773; *Miscellaneous Pieces in Prose* by J. and A. L. Aikin, 1773. Married Rev. Rochemont Barbauld, 1774. Published *Poetical Epistle to Mr. Wilberforce*, 1791; *Hymns in Prose for Little Children*, 1811. Died at Stoke Newington, March 9, 1825.]

ODE TO SPRING.

SWEET daughter of a rough and stormy
sire,
Hoar Winter's blooming child; delightful
Spring!

Whose unshorn locks with leaves
And swelling buds are crowned;

From the green islands of eternal youth,
Crowned with fresh blooms and ever
springing shade;

Turn, hither turn thy step,
O thou, whose powerful voice

More sweet than softest touch of Doric
reed,

Or Lydian flute, can soothe the madding
winds,

And through the stormy deep
Breathe thine own tender calm.

Thee, best beloved! the virgin train await
With songs and festal rites, and joy to
rove

Thy blooming wilds among,
And vales and dewy lawns,

With untired feet; and cull thy earliest
sweet,

To weave fresh garlands for the glow-
ing brow

Of him, the favored youth
That prompts their whispered sigh.

Unlock thy copious stores, — those ten-
der showers

That drop their sweetness on the infant
buds;

And silent dews that swell
The milky ear's green stem,

And feed the flowering osier's early
shoots;

And call those winds which through the
whispering boughs

With warm and pleasant breath
Salute the blowing flowers.

Now let me sit beneath the whitening
thorn

And mark thy spreading tints steal o'er
the dale,

And watch with patient eye

Thy fair unfolding charms.

O nymph, approach! while yet the
temperate sun

With bashful forehead through the cool
moist air

Throws his young maiden beams,

And with chaste kisses woos

The earth's fair bosom; while the
streaming veil

Of lucid clouds with wind and frequent
shade

Protects thy modest blooms

From his severer blaze.

Sweet is thy reign, but short: — the red
dog-star

Shall scorch thy tresses, and the mower's
scythe

Thy greens, thy flowerets all

Remorseless shall destroy.

Reluctant shall I bid thee then fare-
well:

For O not all that Autumn's lap con-
tains,

Nor Summer's ruddiest fruits,

Can aught for thee atone,

Fair Spring! whose simplest promise
more delights

Than all their largest wealth, and through
the heart

Each joy and new-born hope

With softest influence breathes.

LIFE.

"Animula, vagula, blandula."

LIFE! I know not what thou art,

But know that thou and I must part;

And when, or how, or where we met,

I own to me's a secret yet.

But this I know, when thou art fled

Where'er they lay these limbs, this head,

No clod so valueless shall be

As all that then remains of me.

O whither, whither dost thou fly,

Where bend unseen thy trackless course,

And in this strange divorce,

Ah, tell where I must seek this com-
pound I?

To the vast ocean of empyreal flame

From whence thy essence came

Dost thou thy flight pursue, when
freed

From matter's base encumbering
weed?

Or dost thou, hid from sight,

Wait, like some spell-bound knight,

Through blank oblivious years the ap-
pointed hour

To break thy trance and reassume thy
power?

Yet canst thou without thought or feel-
ing be?

O say what art thou when no more thou'rt
thee?

Life! we've been long together,

Through pleasant and through cloudy
weather;

'Tis hard to part when friends are
dear;

Perhaps 'twill cost a sigh, a tear;

Then steal away, give little warning,

Choose thine own time;

Say not Good night, but in some brighter
clime

Bid me Good morning.

SIR WILLIAM JONES.

1746-1794.

[An Indian judge and learned oriental writer. Born in London in 1746, and died at Calcutta, 1794. In 1764 entered University College, Oxford, where he made great acquisitions in oriental languages and literature; in 1783 appointed a judge in the Supreme Court of Calcutta, where he attained to great distinction, and gained the admiration of the most learned men in India; in 1799 his works were collected and published in six volumes, and his life by Lord Teignmouth in one volume in 1804.]

AN ODE, IN IMITATION OF
ALCÆUS.

WHAT constitutes a state?
Not high-raised battlement or labor'd mound,
Thick wall or moated gate;
Not cities proud with spires and turrets crown'd;
Not bays and broad-arm'd ports,
Where, laughing at the storm, rich navies ride;
Not starr'd and spangled courts,
Where low-brow'd baseness wafts perfume to pride.
No: men, high-minded men,
With powers as far above dull brutes endured
In forest, brake, or den,
As beasts excel cold rocks and brambles rude;
Men who their duties know,
But know their rights, and, knowing, dare maintain,
Prevent the long-aim'd blow,
And crush the tyrant while they rend the chain:
These constitute a state,
And sovereign Law, that state's collected will,
O'er thrones and globes elate
Sits empress, crowning good, repressing ill;
Smit by her sacred frown,
The fiend Discretion like a vapor sinks,
And e'en the all-dazzling Crown
Hides his faint rays, and at her bidding shrinks.
Such was this heaven-loved isle,
Than Lesbos fairer, and the Cretan shore!

No more shall Freedom smile?
Shall Britons languish, and be men no more?
Since all must life resign,
Those sweet rewards, which decorate the brave,
'Tis folly to decline,
And steal inglorious to the silent grave.

A PERSIAN SONG OF HAFIZ.

SWEET maid, if thou would'st charm my sight,
And bid these arms thy neck enfold;
That rosy cheek, that lily hand,
Would give thy poet more delight
Than all Bocara's vaunted gold,
Than all the gems of Samarcand.

Boy, let yon liquid ruby flow,
And bid thy pensive heart be glad,
Whate'er the frowning zealots say:
Tell them, their Eden cannot show
A stream so clear as Roccnabad,
A bower so sweet as Mosellay.

O! when these fair perfidious maids
Whose eyes our secret haunts infest,
Their dear destructive charms display,
Each glance my tender breast invades
And robs my wounded soul of rest,
As Tartars seize their destined prey.

In vain with love our bosoms glow:
Can all our tears, can all our sighs,
New lustre to those charms impart?
Can cheeks, where living roses blow,
Where nature spreads her richest dyes,
Require the borrow'd gloss of art?

Speak not of fate: ah! change the
 theme,
 And talk of odors, talk of wine,
 Talk of the flowers that round us bloom:
 'Tis all a cloud, 'tis all a dream;
 To love and joy thy thoughts confine,
 Nor hope to pierce the sacred gloom.

Beauty has such resistless power,
 That even the chaste Egyptian dame
 Sigh'd for the blooming Hebrew boy:
 For her how fatal was the hour,
 When to the banks of Nilus came
 A youth so lovely and so coy!

But ah! sweet maid, my counsel hear
 (Youth should attend when those advise
 Whom long experience renders sage):

While music charms the ravish'd ear;
 While sparkling cups delight our eyes,
 Be gay, and scorn the frowns of age.

What cruel answer have I heard?
 And yet, by heaven, I love thee still:
 Can aught be cruel from thy lip?
 Yet say, how fell that bitter word
 From lips which streams of sweetness fill,
 Which nought but drops of honey sip?

Go boldly forth, my simple lay,
 Whose accents flow with artless ease,
 Like orient pearls at random strung:
 Thy notes are sweet, the damsels say;
 But oh! far sweeter, if they please
 The nymph for whom these notes are
 sung!



LADY ANNE LINDSAY.

1750-1825.

[Daughter of James Lindsay, fifth Earl of Balcarres. Born Dec. 8, 1750. Married, 1793, to Sir Andrew Barnard, Librarian to George III. Died May 8, 1825.]

AULD ROBIN GRAY.

WHEN the sheep are in the fauld, and
 the kye come hame,
 When a' the world to rest are gane,
 The waes o' my heart fa' in showers
 frae my e'e,
 While my gudeman lies sound by me.

Young Jamie lo'ed me weel, and sought
 me for his bride;
 But saving a crown, he had naething
 else beside.

To make the crown a pound, my Jamie
 gaed to sea;
 And the crown and the pound were
 baith for me.

He hadna been awa' a week but only
 twa,

When my father brak his arm, and the
 cow was stown awa';

My mother she fell sick, and my Jamie
 at the sea,

And auld Robin Gray came a-courtin
 me.

My father couldna work, and my mother
 couldna spin;

I toiled day and night, but their bread
 I couldna win;

Auld Rob maintained them baith, and,
 wi' tears in his e'e,

Said, Jennie, for their sakes, oh marry me!

My heart it said nay; I looked for
 Jamie back;

But the wind it blew high, and the ship
 it was a wrack;

His ship it was a wrack — why didna
 Jamie dee?

Or why do I live to cry, Wae's me?

My father urgit sair: my mother didna
 speak;

But she looked in my face till my heart
was like to break :

They gie'd him my hand, but my heart
was at the sea;

Sae auld Robin Gray he was gudeman
to me.

I hadna been a wife a week but only
four,

When mournfu' as I sat on the stane at
the door,

I saw my Jamie's wraith, for I couldna
think it he —

Till he said, I'm come hame to marry
thee.

O sair, sair did we greet, and muckle
did we say;

We took but ae kiss, and I bade him
gang away :

I wish that I were dead, but I'm no like
to dee;

And why was I born to say, Wae's me?

I gang like a ghaist, and I carena to
spin;

I daurna think on Jamie, for that wad
be a sin;

But I'll do my best a gude wife aye to be,
For auld Robin Gray he is kind unto
me.

GEORGE CRABBE.

1754-1832.

[GEORGE CRABBE was born at Aldborough in Suffolk, of poor parents, on the 24th of December, 1754. He was apprenticed in his fourteenth year to a surgeon at Wickham Brook, near Bury St. Edmunds, and after completing his term, actually practised at Aldborough. He was not however successful in his profession, and being reduced to great extremities, he determined to go to London, and to devote himself to literature, for which he had at an early age discovered a strong bent. For a long time he sought in vain for patronage, but was at length fortunate enough to attract the attention of Burke, through whose kindly influence *The Library* (1781) was favorably received by the public. In the same year he took orders, and two years later published *The Village*, after first submitting it to the revision of Johnson. This work at once established his reputation; but instead of following up his success, for the period of twenty-four years he published but one poem, *The Newspaper* (1785), and devoted himself almost entirely to parish work. In 1807 appeared *The Parish Register*, which was succeeded in 1810 by *The Borough*, in 1812 by *Tales in Verse*, and in 1819 by *Tales of the Hall*. This was his last poetical work, though his death did not take place till February 3, 1832, thirteen years later.]

THE VILLAGE AS IT IS.

[From *The Village*, Book I.]

FLED are those times, when in harmon-
ious strains,

The rustic poet praised his native plains :
No shepherds now, in smooth alternate

verse,
Their country's beauty, or their nymph's

rehearse;
Yet still for these we frame the tender

strain,
Still in our lays fond Corydons com-
plain,

And shepherd's boys their amorous
pains reveal,

The only pains, alas! they never feel.

On Mincio's banks, in Cæsar's bound-
teous reign,

If Tityrus found the golden age again,
Must sleepy bards the flattering dream

prolong,
Mechanic echoes of the Mantuan song?

From Truth and Nature shall we widely
stray,

Where Virgil, not where fancy, leads
the way?

No; cast by fortune on a frowning
coast,

Which neither groves nor happy valleys
boast;

Where other cares than those the Muse
 relates,
 And other shepherds dwell with other
 mates;
 By such examples taught, I paint the
 cot,
 As Truth will paint it and as bards will
 not:
 Nor you, ye poor, of lettered scorn
 complain,
 To you the smoothest song is smooth in
 vain;
 O'ercome by labor, and bowed down
 by time,
 Feel you the barren flattery of a rhyme?
 Can poets soothe you, when you pine
 for bread,
 By winding myrtles round your ruin'd
 shed? —
 Can their light tales your weighty griefs
 o'erpower,
 Or glad with airy mirth the toilsome
 hour?
 Lo! where the heath, with withering
 brake grown o'er,
 Lends the light turf that warms the
 neighboring poor;
 From thence a length of burning sand
 appears,
 Where the thin harvest waves its
 withered ears;
 Rank weeds, that every art and care
 defy,
 Reign o'er the land and rob the blighted
 rye:
 There thistles stretch their prickly arms
 afar,
 And to the ragged infant threaten war;
 There poppies nodding, mock the hope
 of toil;
 There the blue bugloss paints the sterile
 soil;
 Hardy and high, above the tender sheaf,
 The slimy mallow waves her silky leaf;
 O'er the young shoot the charlock
 throws a shade,
 And clasping tares cling round the
 sickly blade;
 With mingled tints the rocky coasts
 abound,
 And a sad splendor vainly shines
 around.

THE CONVICT'S DREAM.

[From *The Borough*, Letter xxiii.]

YES! e'en in sleep the impressions all
 remain,
 He hears the sentence and he feels the
 chain:
 He sees the judge and jury — when he
 shakes,
 And loudly cries "Not guilty!" and
 awakes:
 Then chilling tremblings o'er his body
 creep,
 Till worn-out nature is compelled to
 sleep.
 Now comes the dream again: it
 shows each scene
 With each small circumstance that comes
 between,
 The call to suffering, and the very
 deed —
 There crowds go with him, follow, and
 precede;
 Some heartless shout, some pity, all
 condemn,
 While he in fancied envy looks at them:
 He seems the place for that sad act to
 see,
 And dreams the very thirst which then
 will be:
 A priest attends — it seems the one he
 knew
 In his best days, beneath whose care he
 grew.
 At this his terrors take a sudden flight,
 He sees his native village with delight;
 The home, the chamber, where he once
 arrayed
 His youthful person; where he knelt
 and prayed:
 Then too the comfort he enjoyed at
 home,
 The days of joy; the joys themselves
 are come; —
 The hours of innocence; the timid look
 Of his loved maid, when first her hand
 he took,
 And told his hope; her trembling joy
 appears,
 Her forced reserve and his retreating
 fears.

All now is present; 'tis a moment's
 gleam,
 Of former sunshine — stay delightful
 dream!
 Let them within his pleasant garden
 walk,
 Give him her arm, of blessings let them
 talk.
 Yes! all are with him now, and all
 the while
 Life's early prospects and his Fanny's
 smile:
 Then come his sister and his village
 friend,
 And he will now the sweetest moments
 spend
 Life has to yield; — No! never will he
 find
 Again on earth such pleasure in his
 mind:
 He goes through shrubby walks these
 friends among,
 Love in their looks and honor on the
 tongue:
 Nay, there's a charm beyond what
 nature shows,
 The bloom is softer and more sweetly
 glows.
 Pierced by no crime and urged by no
 desire
 For more than true and honest hearts
 require,
 They feel the calm delight, and thus
 proceed
 Through the green lane — then linger
 in the mead;
 Stray o'er the heath in all its purple
 bloom,
 And pluck the blossoms where the wild
 bees hum;
 Then through the broomy bound with
 ease they pass,
 And press the sandy sheep-walk's slender
 grass,
 Where dwarfish flowers among the
 gorse are spread,
 And the lamb browses by the linnet's
 bed;
 Then 'cross the bounding brook they
 make their way
 O'er its rough bridge — and there behold
 the bay!

The ocean smiling to the fervid sun —
 The waves that faintly fall and slowly
 run —
 The ships at distance and the boats at
 hand;
 And now they walk upon the seaside
 sand,
 Counting the number and what kind
 they be,
 Ships softly sinking in the sleepy sea;
 Now arm in arm, now parted, they behold
 The glittering waters on the shingles
 rolled;
 The timid girls, half dreading their design,
 Dip the small foot in the retarded brine,
 And search for crimson weeds, which
 spreading flow,
 Or lie like pictures on the sand below;
 With all those bright red pebbles, that
 the sun
 Through the small waves so softly shines
 upon.
 And those live lucid jellies which the eye
 Delights to trace as they swim glitter-
 ing by:
 Pearl shells and rubied star-fish they
 admire,
 And will arrange above the parlor fire —
 Tokens of bliss! Oh! horrible! a wave
 Roars as it rises — Save me, Edward!
 save!
 She cries: — Alas! the watchman on
 his way
 Calls, and lets in — truth, terror, and
 the day!

STROLLING PLAYERS.

[From *The Borough*, Letter xii.]

SAD happy race! Soon raised and
 soon depressed,
 Your days all passed in jeopardy and
 jest;
 Poor without prudence, with afflictions
 vain,
 Not warned by misery, not enriched by
 gain:
 Whom justice, pitying, chides from place
 to place,

A wandering, careless, wretched, merry
 race,
 Who cheerful looks assume, and play
 the parts
 Of happy rovers with repining hearts;
 Then cast off care, and, in the mimic
 pain
 Of tragic woe, feel spirits light and vain,
 Distress and hope — the mind's, the
 body's, wear,
 The man's affliction and the actor's
 tear:
 Alternate times of fasting and excess
 Are yours, ye smiling children of dis-
 tress.
 Slaves though ye be, your wandering
 freedom seems,
 And with your varying views and rest-
 less schemes,
 Your griefs are transient, as your joys
 are dreams.

—
 THE FOUNDER OF THE ALMS-
 HOUSE.

[From *The Borough*, Letter xiii.]

LEAVE now our streets, and in yon plain
 behold
 Those pleasant seats for the reduced
 and old;
 A merchant's gift, whose wife and
 children died;
 When he to saving all his powers ap-
 plied;
 He wore his coat till bare was every
 thread,
 And with the meanest fare his body fed.
 He had a female cousin, who with care
 Walked in his steps, and learned of him
 to spare;
 With emulation and success they strove,
 Improving still, still seeking to improve,
 As if that useful knowledge they would
 gain —
 How little food would human life sus-
 tain:
 No pauper came their table's crumbs to
 crave;
 Scraping they lived, but not a scrap they
 gave:

When beggars saw the frugal merchant
 pass,
 It moved their pity and they said "Alas!
 Hard is thy fate, my brother," and they
 felt
 A beggar's pride as they that pity dealt.
 The dogs, who learn of man to scorn
 the poor,
 Barked him away from every decent
 door;
 While they who saw him bare but
 thought him rich,
 To show respect or scorn they knew not
 which.
 But while our merchant seemed so
 base and mean,
 He had his wanderings, sometimes not
 unseen;
 To scenes of various woe he nightly
 went,
 And serious sums in healing misery
 spent;
 Oft has he cheered the wretched at a
 rate
 For which he daily might have dined on
 plate;
 He has been seen — his hair all silver
 white,
 Shaking and shivering — as he stole by
 night,
 To feed unenvied on his still delight.
 A twofold taste he had; to give and
 spare,
 Both were his duties, and had equal
 care,
 It was his joy to sit at home and fast,
 Then send a widow and her boys repast:
 Tears in his eyes would spite of him ap-
 pear,
 But he from other eyes has kept the
 tear:
 All in a wintry night from far he came
 To soothe the sorrows of a suffering
 dame,
 Whose husband robb'd him, and to
 whom he meant
 A lingering but reforming punish-
 ment:
 Home then he walked, and found his
 anger rise
 When fire and rushlight met his troubled
 eyes;

But these extinguished, and his prayer
addressed
To Heaven in hope, he calmly sank to
rest.

A STORM ON THE EAST COAST.

[From *The Borough*, Letter i.]

VIEW now the winter storm! above, one
cloud,
Black and unbroken, all the skies o'er-
shroud:
The unwieldy porpoise through the day
before
Had rolled in view of boding men on
shore;
And sometimes hid and sometimes
showed his form,
Dark as the cloud and furious as the
storm.
All where the eye delights yet dreads
to roam,
The breaking billows cast the flying foam
Upon the billows rising—all the deep
Is restless change; the waves so swelled
and steep,
Breaking and sinking, and the sunken
swells,
Nor one, one moment, in its station
dwells:
But nearer land you may the billows
trace,
As if contending in their watery chase;
May watch the mightiest till the shoal
they reach,
Then break and hurry to their utmost
stretch;
Curled as they come, they strike with
furious force,
And then, reflowing, take their grating
course,
Raking the rounded flints, which ages
past
Rolled by their rage, and shall to ages
last.

Far off the petrel in the troubled way
Swims with her brood, or flutters in the
spray;
She rises often, often drops again,
And sports at ease on the tempestuous
main.
High o'er the restless deep, above the
reach
Of gunners' hope, vast flocks of wild-
duck stretch;
Far as the eye can glance on either side,
In a broad space and level line they
glide;
All in their wedge-like figures from the
north
Day after day, flight after flight, go
forth.
In-shore their passage tribes of sea-gulls
urge,
And drop for prey within the sweeping
surge;
Oft in the rough opposing blast they fly
Far back, then turn and all their force
apply,
While to the storm they give their com-
plaining cry;
Or clap the sleek white pinion on the
breast,
And in the restless ocean dip for rest.
Darkness begins to reign; the louder
wind
Appals the weak, and awes the firmer
mind;
But frights not him whom evening and
the spray
In part conceal—yon prowler on his
way;
Lo, he has something seen; he runs
apace,
As if he fear'd companion in the chase;
He sees his prize, and now he turns
again,
Slowly and sorrowing—"Was your
search in vain?"
Gruffly he answers, "'Tis a sorry sight!
A seaman's body: there'll be more to-
night!"

CHARLES DIBDIN.

1745-1814.

[BORN at Southampton, 1745. An English actor, dramatist, and distinguished sea-song writer, educated for the church, but going to London at the age of sixteen, he produced an opera called *The Shepherd's Artifice*, which was brought out at Covent Garden. In 1778 he was appointed musical manager at Covent Garden. He wrote no less than 900 songs according to some and 1200 according to others, many of which became very popular. In 1805 he retired from public life, and received a pension of £200 per annum. Died at Pentonville in 1814.]

BLOW HIGH, BLOW LOW.

BLOW high, blow low, let tempests tear,
The main-mast by the board;
My heart, with thoughts of thee, my dear,
And love well stored,
Shall brave all danger, scorn all fear,
The roaring winds, the raging sea,
In hopes on shore
To be once more
Safe moored with thee!

Aloft while mountains high we go,
The whistling winds that scud along,
And surges roaring from below,
Shall my signal be,
To think on thee;
And this shall be my song:
Blow high, blow low, &c.

And on that night when all the crew
The memory of their former lives
O'er flowing cans of flip renew,
And drink their sweethearts and their wives,
I'll heave a sigh, and think on thee;
And as the ship rolls on the sea,
The burden of my song shall be —
Blow high, blow low, &c.

THE TAR FOR ALL WEATHERS.

I SAIL'D from the Downs in the "Nancy,"
My jib how she smack'd through the breeze!
She's a vessel as tight to my fancy
As ever sail'd on the salt seas.
So adieu to the white cliffs of Britain,

Our girls and our dear native shore!
For if some hard rock we should split on,
We shall never see them any more.
But sailors were born for all weathers,
Great guns let it blow, high or low,
Our duty keeps us to our tethers,
And where the gale drives we must go.

When we enter'd the Straits of Gibraltar

I verily thought she'd have sunk,
For the wind began so for to alter,
She yaw'd just as tho' she was drunk.
The squall tore the mainsail to shivers,
Helm a-weather, the hoarse boatswain cries;

Brace the foresail athwart, see she quivers,

As through the rough tempest she flies.

But sailors were born for all weathers,
Great guns let it blow, high or low,
Our duty keeps us to our tethers,
And where the gale drives we must go.

The storm came on thicker and faster,
As black just as pitch was the sky,
When truly a doleful disaster
Befel three poor sailors and I.
Ben Buntline, Sam Shroud, and Dick Handsail,

By a blast that came furious and hard,
Just while we were furling the mainsail,
Were every soul swept from the yard.
But sailors were born for all weathers,
Great guns let it blow, high or low,
Our duty keeps us to our tethers,
And where the gale drives we must go.

Poor Ben, Sam, and Dick cried peccavi,
 As for I, at the risk of my neck,
 While they sank down in peace to old
 Davy,
 Caught a rope, and so landed on deck.
 Well, what would you have? We were
 stranded,
 And out of a fine jolly crew
 Of three hundred that sail'd, never
 landed
 But I and, I think, twenty-two.
 But sailors were born for all weathers,
 Great guns let it blow, high or low,
 Our duty keeps us to our tethers,
 And where the gale drives we must
 go.

LOVELY NAN.

SWEET is the ship that under sail
 Spreads her white bosom to the gale;
 Sweet, oh! sweet's the flowing can;
 Sweet to poise the laboring oar,
 That tugs us to our native shore,
 When the boatswain pipes the barge
 to man;
 Sweet sailing with a favoring breeze;
 But, oh! much sweeter than all these,
 Is Jack's delight — his lovely Nan.

The needle, faithful to the north,
 To show of constancy the worth,
 A curious lesson teaches man;
 The needle, time may rust — a squall
 Capsize the binnacle and all,
 Let seamanship do all it can;
 My love in worth shall higher rise:
 Nor time shall rust, nor squalls capsize
 My faith and truth to lovely Nan.

When in the bilboes I was penned
 For serving of a worthless friend,
 And every creature from me ran;
 No ship performing quarantine
 Was ever so deserted seen;
 None hailed me — woman, child, or
 man:

But though false friendship's sails were
 furled,
 Though cut adrift by all the world,
 I'd all the world in lovely Nan.

I love my duty, love my friend,
 Love truth and merit to defend,
 To moan their loss who hazard ran;
 I love to take an honest part,
 Love beauty with a spotless heart,
 By manners love to show the man;
 To sail through life by honor's breeze:
 'Twas all along of loving these
 First made me doat on lovely Nan.

TOM BOWLING.

HERE, a sheer hulk, lies poor Tom
 Bowling,
 The darling of our crew;
 No more he'll hear the tempest howling,
 For Death has broach'd him to.
 His form was of the manliest beauty,
 His heart was kind and soft;
 Faithful below he did his duty,
 But now he's gone aloft.

Tom never from his word departed,
 His virtues were so rare;
 His friends were many and true-hearted,
 His Poll was kind and fair:
 And then he'd sing so blithe and jolly,
 Ah, many's the time and oft!
 But mirth is turned to melancholy,
 For Tom is gone aloft.

Yet shall poor Tom find pleasant weather,
 When He, who all commands,
 Shall give, to call life's crew together,
 The word to pipe all hands.
 Thus Death, who kings and tars dis-
 patches,
 In vain Tom's life has doffed;
 For though his body's under hatches,
 His soul is gone aloft.

WILLIAM BLAKE.

1757-1827.

[WILLIAM BLAKE was born in London at No. 28, Broad Street, Golden Square, on the 28th November, 1757; he died in Fountain Court, Strand, on the 12th of August, 1827. His *Poetical Sketches* were published in 1783, and the *Songs of Innocence* in 1787. In 1787 was also published *The Book of Thel*; and this was followed in 1790 by *The Marriage of Heaven and Hell*, in 1791 by *The French Revolution*, and in 1793 by *The Gates of Paradise*, the *Visions of the Daughters of Albion*, and the *America*. The *Songs of Experience*, designed as a companion series to the earlier *Songs of Innocence*, were issued in 1794. Of the later productions of the poet nearly all belonged to the class of prophetic books. To the year 1794 belong the *Europe* and *The Book of Urizen*; in 1795 appeared *The Song of Los* and *The Book of Abania*, and in 1804 the *Jerusalem* and the *Milton*.]

TO THE EVENING STAR.

THOU fair-haired Angel of the Evening,
Now whilst the sun rests on the moun-
tains, light
Thy bright torch of love—thy radiant
crown
Put on, and smile upon our evening
bed!
Smile on our loves; and while thou
drawest the
Blue curtains of the sky, scatter thy sil-
ver dew
On every flower that shuts its sweet eyes
In timely sleep. Let thy West Wind
sleep on
The lake; speak silence with thy glim-
mering eyes
And wash the dusk with silver.—Soon,
full soon,
Dost thou withdraw; then the wolf
rages wide,
And the lion glares through the dun
forest,
The fleeces of our flocks are covered
with
Thy sacred dew; protect them with
thine influence!

SONG.

How sweet I roamed from field to field,
And tasted all the summer's pride;
Till I the Prince of Love beheld,
Who in the sunny beams did glide.
He showed me lilies for my hair,
And blushing roses for my brow;

And led me through his gardens fair,
Where all his golden pleasures grow.

With sweet May-dews my wings were
wet,
And Phœbus fired my vocal rage;
He caught me in his silken net,
And shut me in his golden cage.

He loves to sit and hear me sing,
Then laughing sports and plays with
me,
Then stretches out my golden wing,
And mocks my loss of liberty.

SONG.

MY silks and fine array,
My smiles and languished air,
By love are driven away;
And mournful lean Despair
Brings me yew to deck my grave:
Such end true lovers have.

His face is fair as heaven
When springing buds unfold;
Oh, why to him was't given
Whose heart is wintry cold?
His breast is love's all-worshipped tomb
Where all love's pilgrims come.

Bring me an axe and spade,
Bring me a winding sheet;
When I my grave have made,
Let winds and tempest beat;
Then down I'll lie as cold as clay.
True love doth pass away!

SONG.

MEMORY, hither come

And tune your merry notes;
And while upon the wind
Your music floats,
I'll pore upon the stream
Where sighing lovers dream,
And fish for fancies as they pass
Within the watery glass.

I'll drink of the clear stream,
And hear the linnet's song,
And there I'll lie and dream
The day along;
And when night comes I'll go
To places fit for woe,
Walking along the darkened valley,
With silent Melancholy.

TO THE MUSES.

WHETHER on Ida's shady brow,
Or in the chambers of the East,
The chambers of the Sun that now
From ancient melody have ceased;

Whether in Heaven ye wander fair,
Or the green corners of the Earth,
Or the blue regions of the air,
Where the melodious winds have
birth;

Whether on crystal rocks ye rove
Beneath the bosom of the sea,
Wandering in many a coral grove;
Fair Nine, forsaking Poetry:

How have you left your ancient love
That bards of old enjoyed in you!
The languid strings do scarcely move,
The sound is forced, the notes are few.

INTRODUCTION.

[From *Songs of Innocence*.]

PIPING down the valleys wild,
Piping songs of pleasant glee,
On a cloud I saw a child,
And he laughing said to me:—

"Pipe a song about a lamb:"
So I piped with merry cheer.
"Piper, pipe that song again:"
So I piped; he wept to hear.

"Drop thy pipe, thy happy pipe,
Sing thy songs of happy cheer:"
So I sung the same again,
While he wept with joy to hear.

"Piper, sit thee down and write
In a book that all may read"—
So he vanished from my sight;
And I plucked a hollow reed,

And I made a rural pen,
And I stained the water clear,
And I wrote my happy songs,
Every child may joy to hear.

NIGHT.

THE sun descending in the west,
The evening star does shine;
The birds are silent in their nest,
And I must seek for mine.
The moon, like a flower
In heaven's high bower,
With silent delight
Sits and smiles on the night.

Farewell, green fields and happy grove,
Where flocks have ta'en delight;
Where lambs have nibbled, silent move
The feet of angels bright:
Unseen they pour blessing,
And joy without ceasing,
On each bud and blossom,
On each sleeping bosom.

They look in every thoughtless nest,
Where birds are covered warm;
They visit caves of every beast,
To keep them all from harm.
If they see any weeping
That should have been sleeping,
They pour sleep on their head,
And sit down by their bed.

When wolves and tigers howl for prey
They pitying stand and weep,

Seeking to drive their thirst away,
And keep them from the sheep.
But if they rush dreadful
The angels most heedful
Receive each mild spirit
New worlds to inherit.

And there the lion's ruddy eyes
Shall flow with tears of gold:
And pitying the tender cries,
And walking round the fold,
Saying: "Wrath by His meekness,
And by His health sickness,
Are driven away
From our immortal day.

And now beside thee, bleating lamb,
I can lie down and sleep,
Or think on Him who bore thy name,
Graze after thee, and weep.
For, washed in life's river,
My bright mane for ever
Shall shine like the gold
As I guard o'er the fold."

THE LAMB.

LITTLE lamb, who made thee?
Dost thou know who made thee,
Gave thee life and bade thee feed
By the stream and o'er the mead;
Gave thee clothing of delight,
Softest clothing, woolly, bright;
Gave thee such a tender voice,
Making all the vales rejoice?

Little lamb, who made thee?
Dost thou know who made thee?

Little lamb, I'll tell thee;
Little lamb, I'll tell thee.
He is called by thy name,
For He calls himself a Lamb;
He is meek and He is mild,
He became a little child.
I a child and thou a lamb,
We are called by His name.

Little lamb, God bless thee!
Little lamb, God bless thee!

THE TIGER.

TIGER, tiger, burning bright
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Could frame thy fearful symmetry?

In what distant deeps or skies
Burnt the fire of thine eyes?
On what wings dare he aspire?
What the hand dare seize the fire?

And what shoulder, and what art,
Could twist the sinews of thy heart?
And when thy heart began to beat,
What dread hand? and what dread
feet?

What the hammer? what the chain?
In what furnace was thy brain?
What the anvil? What dread grasp
Dare its deadly terrors clasp?

When the stars threw down their
spears,
And watered heaven with their tears,
Did He smile His work to see?
Did He who made the lamb, make
thee?

Tiger, tiger, burning bright
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Dare frame thy fearful symmetry?

THE ANGEL.

I DREAMT a dream! What can it
mean?

And that I was a maiden queen,
Guarded by an angel mild;
Witless woe was ne'er beguiled.

And I wept both night and day,
And he wiped my tears away;
And I wept both day and night,
And hid from him my heart's delight.

So he took his wings and fled;
Then the morn blushed rosy red;
I dried my tears and armed my fears
With ten thousand shields and spears.

Soon my angel came again:
I was armed, he came in vain;
For the time of youth was fled,
And gray hairs were on my head.

ROBERT BURNS.

1759-1796.

[ROBERT BURNS was born 25th January, 1759 "the hindmost year but ane" of George the Second's reign, in a cottage built by his father, two miles south of Ayr, and close to Alloway Kirk, that relic of nondescript architecture to which his genius has lent almost as worldwide an interest as that which makes Vaucluse a place of pilgrimage to all nations. Eldest son of William Burness, of a Kincardineshire family of small farmers, market gardener and overseer of a small estate in the neighborhood of Ayr, and afterwards tenant of Lochlie and Mount Oliphant, small Ayrshire farms, Burns received an education which ultimately included a sound acquaintance with English grammar, a little mathematics, mensuration, French, and a smattering of Latin. At work on his father's farm from an early age till he was twenty-three, he tried then to establish himself in business as a flax-dresser in Irvine, but returned in a short time to his father's house with empty pockets and with a character hitherto blameless deteriorated by some new companionships. After the death of his father, a specimen of industry and integrity never rewarded in this life, his brother Gilbert and he took the farm of Mossgiel near Mauchline (1784), which also turned out to be a bad bargain. To escape troubles in which his youthful and characteristic follies involved him, especially with the father of his future partner in life, "Bonnie Jean," he accepted an appointment to a clerkship in Jamaica; but on the point of starting on the voyage he had his footsteps turned towards Edinburgh by the success of his volume of poems (Kilmarnock, 1786), and by the patronage, literary and aristocratic, which it immediately secured for him. With the proceeds of a second edition of the volume (Edinburgh, 1787), amounting to £500 or £600, he established himself on the farm of Ellisland near Dumfries. Unsuccessful once more in this tenancy he became an exciseman to eke out his income, and finally in that capacity, unfortunately both for his health and for his reputation, removed to Dumfries, where he died in 1796.]

BONNIE DOON.

YE banks and braes o' bonnie Doon
How can ye bloom sae fair!
How can ye chant, ye little birds,
And I sae fu' o' care!

Thou'll break my heart, thou bonnie bird
That sings upon the bough;
Thou minds me o' the happy days
When my fause Luve was true.

Thou'll break my heart, thou bonnie bird
That sings beside thy mate;
For sae I sat, and sae I sang,
And wist na o' my fate.

Aft hae I roved by bonnie Doon
To see the woodbine twine,
And ilka bird sang o' its love;
And sae did I o' mine.

Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,
Frae aff its thorny tree;
And my fause luvver staw the rose,
But left the thorn wi' me.

MARY MORISON.

O MARY, at thy window be,
It is the wish'd, the trysted hour!
Those smiles and glances let me see
That make the miser's treasure poor:
How blithely wad I bide the stoure,
A weary slave frae sun to sun,
Could I the rich reward secure,
The lovely Mary Morison.

Yestreen when to the trembling string
The dance gaed thro' the lighted ha',
To thee my fancy took its wing, —

I sat, but neither heard nor saw;
 Tho' this was fair, and that was braw,
 And yon the toast of a' the town,
 I sigh'd, and said among them a',
 "Ye are na Mary Morison."

O Mary, canst thou wreck his peace
 Wha for thy sake wad gladly dee?
 Or canst thou break that heart of his,
 Whase only faut is loving thee?
 If love for love thou wilt nae gie,
 At least be pity to me shown;
 A thought ungentle canna be
 The thought o' Mary Morison.

HIGHLAND MARY.

YE banks and braes and streams around
 The castle o' Montgomery,
 Green be your woods, and fair your
 flowers,
 Your waters never drumlie!
 There simmer first unfauld her robes,
 And there the langest tarry;
 For there I took the last fareweel
 O' my sweet Highland Mary.

How sweetly bloom'd the gay green
 birk,
 How rich the hawthorn's blossom,
 As underneath their fragrant shade
 I clasp'd her to my bosom!
 The golden hours on angel wings
 Flew o'er me and my dearie;
 For dear to me as light and life
 Was my sweet Highland Mary.

Wi' mony a vow and lock'd embrace
 Our parting was fu' tender;
 And pledging aft to meet again,
 We tore oursels asunder;
 But, O! fell Death's untimely frost,
 That nipt my flower sae early!
 Now green's the sod, and cauld's the
 clay,
 That wraps my Highland Mary!

O pale, pale now, those rosy lips,
 I aft hae kiss'd sae fondly!

And closed for aye the sparkling glance
 That dwelt on me sae kindly;
 And mouldering now in silent dust
 That heart that lo'ed me dearly!
 But still within my bosom's core
 Shall live my Highland Mary.

EPISTLE TO A YOUNG FRIEND.

May, 1786.

I LANG hae thought, my youthfu' friend,
 A something to have sent you,
 Tho' it should serve nae ither end
 Than just a kind memento;
 But how the subject-theme may gang,
 Let time and chance determine;
 Perhaps it may turn out a sang,
 Perhaps turn out a sermon.

Ye'll try the world soon, my lad,
 And Andrew dear, believe me,
 Ye'll find mankind an unco squad,
 And muckle they may grieve ye:
 For care and trouble set your thought,
 Ev'n when your end's attained;
 And a' your views may come to nought,
 Where ev'ry nerve is strained.

I'll no say, men are villains a';
 The real, hardened wicked,
 Wha hae nae check but human law,
 Are to a few restricket;
 But, och! mankind are unco weak,
 An' little to be trusted;
 If self the wavering balance shake,
 It's rarely right adjusted!

Yet they wha fa' in fortune's strife,
 Their fate we shouldna censure,
 For still the important end of life
 They equally may answer;
 A man may hae an honest heart,
 Tho' poortith¹ hourly stare him;
 A man may tak a neibor's part,
 Yet hae nae cash to spare him.

Aye free, aff-han' your story tell,
 When wi' a bosom crony;

¹ fall.

² poverty.

But still keep something to yoursel
 Ye scarcely tell to ony.
 Conceal yoursel as weel's ye can
 Frae critical dissection;
 But keek¹ thro' ev'ry other man,
 Wi' sharpened, sly inspection.

The sacred lowe² o' weel-placed love,
 Luxuriantly indulge it;
 But never tempt th' illicit rove,
 Tho' naething should divulge it;
 I wave the quantum o' the sin,
 The hazard o' concealing;
 But, och! it hardens a' within,
 And petrifies the feeling!

To catch dame Fortune's golden smile,
 Assiduous wait upon her;
 And gather gear by ev'ry wile
 That's justified by honor;
 Not for to hide it in a hedge,
 Nor for a train attendant;
 But for the glorious privilege
 Of being independent.

The fear o' hell's a hangman's whip,
 To haud the wretch in order;
 But where ye feel your honor grip,
 Let that aye be your border;
 Its slightest touches, instant pause—
 Debar a' side pretences;
 And resolutely keep its laws,
 Uncaring consequences.

The great Creator to revere,
 Must sure become the creature;
 But still the preaching cant forbear,
 And ev'n the rigid feature;
 Yet ne'er with wits profane to range,
 Be complaisance extended;
 An atheist-laugh's a poor exchange
 For Deity offended!

When ranting round in pleasure's ring,
 Religion may be blinded;
 Or, if she gie a random sting,
 It may be little minded;
 But when on life we're tempest-driv'n—
 A conscience but³ a canker,
 A correspondence fix'd wi' Heav'n,
 Is sure a noble anchor!

¹ peep. ² flame. ³ without.

Adieu, dear amiable Youth!
 Your heart can ne'er be wanting!
 May prudence, fortitude, and truth,
 Erect your brow undaunting!
 In ploughman phrase, "God send you
 speed,"
 Still daily to grow wiser;
 And may you better reck the rede,¹
 Than ever did th' Adviser!

*O MY LUVE'S LIKE A RED, RED
 ROSE.*

O my Luve's like a red, red rose
 That's newly sprung in June:
 O my Luve's like the melodie
 That's sweetly play'd in tune.
 As fair art thou, my bonnie lass,
 So deep in luve am I:
 And I will luve thee still, my dear,
 Till a' the seas gang dry:

Till a' the seas gang dry, my Dear,
 And the rocks melt wi' the sun;
 I will luve thee still, my dear,
 While the sands o' life shall run.
 And fare thee weel, my only Luve!
 And fare thee weel a while!
 And I will come again, my Luve,
 Tho' it were ten thousand mile.

AULD LANG SYNE.

SHOULD auld acquaintance be forgot,
 And never brought to mind?
 Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
 And days o' lang syne?

Chorus.

For auld lang syne, my dear,
 For auld lang syne,
 We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,
 For auld lang syne.

¹ heed the counsel.

And surely ye'll be your pint-stowp,
 And surely I'll be mine;
 And we'll tak a cup o' kindness yet
 For auld lang syne.
 For auld, &c.

We twa hae run about the braes,
 And pu'd the gowans fine;
 But we've wander'd mony a weary foot
 Sin' auld lang syne.
 For auld, &c.

We twa hae paidl'd i' the burn,
 From morning sun till dine;
 But seas between us braid hae roar'd
 Sin' auld lang syne.
 For auld, &c.

And here's a hand, my trusty fiere,¹
 And gie's a hand o' thine;
 And we'll tak a right guid-willie
 waught,²
 For auld lang syne.
 For auld, &c.

OF A' THE AIRTS THE WIND CAN BLAW.

TUNE—"Miss Admiral Gordon's
 Strathspey."

Of a' the airts the wind can blaw,
 I dearly like the west,
 For there the bonnie lassie lives,
 The lassie I lo'e best;
 There wild woods grow, and rivers row,
 And mony a hill between;
 By day and night my fancy's flight
 Is ever wi' my Jean.

I see her in the dewy flowers,
 I see her sweet and fair;
 I hear her in the tunefu' birds,
 I hear her charm the air:
 There's not a bonnie flower that springs
 By fountain, shaw,³ or green;
 There's not a bonnie bird that sings,
 But minds me o' my Jean.

¹ companion. ² draught. ³ wood.

TAM O'SHANTER.

A TALL.

*Of Brownie and of Bogie's full is this
 Buke.*

GAWIN DOUGLAS

WHEN chapman billies¹ leave the street,
 And drouthy neebors, neebors meet,
 As market-days are wearing late,
 An' folk begin to tak the gate;²
 While we sit bousing at the nappy,³
 An' getting fou and unco happy,
 We thinkna on the lang Scots miles,
 The mosses, waters, slaps,⁴ and styles,
 That lie between us and our hame,
 Where sits our sulky, sullen dame,
 Gathering her brows like gathering
 storm,

Nursing her wrath to keep it warm.
 This truth fand honest Tam o' Shanter,
 As he frae Ayr ae night did canter:
 (Auld Ayr, whom ne'er a town surpasses
 For honest men and bonnie lasses).

O Tam! hadst thou but been sae wise,
 As ta'en thy ain wife Kate's advice!
 She tauld thee weel thou wast a skellum,⁵
 A blethering, blustering, drunken bled-
 lum;⁶

That frae November till October,
 Ae market-day thou was na sober;
 That ilka melder,⁷ wi' the miller,
 Thou sat as lang as thou had siller;
 That ev'ry naig was ca'd a shoe on,
 The smith and thee gat roaring fou on:
 That at the Lord's house, ev'n on Sun-
 day,

Thou drank wi' Kirkton⁸ Jean till Mon-
 day.
 She prophesied that, late or soon,
 Thou wad be found deep drowned in
 Doon;

Or catch'd wi' warlocks⁹ in the mirk,¹⁰
 By Alloway's auld haunted kirk.

Ah, gentle dames! it gars me greet,¹¹
 To think how many counsels sweet,

¹ pedlar fellows.

² road.

³ ale.

⁴ gaps in fences.

⁵ blockhead.

⁶ idle talker.

⁷ grinding lot.

⁸ Kirkton is the distinctive name of a village
 in which the parish kirk stands.

⁹ wizards.

¹⁰ dark.

¹¹ makes me weep.

How many lengthen'd, sage advices,
The husband frae the wife despises !

But to our tale : Ae market night,
Tam had got planted unco right,
Fast by an ingle, bleezing finely,
Wi' reaming swats,¹ that drank divinely;
And at his elbow, Souter Johnie,
His ancient, trusty, drouthy crony :
Tam lo'ed him like a very brither;
They had been fou for weeks thegither.
The night drave on wi' sangs and clat-
ter;

And ay the ale was growing better :
The landlady and Tam grew gracious,
Wi' favours, secret, sweet, and precious :
The souter² tauld his queerest stories;
The landlord's laugh was ready chorus :
The storm without might rair and rustle,
Tam did na mind the storm a whistle.

Care, mad to see a man sae happy,
E'en drowned himself among the nappy !
As bees flee hame wi' lades o' treasure,
The minutes winged their way wi' pleas-
ure :

Kings may be blest, but Tam was
glorious,

O'er a' the ills o' life victorious !

But pleasures are like poppies spread,
You seize the flow'r, its bloom is shed;
Or like the snow falls in the river,
A moment white — then melts for ever;
Or like the borealis race,
That flit ere you can point their place;
Or like the rainbow's lovely form
Evanishing amid the storm.

Nae man can tether time or tide ; —
The hour approaches Tam maun ride ;
That hour, o' night's black arch the key-
stane,

That dreary hour he mounts his beast in ;
And sic a night he tak's the road in,
As ne'er poor sinner was abroad in.

The wind blew as 'twad blawn its last ;
The rattling show'rs rose on the blast ;
The speedy gleams the darkness
swallow'd ;

Loud, deep, and lang, the thunder bel-
low'd :

That night, a child might understand,
The Deil had business on his hand.

Weel mounted on his gray mare, Meg,

¹ frothing ale.

² shoemaker.

A better never lifted leg,
Tam skelpit¹ on thro' dub and mire,
Despising wind, and rain, and fire ;
Whiles holding fast his gude blue bon-
net ;

Whiles crooning o'er some auld Scots
sonnet ;

Whiles glow'ring round wi' prudent
cares,

Lest boggles catch him unawares ;
Kirk Alloway was drawing nigh,
Whare ghaists and houlets nightly cry.

By this time he was cross the ford,
Where in the snaw the chapman
smooored ;²

And past the birks³ and meikle⁴ stane,
Where drunken Charlie brak's neck-
bane ;

And thro' the whins, and by the cairn,
Where hunters fand the murdered bairn ;
And near the thorn, aboon the well,
Whare Mungo's mither hanged hersel.
Before him Doon pours all his floods ;
The doubling storm roars thro' the woods ;
The lightnings flash from pole to pole ;
Near and more near the thunders roll :
When, glimmering thro' the groaning
trees,

Kirk Alloway seemed in a bleeze ;
Thro' ilka bore⁵ the beams were glancing ;
And loud resounded mirth and danc-
ing.

Inspiring bold John Barleycorn !
What dangers thou canst make us scorn !
Wi' tippenny, we fear, nae evil ;
Wi' usquebae, we'll face the devil !
The swats sae ream'd in Tammie's nod-
dle,

Fair play, he car'd na deils a boddle.
But Maggie stood right sair astonished,
Till, by the heel and hand admonished,
She ventured forward on the light ;
And, wow ! Tam saw an unco sight !
Warlocks and witches in a dance ;
Nae cotillion brent new frae France,
But hornpipes, jigs, strathspeys, and
reels,

Put life and mettle in their heels.

At winnock-bunker⁶ in the east,
There sat old Nick, in shape o' beast ;

¹ hurried. ² smothered. ³ birches.

⁴ big. ⁵ hole in the wall. ⁶ window-seat.

A towzie¹ tyke, black, grim, and large,
To gie them music was his charge:
He screw'd the pipes and gart² them
skirl,³

Till roof and rafters a' did dirl.—
Coffins stood round, like open presses,
That shaw'd the dead in their last dresses;
And by some devilish cantrip⁴ slight
Each in its cauld hand held a light,—
By which heroic Tam was able
To note upon the haly table,
A murderer's banes in gibbet airns;⁵
Twa span-lang, wee, unchristen'd bairns;
A thief, new-cutted frae a rape,
Wi' his last gasp his gab did gape;
Five tomahawks, wi' blude red rusted;
Five scymitars, wi' murder crusted;
A garter, which a babe had strangled;
A knife, a father's throat had mangled,
Whom his ain son o' life bereft,
The gray hairs yet stack to the heft;
Wi' mair of horrible and awfu',
Which ev'n to name wad be unlawfu'.

As Tammie glowr'd, amazed and
curious,

The mirth and fun grew fast and furious:
The piper loud and louder blew;
The dancers quick and quicker flew;
They reeled, they set, they crossed, they
cleekit,

Till ilka carlin swat and reekit,
And coost her duddies⁶ to the wark,
And linket⁷ at it in her sark!

Now Tam, O Tam, had thae been
queans

A' plump and strapping in their teens;
Their sarks, instead o' creeshie⁸ flannen,
Been snaw-white seventeen-hunder
linnen!⁹

Thir¹⁰ breeks o' mine, my only pair,
That ance were plush, o' gude blue hair,
I wad hae gi'en them off my hurdies,¹¹
For ae blink o' the bonnie burdies!

But wither'd beldams, auld and droll,
Rigwoodie hags, wad spean¹² a foal,
Lowping and flinging on a crummock,¹³
I wonder didna turn thy stomach.

¹ shaggy.

² forced.

³ scream.

⁴ magic.

⁵ irons.

⁶ clothes.

⁷ linked.

⁸ greasy.

⁹ The manufacturing term for a fine linen,
woven in a reed of 1700 divisions. — *Cromek.*

¹⁰ these. ¹¹ loins. ¹² wean. ¹³ short staff.

But Tam kend what was what fu'
brawlie,

There was ae winsome wench and walie,
That night enlisted in the core,
(Lang after kend on Carrick shore;
For mony a beast to dead she shot,
And perished mony a bonnie boat,
And shook baith meikle corn and bear,¹
And kept the country-side in fear,)
Her cutty² sark, o' Paisley harn,³
That, while a lassie, she had worn,
In longitude tho' sorely scanty,
It was her best, and she was vauntie. —
Ah! little kend thy reverend grannie,
That sark she coft⁴ for her wee Nannie,
Wi' twa pund Scots, ('twas a 'her riches,)
Wad ever grac'd a dance of witches!

But here my muse her wing maun
cour;

Sic flights are far beyond her power;
To sing how Nannie lap and flang
(A souple jade she was, and strang),
And how Tam stood, like ane bewitched,
And thought his very een enriched;
Even Satan glowr'd, and fidg'd fu' fain,
And hotch'd and blew wi' might and
main:

Till first ae caper, syne⁵ anither,
Tam tint⁶ his reason a' thegither,
And roars out, "Weeldone, Cutty-sark!"
And in an instant all was dark;
And scarcely had he Maggie rallied,
When out the hellish legion sallied.

As bees bizz out wi' angry fyke,⁷
When plundering herds assail their
byke;⁸

As open pussie's mortal foes,
When, pop! she starts before their nose;
As eager runs the market-crowd,
When, "Catch the thief!" resounds
aloud;

So Maggie runs, the witches follow,
Wi' monie an eldritch skreech and hol-
low.

Ah, Tam! ah, Tam! thou'll get thy
fairin!

In hell they'll roast thee like a herrin!
In vain thy Kate awaits thy comin!

¹ barley.

² short.

³ very coarse linen.

⁴ ought.

⁵ then.

⁶ lost.

⁷ bustle.

⁸ hive.

Kate soon will be a woefu' woman !
 Now, do thy speedy utmost, Meg,
 And win the key-stane¹ of the brig;
 There at them thou thy tail may toss,
 A running stream they darena cross.
 But ere the key-stane she could make,
 The fient² a tail she had to shake !
 For Nannie, far before the rest,
 Hard upon noble Maggie prest,
 And flew at Tam wi' furious ettle;³
 But little wist she Maggie's mettle —
 Ae spring brought off her master hale,
 But left behind her ain gray tail:
 The carlin claut her by the rump,
 And left poor Maggie scarce a stump.

Now, wha this tale o' truth shall read,
 Ilk man and mother's son, tak heed;
 Whene'er to drink you are inclined,
 Or cutty-sarks run in your mind,
 Think, ye may buy the joys o'er dear,
 Remember Tam o' Shanter's märe.

JOHN ANDERSON, MY JO.

John Anderson, my jo, John,
 When we were first acquent,
 Your locks were like the raven,
 Your bonnie brow was brent⁴
 But now your brow is beld, John,
 Your locks are like the snaw;
 But blessings on your frosty pow,
 John Anderson, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John,
 We clamb the hill thegither;
 And monie a canty day, John,
 We've had wi' ane anither:
 Now we maun totter down, John,
 But hand in hand we'll go,
 And sleep thegither at the foot,
 John Anderson, my jo.

¹ It is a well-known fact, that witches, or any evil spirits, have no power to follow a poor wight any farther than the middle of the next running stream. It may be proper likewise to mention to the benighted traveller, that when he falls in with bogles whatever danger may be in his going forward, there is much more hazard in turning back. — R. B.

² deuce (fiend). ³ aim. ⁴ smooth.

THE COTTER'S SATURDAY NIGHT.

INSCRIBED TO ROBERT AIKEN, ESQ., OF AYR.

*Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
 Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;
 Nor Grandeur hear, with a disdainful
 smile,
 The short but simple annals of the Poor.*
 GRAY.

My loved, my honoured, much respected
 friend !
 No mercenary bard his homage pays :
 With honest pride, I scorn each selfish
 end,
 My dearest meed, a friend's esteem and
 praise :
 To you I sing, in simple Scottish lays,
 The lowly train in life's sequestered
 scene;
 The native feelings strong, the guileless
 ways;
 What Aiken in a cottage would have
 been;
 Ah ! though his worth unknown, far
 happier there I ween.

November chill blaws loud wi' angry
 sugh¹ ;
 The short'ning winter-day is near a
 close;
 The miry beasts retreating frae the
 pleugh;
 The black'ning trains o' craws to their
 repose;
 The toil-worn Cotter frae his labor goes, —
 This night his weekly moil is at an end,
 Collects his spades, his mattocks, and
 his hoes,
 Hoping the morn in ease and rest to
 spend,
 And weary, o'er the moor, his course
 does hameward bend.

At length his lonely cot appears in view,
 Beneath the shelter of an aged tree;
 Th' expectant wee-things, toddlin,
 stacher² thro',
 To meet their Dad, wi' flichterin³ noise
 an' glee.

¹ whistling sound. ² stagger. ³ fluttering.

His wee bit ingle, blinkin bonnilie,
His clean hearth-stane, his thrifty wife's
 smile,
The lispin infant prattling on his knee,
Does a' his weary carking cares beguile,
An' makes him quite forget his labor
 an' his toil.

Belyve,¹ the elder bairns come drapping
 in,
At service out, among the farmers
 roun';²
Some ca' the pleugh, some herd, some
 tentie³ rin
A cannie errand to a neebor town:
Their eldest hope, their Jenny, woman
 grown,
In youthfu' bloom, love sparkling in
 her e'e,
Comes hame, perhaps, to show a braw
 new gown,
Or deposite her sair-won penny-fee,
To help her parents dear, if they in
 hardship be.

Wi' joy unfeigned brothers and sisters
 meet,
An' each for other's welfare kindly
 spiers:⁴
The social hours, swift-winged, unnoticed
 fleet;
Each tells the uncoss⁵ that he sees or
 hears;
The parents, partial, eye their hopeful
 years,
Anticipation forward points the view.
The mother, wi' her needle an' her
 sheers,
Gars⁶ auld claes look amaist as weel's the
 new;
The father mixes a' wi' admonition due.

¹ by and by.

² Although the "Cotter," in the Saturday Night, is an exact copy of my father in his manners, his family devotions, and exhortations, yet the other parts of the description do not apply to our family. None of us ever were "At service out among the neebors roun'." Instead of our depositing our "sair-won penny-fee" with our parents, my father labored hard, and lived with the most rigid economy, that he might be able to keep his children at home. — *Gilbert Burns to Dr. Currie*, Oct. 24, 1800.

³ attentively.

⁵ news.

⁴ enquires.

⁶ makes.

Their master's an' their mistress's com-
 mand,
The younkers a' are warned to obey;
And mind their labors wi' an eydent¹
 hand,
And ne'er, tho' out o' sight, to jauk² or
 play:
"And oh! be sure to fear the Lord alway,
And mind your duty, duly, morn and
 night!
Lest in temptation's path ye gang astray,
Implore His counsel and assisting
 might:
They never sought in vain that sought
 the Lord aright!"

But, hark! a rap comes gently to the
 door;
Jenny, wha kens the meaning o' the
 same,
Tells how a neebor lad came o'er the
 moor,
To do some errands, and convoy her
 hame.
The wily mother sees the conscious
 flame
Sparkle in Jenny's e'e, and flush her
 cheek;
Wi' heart-struck anxious care, inquires
 his name,
While Jenny haffins³ is afraid to speak;
Weel pleased the mother hears, it's nae
 wild, worthless rake.

Wi' kindly welcome Jenny brings him
 ben;⁴
A strappan youth; he takes the mother's
 eye;
Blythe Jenny sees the visit's no ill ta'en;
The father cracks⁵ of horses, pleughs,
 and kye.
The youngster's artless heart o'erflows
 wi' joy,
But, blate⁶ and laithfu',⁷ scarce can wee
 behave;
The mother, wi' a woman's wiles, ca
 spy
What makes the youth sae bashfu' an'
 sae grave;

¹ diligent.

⁴ into the room.

⁶ bashful.

² dally.

³ half.

⁵ talks.

⁷ sheepish.

Weel pleased to think her bairn's re-
spected like the lave.¹

O happy love! where love like this is
found!

O heart-felt raptures! bliss beyond
compare!

I've paced much this weary, mortal
round,

And sage experience bids me 'this
declare—

"If Heaven a draught of heavenly
pleasure spare,

One cordial in this melancholy vale,
'Tis when a youthful, loving, modest

pair,
In other's arms breathe out the tender
tale,

Beneath the milk-white thorn that scents
the evening gale!"

Is there, in human form, that bears a
heart

A wretch! a villain! lost to love and
truth!

That can, with studied, sly, ensnaring
art,

Betray sweet Jenny's unsuspecting
youth?

Curse on his perjured arts! dissembling
smooth!

Are honor, virtue, conscience, all
exiled?

Is there no pity, no relenting ruth,
Points to the parents fondling o'er their
child?

Then paints the ruined maid, and their
distraction wild!

But now the supper crowns their simple
board,

The halesome parritch, chief o' Scotia's
food:

The sowpe their only hawkie² does
afford,

That 'yont the hallan³ snugly chows her
cood;

The dame brings forth in complimental
mood,

To grace the lad, her weel-hained⁴ keb-
buck,⁵ fell,

¹ the rest. ² cow.
⁴ well-saved.

³ partition wall.
⁵ cheese.

An' aft he's prest, an' aft he ca's it guid;
The frugal wifie, garrulous, will tell
How 'twas a towmond¹ auld, sin' lint
was i' the bell.²

The cheerfu' supper done, wi' serious
face,

They, round the ingle, form a circle
wide;

The sire turns o'er, wi' patriarchal grace,
The big ha'-Bible,³ ance his father's
pride:

His bonnet reverently is laid aside,
His lyart haffets⁴ wearing thin an' bare;
Those strains that once did sweet in
Zion glide,

He wales⁵ a portion with judicious care;
And "Let us worship God!" he says,
with solemn air.

They chant their artless notes in simple
guise;

They tune their hearts, by far the
noblest aim:

Perhaps "Dundee's" wild warbling
measures rise,

Or plaintive "Martyrs," worthy of the
name;

Or noble "Elgin" beets⁶ the heavenward
flame,

The sweetest far of Scotia's holy lays:
Compared with these, Italian trills are
tame;

The tickled ears no heart-felt raptures
raise;

Nae unison hae they with our Creator's
praise.

The priest-like father reads the sacred
page,

How Abram was the friend of God on
high;

Or Moses bade eternal warfare wage
With Amalek's ungracious progeny;

Or how the royal Bard did groaning lie
Beneath the stroke of Heaven's aveng-
ing ire;

Or Job's pathetic plaint, and wailing
cry;

¹ a twelvemonth. ² Since the flax was in
flower. ³ hall-Bible. ⁴ gray side locks.
⁵ chooses. ⁶ feeds.

Or rapt Isaiah's wild, seraphic fire;
Or other holy seers that tune the sacred
lyre.

Perhaps the Christian volume is the
theme,
How guiltless blood for guilty man was
shed;
How He, who bore in Heaven the
second name,
Had not on earth whereon to lay His
head:
How His first followers and servants
sped;
The precepts sage they wrote to many a
land:

How he, who lone in Patmos banished,
Saw in the sun a mighty angel stand;
And heard great Babylon's doom pro-
nounced by Heaven's command.

Then kneeling down, to Heaven's Eter-
nal King,
The saint, the father, and the husband
prays:
Hope "springs exulting on triumphant
wing,"¹
That thus they all shall meet in future
days:

There ever bask in uncreated rays,
No more to sigh, or shed the bitter tear,
Together hymning their Creator's praise,
In such society, yet still more dear;
While circling time moves round in an
eternal sphere.

Compared with this, how poor Religion's
pride,
In all the pomp of method, and of art,
When men display to congregations
wide
Devotion's every grace, except the heart!
The Power, incensed, the pageant will
desert,
The pompous strain, the sacerdotal
stole;
But haply, in some cottage far apart,
May hear, well pleased, the language of
the soul;
And in His book of life the inmates
poor enrol.

¹ Pope's *Windsor Forest*. — R. B.

Then homeward all take off their several
way;

The youngling cottagers retire to rest:
The parent-pair their secret homage pay,
And proffer up to Heaven the warm
request,

That He, who stills the raven's clamorous
nest,

And decks the lily fair in flowery pride,
Would, in the way His wisdom sees the
best,

For them, and for their little ones pro-
vide;

But chiefly, in their hearts with grace
divine preside.

From scenes like these old Scotia's
grandeur springs,

That makes her loved at home, revered
abroad:

Princes and lords are but the breath of
kings;

"An honest man's the noblest work of
God:"

And certes, in fair virtue's heavenly
road,

The cottage leaves the palace far behind;
What is a lordling's pomp? a cumbrous
load,

Disguising oft the wretch of human
kind,

Studied in arts of hell, in wickedness
refined!

O Scotia! my dear, my native soil!

For whom my warmest wish to Heaven
is sent!

Long may thy hardy sons of rustic toil
Be blest with health, and peace, and
sweet content!

And, oh, may Heaven their simple lives
prevent

From luxury's contagion, weak and vile!
Then, howe'er crowns and coronets be
rent,

A virtuous populace may rise the while,
And stand a wall of fire around their
much-loved Isle.

O Thou! who poured the patriotic tide
That streamed thro' Wallace's undaunted
heart;

Who dared to nobly stem tyrannic pride,
Or nobly die, the second glorious part,
(The patriot's God peculiarly Thou art,
His friend, inspirer, guardian, and reward!)

O never, never Scotia's realm desert;
But still the patriot, and the patriot-bard,
In bright succession raise, her ornament
and guard!

ON THE BIRTH OF A POSTHUMOUS CHILD, BORN IN PECULIAR CIRCUMSTANCES OF FAMILY DISTRESS.

SWEET floweret, pledge o' meikle love,
And ward o' mony a prayer,
What heart o' stane wad thou na move,
Sae helpless, sweet, and fair.

November hirples¹ o'er the lea,
Chill on thy lovely form;
And gane, alas! the shelt'ring tree
Should shield thee frae the storm.

May He, who gives the rain to pour,
And wings the blast to blow,
Protect thee frae the driving show'r,
The bitter frost and snaw.

May He, the friend of woe and want,
Who heals life's various stounds,²
Protect and guard the mother plant,
And heal her cruel wounds.

But late she flourish'd, rooted fast,
Fair on the summer morn:
Now, feebly bends she in the blast,
Unshelter'd and forlorn.

Blest be thy bloom, thou lovely gem
Unscathed by ruffian hand!
And from thee many a parent stem
Arise to deck our land!

¹ creeps.

² heart-pangs.

FAREWELL TO NANCY.

Æ fond kiss, and then we sever!
Æ farewell, alas, for ever!
Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge
thee!

Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.
Who shall say that fortune grieves him,
While the star of hope she leaves him?
Me, nae cheerful twinkle lights me;
Dark despair around benights me.

I'll ne'er blame my partial fancy,
Naething could resist my Nancy;
But to see her, was to love her;
Love but her, and love for ever.
Had we never loved sae kindly,
Had we never loved sae blindly,
Never met — or never parted,
We had ne'er been broken-hearted!

Fare thee weel, thou first and fairest!
Fare thee weel, thou best and dearest!
Thine be ilka joy and treasure,
Peace, enjoyment, love, and pleasure.
Æ fond kiss, and then we sever;
Æ farewell, alas, for ever!
Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge
thee,
Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.

LAMENT OF MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS, ON THE APPROACH OF SPRING.

Now nature hangs her mantle green
On every blooming tree,
And spreads her sheets o' daisies white
Out o'er the grassy lea:
Now Phoebus cheers the crystal streams,
And glads the azure skies;
But nought can glad the weary wight
That fast in durance lies.

Now lav'rocks wake the merry morn,
Aloft on dewy wing;
The merle, in his noontide bow'r,
Makes woodland echoes ring;
The mavis mild wi' many a note,
Sings drowsy day to rest:

In love and freedom they rejoice,
Wi' care nor thrall oppress.

Now blooms the lily by the bank,
The primrose down the brae;
The hawthorn's budding in the glen,
And milk-white is the slae;
The meanest hind in fair Scotland
May rove their sweets amang;
But I, the Queen of a' Scotland,
Maun lie in prison strang.

I was the Queen o' bonnie France,
Where happy I hae been;
Fu' lightly rase I in the morn,
As blythe lay down at e'en:
And I'm the sovereign of Scotland,
And monie a traitor there;
Yet here I lie in foreign bands,
And never ending care.

My son! my son! may kinder stars
Upon thy fortune shine;
And may those pleasures gild thy reign,
That ne'er wad blink on mine!
God keep thee frae thy mother's faes,
Or turn their hearts to thee:
And where thou meet'st thy mother's
friend
Remember him for me!

Oh! soon, to me, may summer suns
Nae mair light up the morn!
Nae mair, to me, the autumn winds
Wave o'er the yellow corn!
And in the narrow house o' death
Let winter round me rave;
And the next flowers that deck the
spring
Bloom on my peaceful grave!

TO A MOUNTAIN DAISY,

ON TURNING ONE DOWN WITH THE PLOUGH, IN
APRIL, 1786.

WEE, modest, crimson-tipped flow'r,
Thou's met me in an evil hour;
For I maun crush amang the stoure
Thy slender stem:
To spare thee now is past my pow'r,
Thou bonnie gem.

Alas! it's no thy neebor sweet,
The bonnie Lark, companion meet!
Bending thee 'mang the dewy weet!
Wi' spreckl'd breast,
When upward-springing, blythe, to greet
The purpling east.

Could blew the bitter-biting north
Upon thy early, humble birth;
Yet cheerfully thou glinted forth
Amid the storm,
Scarce rear'd above the parent-earth
Thy tender form.

The flaunting flow'rs our gardens yield,
High shelt'ring woods and wa's maun
shield,
But thou, beneath the random bield¹
O' clod, or stane,
Adorns the histie² stibble-field,
Unseen, alane.

There, in thy scanty mantle clad,
Thy snawy bosom sunward spread,
Thou lifts thy unassuming head
In humble guise;
But now the share upears thy bed,
And low thou lies!

Such is the fate of artless Maid,
Sweet flow'ret of the rural shade!
By love's simplicity betray'd,
And guileless trust,
Till she, like thee, all soil'd, is laid
Low i' the dust.

Such is the fate of simple Bard,
On life's rough ocean luckless starr'd!
Unskilful he to note the card
Of prudent lore,
Till billows rage, and gales blow hard,
And whelm him o'er!

Such fate to suffering worth is giv'n,
Who long with wants and woes has striv'n,
By human pride or cunning driv'n
To mis'ry's brink,
Till, wrench'd of ev'ry stay but Heav'n,
He, ruin'd, sink!

¹ shelter.

² dry.

Ev'n thou who mourn'st the Daisy's fate,
That fate is thine — no distant date;
Stern Ruin's ploughshare drives, elate,
Full on thy bloom,
Till crush'd beneath the furrow's weight,
Shall be thy doom!

TO A MOUSE,

ON TURNING HER UP IN HER NEST WITH THE
PLOUGH IN NOVEMBER.

WEE, sleekit, cow'rin, tim'rous beastie,
O, what a panic's in thy breastie!
Thou need na start awa sae hasty,
Wi' bickering brattle!¹
I wad be laith² to rin an' chase thee,
Wi' murdering pattle!³

I'm truly sorry man's dominion
Has broken nature's social union,
An' justifies that ill opinion,
Which makes thee startle
At me, thy poor earth-born companion,
An' fellow mortal!

I doubt na, whiles, but thou mayst thief;
What then? poor beastie, thou maun live!
A daimen-icker⁴ in a thrave⁵
'S a sma' request:
I'll get a blessin wi' the lave,⁶
And never miss't.

Thy wee bit housie, too, in ruin!
Its silly wa's the winds are strewin!
An' naething, now, to big a new ane,
O' foggage green!
An' bleak December's winds ensuin,
Baith snell⁷ an' keen!

Thou saw the fields laid bare an' waste,
An' weary winter comin fast,
An' cozie here, beneath the blast,
Thou thought to dwell,
Till crash! the cruel coulter pass'd
Out thro' thy cell.

That wee bit heap o' leaves an' stibble,
Has cost thee mony a weary nibble!
Now thou's turn'd out, for a' thy trouble,
But house or hald,

¹ hurry.

² loth.

³ plough staff.

⁴ ear of corn.

⁵ twenty-four sheaves.

⁶ the rest.

⁷ biting.

To thole the winter's sleety dribble,
An' cranreuch¹ cauld!

But, mousie, thou art no thy lane,²
In proving foresight may be vain:
The best laid schemes o' mice an' men
Gang aft a-gley,³
An' leave us nought but grief and pain,
For promised joy.

Still thou art blest, compared wi' me!
The present only toucheth thee;
But, och! I backward cast my e'e
On prospects drear!
An' forward, tho' I canna see,
I guess an' fear.

THE BARD'S EPITAPH.

Is there a whim-inspired fool,
Owre fast for thought, owre hot for rule,
Owre blate to seek, owre proud to snool,
Let him draw near;
And owre this grassy heap sing dool,
And drap a tear.

Is there a Bard of rustic song,
Who, noteless, steals the crowds among
That weekly this area throng,
O, pass not by!
But, with a frater-feeling strong,
Here, heave a sigh.

Is there a man whose judgment clear,
Can others teach the course to steer,
Yet runs, himself, life's mad career
Wild as the wave;
Here pause — and, thro' the starting tear,
Survey this grave.

The poor Inhabitant below
Was quick to learn, and wise to know,
And keenly felt the friendly glow,
And softer flame;
But thoughtless follies laid him low,
And stain'd his name!

¹ hoar frost. ² thyself alone. ³ wrong.

Reader, attend — whether thy soul
 Soars fancy's flights beyond the pole,
 Or darkling grubs this earthly hole,
 In low pursuit;
 Know, prudent, cautious, *self-control*
 Is wisdom's root.

TO MARY IN HEAVEN.

THOU ling'ring star, with less'ning ray,
 Thou lov'st to greet the early morn,
 Again thou usher'st in the day
 My Mary from my soul was torn.
 O Mary! dear departed shade!
 Where is thy place of blissful rest?
 See'st thou thy lover lowly laid?
 Hear'st thou the groans that rend his
 breast?

That sacred hour can I forget,
 Can I forget the hallow'd grove,
 Where by the winding Ayr we met,
 To live one day of parting love?
 Eternity will not efface
 Those records dear of transports past;
 Thy image at our last embrace;
 Ah! little thought we 'twas our last!

Ayr gurgling kiss'd his pebbled shore,
 O'erhung with wild woods, thick'ning
 green;
 The fragrant birch, and hawthorn hoar,
 Twined amorous round the raptured
 scene.
 The flowers sprang wanton to be prest,
 The birds sang love on every spray,—
 Till too, too soon, the glowing west
 Proclaim'd the speed of winged day.

Still o'er these scenes my memory
 wakes,
 And fondly broods with miser care!
 Time but th' impression deeper makes
 As streams their channels deeper
 wear.
 My Mary, dear departed shade!
 Where is thy place of blissful rest?
 See'st thou thy lover lowly laid?
 Hear'st thou the groans that rend his
 breast?

FOR A' THAT, AND A' THAT.

Is there, for honest poverty,
 That hangs his head, and a' that?
 The coward-slave, we pass him by,
 And dare be poor for a' that!
 For a' that, and a' that,
 Our toils obscure, and a' that;
 The rank is but the guinea stamp;
 The man's the gowd for a' that.

What tho' on hamely fare we dine,
 Wear hodden-gray and a' that;
 Gie fools their silks, and knaves their
 wine,
 A man's a man, for a' that.
 For a' that, and a' that,
 Their tinsel show, and a' that:
 The honest man, tho' ne'er sae poor,
 Is King o' men for a' that.

Ye see yon birkie, ca'd a lord,
 Wha struts, and stares, and a' that;
 Tho' hundreds worship at his word,
 He's but a coof for a' that:
 For a' that, and a' that,
 His riband, star, and a' that,
 The man, of independent mind,
 He looks and laughs at a' that.

A king can mak a belted knight,
 A marquis, duke, and a' that;
 But a honest man's aboon his might,
 Guid faith, he maunna fa' that!
 For a' that, and a' that,
 Their dignities, and a' that,
 Their pith o' sense, and pride o'
 worth,
 Are higher ranks than a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may,
 As come it will for a' that,
 That sense and worth, o'er a' the
 earth,
 May bear the gree, and a' that;
 For a' that, and a' that,
 It's coming yet, for a' that;
 That man to man, the world o'er,
 Shall brother be for a' that.

BANNOCKBURN.

ROBERT BRUCE'S ADDRESS TO HIS ARMY.

Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled,
 Scots, wham Bruce has aften led;
 Welcome to your gory bed,
 Or to victory!

Now's the day, and now's the hour;
 See the front o' battle lower:
 See approach proud Edward's pow'—
 Chains and slavery!

Wha will be a traitor knave?
 Wha would fill a coward's grave?
 Wha sae base as be a slave?
 Let him turn and flee!

Wha for Scotland's King and law
 Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
 Free-man stand, or free-man fa'?
 Let him on wi' me!

By Oppression's woes and pains!
 By your sons in servile chains!
 We will drain our dearest veins,
 But they shall be free!

Lay the proud usurpers low!
 Tyrants fall in every foe!
 Liberty's in every blow!
 Let us do, or die!

A ROSE-BUD BY MY EARLY WALK.

A ROSE-BUD by my early walk,
 Adown a corn-enclosed bawk,
 Sae gently bent its thorny stalk,
 All on a dewy morning.

Ere twice the shades o' dawn are fled,
 In a' its crimson glory spread,
 And drooping rich the dewy head,
 It scents the early morning.

Within the bush, her covert nest
 A little linnet fondly prest,
 The dew sat chilly on her breast
 Sae early in the morning.

She soon shall see her tender brood,
 The pride, the pleasure o' the wood,
 Among the fresh green leaves bedew'd,
 Awake the early morning.

So thou, dear bird, young Jeany fair,
 On trembling string, or vocal air,
 Shall sweetly pay the tender care
 That tents thy early morning.

So thou, sweet rose-bud, young and gay,
 Shalt beauteous blaze upon the day,
 And bless the parent's evening ray
 That watch'd thy early morning.

AFTON WATER.

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among the
 green braes,
 Flow gently, I'll sing thee a song in thy
 praise:
 My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring
 stream,
 Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not
 her dream.

Thou stock-dove whose echo resounds
 thro' the glen,
 Ye wild-whistling blackbirds in yon
 thorny den,
 Thou green-crested lapwing, thy scream-
 ing forbear;
 I charge you disturb not my slumbering
 fair.

How lofty, sweet Afton, thy neighbor-
 ing hills,
 Far mark'd by the courses of clear,
 winding rills;
 There daily I wander, as noon rises
 high,
 My flocks and my Mary's sweet cot in
 my eye.

How pleasant thy banks and green
 valleys below,
 Where wild in the woodlands the prim-
 roses blow;

There, oft as the mild evening weeps
over the lea,
The sweet-scented birk shades my Mary
and me.

Thy crystal stream, Afton, how gently it
glides,
And winds by the cot where my Mary
resides:
How wanton thy waters her snowy feet
lave,
As, gath'ring sweet flow'rets, she stems
thy clear wave.

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy
green braes,
Flow gently, sweet river, the theme of
my lays;
My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring
stream;
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not
her dream.

COMIN' THROUGH THE RYE.

TUNE—"Gin a Body meet a Body."

GIN a body meet a body,
Comin' thro' the rye;
Gin a body kiss a body,
Need a body cry?
Ev'ry lassie has her laddie,
Nane they say, hae I!
Yet a' the lads they smile at me
When comin' thro' the rye.
Amang the train there is a swain
I dearly lo'e mysel';
But whaur his hame, or what his name,
I dinna care to tell.

Gin a body meet a body,
Comin' frae the town;
Gin a body greet a body,
Need a body frown?
Ev'ry lassie has her laddie,
Nane, they say, hae I!
Yet a' the lads they smile at me,
When comin' thro' the rye.
Amang the train there is a swain
I dearly lo'e mysel';
But whaur his hame, or what his name,
I dinna care to tell.

O WERE MY LOVE YON LILAC FAIR.

O WERE my love yon lilac fair,
Wi' purple blossoms to the spring;
And I a bird to shelter there,
When wearied on my little wing:

How I wad mourn, when it was torn
By autumn wild, and winter rude!
But I wad sing on wanton wing,
When youthfu' May its bloom re-
new'd.

O gin my love were yon red rose
That grows upon the castle wa',
And I mysel' a drap o' dew,
Into her bonny breast to fa'!

Oh! there beyond expression blest,
I'd feast on beauty a' the night;
Seal'd on her silk-saft faulds to rest,
Till fley'd awa' by Phœbus' light.

MY AIN KIND DEARIE, O!

WHEN o'er the hill the eastern star
Tells bughtin-time is near, my jo;
And owsen frae the furrow'd field
Return sae dowf and wearie, O!
Down by the burn, where scented birks
Wi' dew are hanging clear, my jo,
I'll meet thee on the lea-rig,
My ain kind dearie, O!

In mirkest glen, at midnight hour,
I'd rove, and ne'er be eerie, O,
If thro' that glen I gaed to thee,
My ain kind dearie, O!
Altho' the night were ne'er sae wild,
And I were ne'er sae wearie, O,
I'd meet thee on the lea-rig,
My ain kind dearie, O!

The hunter lo'es the morning sun,
To rouse the mountain deer, my jo,
At noon the fisher seeks the glen,
Along the burn to steer, my jo;
Gie me the hour o' gloamin' gray,
It maks my heart sae cheery, O,
To meet thee on the lea-rig,
My ain kind dearie, O!

WILLIAM LISLE BOWLES.

1762-1850.

[THE REV. WILLIAM LISLE BOWLES was born at King's Sutton in 1762. His chief work is his *Sonnets*, first published in 1789. He died at Salisbury in 1850.]

THE CLIFF.

As slow I climb the cliff's ascending side,
 Much musing on the track of terror
 past,
 When o'er the dark wave rode the
 howling blast,
 Pleased I look back, and view the tran-
 quil tide
 That laves the pebbled shores; and now
 the beam
 Of evening smiles on the gray battle-
 ment,
 And yon forsaken tow'r that time has
 rent:
 The lifted oar far off with silver gleam
 Is touched, and the hushed billows
 seem to sleep.
 Soothed by the scene e'en thus on
 sorrow's breast
 A kindred stillness steals, and bids
 her rest;
 Whilst sad airs stilly sigh along the
 deep,
 Like melodies that mourn upon the
 lyre,
 Waked by the breeze, and as they
 mourn, expire.

BAMBOROUGH CASTLE.

YE holy tow'rs that shade the wave-worn
 steep,
 Long may ye rear your aged brows
 sublime,
 Though hurrying silent by, relentless
 time
 Assail you, and the wintry whirlwind
 sweep.
 For, far from blazing grandeur's crowded
 halls,
 Here Charity has fixed her chosen
 seat;

Oft listening tearful when the wild
 winds beat
 With hollow bodings round your ancient
 walls;
 And Pity, at the dark and stormy hour
 Of midnight, when the moon is hid
 on high,
 Keeps her lone watch upon the topmost
 tow'r,
 And turns her ear to each expiring cry,
 Blest if her aid some fainting wretch
 might save,
 And snatch him cold and speechless
 from the grave.

EVENING.

EVENING, as slow thy placid shades
 descend,
 Veiling with gentlest touch the land-
 scape still,
 The lonely battlement, and farthest
 hill
 And wood — I think of those that have
 no friend:
 Who now perhaps by melancholy led,
 From the broad blaze of day, where
 pleasure flaunts,
 Retiring, wander mid thy lonely
 haunts
 Unseen, and mark the tints that o'er
 thy bed
 Hang lovely; oft to musing Fancy's eye
 Presenting fairy vales, where the tired
 mind
 Might rest, beyond the murmurs of
 mankind,
 Nor hear the hourly moans of misery.
 Ah! beauteous views, that Hope's fair
 gleams the while
 Should smile like you, and perish as
 they smile!

DOVER CLIFFS.

ON these white cliffs, that calm above
 the flood
 Uplift their shadowy heads, and at
 their feet
 Scarce hear the surge that has for
 ages beat,
 Sure many a lonely wanderer has stood;
 And while the distant murmur met
 his ear,
 And o'er the distant billows the still eve
 Sailed slow, has thought of all his heart
 must leave
 To-morrow; of the friends he loved
 most dear;
 Of social scenes from which he wept to
 part.
 But if, like me, he knew how fruitless
 all
 The thoughts that would full fain the
 past recall;
 Soon would he quell the risings of his
 heart,
 And brave the wild winds and unhear-
 ing tide,
 The world his country, and his God his
 guide.

ON THE RHINE.

'TWAS morn, and beauteous on the
 mountain's brow
 (Hung with the blushes of the bend-
 ing vine)
 Streamed the blue light, when on the
 sparkling Rhine
 We bounded, and the white waves round
 the prow
 In murmurs parted; varying as we go,
 Lo! the woods open and the rocks
 retire;
 Some convent's ancient walls, or
 glistening spire
 Mid the bright landscape's tract unfold-
 ing slow.
 Here dark with furrowed aspect, like
 despair,
 Hangs the bleak cliff, there on the
 woodland's side

The shadowy sunshine pours its stream-
 ing tide;
 Whilst Hope, enchanted with a scene so
 fair,
 Would wish to linger many a summer's
 day,
 Nor heeds how fast the prospect winds
 away.

WRITTEN AT OSTEND.

How sweet the tuneful bells responsive
 peal!
 As when, at opening morn, the fragrant
 breeze
 Breathes on the trembling sense of
 wan disease,
 So piercing to my heart their force I
 feel!
 And hark! with lessening cadence now
 they fall,
 And now along the white and level
 tide
 They fling their melancholy music
 wide,
 Bidding me many a tender thought recall
 Of summer days, and those delightful
 years,
 When by my native streams, in life's
 fair prime,
 The mournful magic of their mingling
 chime
 First waked my wondering childhood into
 tears;
 But seeming now, when all those days
 are o'er,
 The sounds of joy, once heard and
 heard no more.

TO TIME.

O TIME, who knowest a lenient hand
 to lay,
 Softest on sorrow's wounds, and slowly
 thence
 (Lulling to sad repose the weary
 sense)
 The faint pang stealest unperceived away:
 On thee I rest my only hopes at last;

And think when thou hast dried the
bitter tear,
That flows in vain o'er all my soul
held dear,
I may look back on many a sorrow past,
And greet life's peaceful evening with a
smile —
As some lone bird, at day's departing
hour,

Sings in the sunshine of the transient
shower,
Forgetful, though its wings be wet the
while.
But ah! what ills must that poor heart
endure,
Who hopes from thee, and thee alone,
a cure.

JOANNA BAILLIE.

1762-1851.

[BORN at Bothwell Manse, Lanarkshire, Sept. 11, 1762; came to live in London, 1784. Published *Plays on the Passions*, vol. i., 1798; vol. ii., 1802; vol. iii., 1812; *Miscellaneous Dramas*, 1804; *The Family Legend*, 1810; *Dramas*, 3 vols., 1836; *Fugitive Verses*, 1840. Died at Hampstead, Feb. 23, 1851.]

THE CHOUGH AND CROW.

THE Chough and Crow to roost are
gone —

The owl sits on the tree —
The hush'd winds wail with feeble moan,
Like infant charity.
The wild fire dances o'er the fen —
The red star sheds its ray;
Uprouse ye then, my merry men,
It is our op'ning day.

Both child and nurse are fast asleep,
And clos'd is ev'ry flower;
And winking tapers faintly peep,
High from my lady's bower.
Bewilder'd hind with shorten'd ken,
Shrink on their murky day:
Uprouse ye then, my merry men,
It is our op'ning day.

Nor board, nor garner own we now,
Nor roof, nor latched door,
Nor kind mate bound by holy vow
To bless a good man's store.
Noon lulls us in a gloomy den,
And night is grown our day:
Uprouse ye then, my merry men,
And use it as we may.

SONG.

[Version taken from an old song, *Woo'd and married and a'.*]

THE bride she is winsome and bonny,
Her hair it is snooded sae sleek,
And faithfu' and kind is her Johnny,
Yet fast fa' the tears on her cheek.
New pearlins¹ are cause of her sorrow,
New pearlins and plenishing too;
The bride that has a' to borrow
Has e'en right mickle ado.
Woo'd and married and a'!
Woo'd and married and a'!
Is na' she very weel aff
To be woo'd and married at a'?

Her mither then hastily spak,
"The lassie is glaikit² wi' pride;
In my pouch I had never a plack
On the day when I was a bride.
E'en tak to your wheel and be clever,
And draw out your thread in the sun;
The gear that is gifted it never
Will last like the gear that is won.
Woo'd and married and a'!
Wi' havins and tocher³ sae sma'!
I think ye are very weel aff
To be woo'd and married at a'."

¹ finery, lace. ² silly. ³ goods and dowry.

"Toot, toot," quo' her gray-headed
faither,

"She's less o' a bride than a bairn,
She's ta'en like a cout¹ frae the heather,
Wi' sense and discretion to learn.
Half husband, I trow, and half daddy,
As humor inconstantly leans,
The chiel maun be patient and steady
That yokes wi' a mate in her teens.
A kerchief sae douce and sae neat
O'er her locks that the wind used
to blaw!

I'm baith like to laugh and to greet
When I think of her married at a'!"

Then out spak the wily bridegroom,
Weel waled were his wordies, I ween,
"I'm rich, though my coffer be toom,²
Wi' the blinks o' your bonny blue
e'en.

I'm prouder o' thee by my side
Though thy ruffles or ribbons be few,
Than if Kate o' the Croft were my bride
Wi' purples and pearlins enow.
Dear and dearest of ony!
Ye're woo'd and buikit and a'!
And do ye think scorn o' your Johnny,
And grieve to be married at a'?"

She turn'd, and she blush'd, and she
smiled,
And she looked sae bashfully down;
The pride o' her heart was beguiled,
And she played wi' the sleeves o' her
gown.

She twirled the tag o' her lace,
And she nipped her bodice sae blue,
Syn'e blinkit sae sweet in his face,
And aff like a maukin³ she flew.
Woo'd and married and a'!
Wi' Johnny to roose her and a'!
She thinks hersel very weel aff
To be woo'd and married at a'!

¹ colt.² empty.³ hare.

THE HIGHLAND SHEPHERD.

THE gowan glitters on the sward,
The lavrock's in the sky,
And Colley in my plaid keeps ward,
And time is passing by.
Oh, no! sad and slow!
I hear no welcome sound,
The shadow of our trysting bush,
It wears so slowly round.

My sheep bells tinkle frae the west,
My lambs are bleating near;
But still the sound that I lo'e best.
Alack! I canna hear.

Oh, no! sad and slow!
The shadow lingers still,
And like a lanely ghaist I stand,
And croon upon the hill.

I hear below the water roar,
The mill wi' clacking din,
And Luckey scolding frae her door,
To bring the bairnies in.
Oh, no! sad and slow!
These are nae sounds for me;
The shadow of our trysting bush,
It creeps sae drearily.

I coft yestreen, frae Chapman Tam,
A snood of bonnie blue,
And promised when our trysting cam',
To tie it round her brow!
Oh, no! sad and slow!
The time it winna pass:
The shadow of that weary thorn
Is tether'd on the grass.

O, now I see her on the way,
She's past the witches' knowe,
She's climbing up the brownie's brac;
My heart is in a lowe.
Oh, no! 'tis not so!
'Tis glamrie I ha'e seen!
The shadow of that hawthorn bush
Will move nae mair till e'en.

SAMUEL ROGERS.

1763-1855.

[SAMUEL ROGERS born at Newington Green, near London, 1763; died, 1855. An eminent English poet, son of a London banker, in whose house of business he was placed after having received an efficient private education. At the age of twenty-three his first volume of poems was produced under the title of *An Ode to Superstition and other Poems*; his second volume *The Pleasures of Memory* was given to the world in 1792. Six years later he brought out a third volume, and in 1812, fourteen years after, he published a fragment entitled *Columbus*. *Jaqueline* was put forth in 1814. *Human Life* in 1819, and in 1822, the poet, then sixty years of age, produced the first part of his *Italy*. The complete edition of this latter poem was not published until 1836, having been illustrated under his own direction by Stothard, Turner, and Prout, at a cost of £10,000. Up to his ninety-first year he wrote an occasional piece, composed, like all his works, with laborious slowness, and polished line by line into elegance.]

FROM "THE PLEASURES OF
MEMORY."

OFt may the spirits of the dead descend
To watch the silent slumbers of a friend;
To hover round his evening-walk unseen,
And hold sweet converse on the dusky green;
To hail the spot where first their friendship grew,
And heaven and nature opened to their view!
OfT, when he trims his cheerful hearth,
and sees
A smiling circle emulous to please;
There may these gentle guests delight to dwell,
And bless the scene they loved in life so well!
Oh thou! with whom my heart was wont to share
From Reason's dawn each pleasure and each care;
With whom, alas! I fondly hoped to know
The humble walks of happiness below;
If thy blest nature now unites above
An angel's pity with a brother's love,
Still o'er my life preserve thy mild control,
Correct my views, and elevate my soul;
Grant me thy peace and purity of mind,
Devout yet cheerful, active yet resigned;

Grant me, like thee, whose heart knew
no disguise,
Whose blameless wishes never aimed
to rise,
To meet the changes Time and Chance
present
With modest dignity and calm content.
When thy last breath, ere Nature sunk
to rest,
Thy meek submission to thy God expressed,
When thy last look, ere thought and feeling fled,
A mingled gleam of hope and triumph shed,
What to thy soul its glad assurance gave,
Its hope in death, its triumph o'er the grave?
The sweet Remembrance of unblemished youth,
The still inspiring voice of Innocence and Truth!
Hail, MEMORY, hail! in thy exhaustless mine
From age to age unnumbered treasures shine!
Thought and her shadowy brood thy call obey,
And Place and Time are subject to thy sway!
Thy pleasures most we feel, when most alone;
The only pleasures we can call our own.

Lighter than air, Hope's summer-visions
 die,
 If but a fleeting cloud obscure the sky;
 If but a beam of sober Reason play,
 Lo, Fancy's fairy frost-work melts away!
 But can the wiles of Art, the grasp of
 Power,
 Snatch the rich relics of a well-spent
 hour?
 These, when the trembling spirit wings
 her flight,
 Pour round her path a stream of living
 light,
 And gild those pure and perfect realms
 of rest
 Where Virtue triumphs and her sons
 are blest!

FROM "ITALY."

BUT who comes,
 Brushing the floor with what was once,
 methinks,
 A hat of ceremony? On he glides,
 Slip-shod, ungartered; his long suit of
 black
 Dingy, thread-bare, tho', patch by patch,
 renewed
 Till it has almost ceased to be the
 same.
 At length arrived, and with a shrug that
 pleads
 "'Tis my necessity!" he stops and
 speaks,
 Screwing a smile into his dinnerless
 face.
 "Blame not a Poet, Signor, for his
 zeal —
 When all are on the wing, who would
 be last?
 The splendor of thy name has gone be-
 fore thee;
 And Italy from sea to sea exults,
 As well indeed she may! But I trans-
 gress.
 He, who has known the weight of
 praise himself,
 Should spare another." Saying so, he
 laid
 His sonnet, an impromptu, at my feet,

(If his, then Petrarch must have stolen
 it from him)
 And bowed and left me; in his hollow
 hand
 Receiving my small tribute, a zecchine
 Unconsciously, as doctors do their fees.
 My omelet, and a flagon of hill-wine,
 Pure as the virgin-spring, had happily
 Fled from all eyes; or, in a waking
 dream,
 I might have sat as many a great man
 has,
 And many as small, like him of Santil-
 lane,
 Bartering my bread and salt for empty
 praise.

Am I in Italy? Is this the Mincius?
 Are those the distant turrets of Verona?
 And shall I sup where Juliet at the
 Masque
 Saw her loved Montague, and now
 sleeps by him?
 Such questions hourly do I ask myself;
 And not a stone, in a cross-way, in-
 scribed
 "To Mantua" — "To Ferrara" — but
 excites
 Surprise, and doubt, and self-congratu-
 lation.
 O Italy, how beautiful thou art!
 Yet I could weep — for thou art lying,
 alas,
 Low in the dust; and we admire thee now
 As we admire the beautiful in death.
 Thine was a dangerous gift, when thou
 wast born,
 The gift of Beauty. Would thou hadst
 it not;
 Or wert as once, awing the caitiffs vile
 That now beset thee, making thee their
 slave!
 Would they had loved thee less, or
 feared thee more!
 — But why despair? Twice hast thou
 lived already;
 Twice shone among the nations of the
 world,
 As the sun shines among the lesser
 lights
 Of heaven; and shalt again. The hour
 shall come,

When they who think to bind the ethereal spirit,
 Who, like the eagle cowering o'er his prey,
 Watch with quick eye, and strike and strike again
 If but a sinew vibrate, shall confess
 Their wisdom folly. Even now the flame
 Bursts forth where once it burnt so gloriously,
 And, dying, left a splendor like the day,
 That like the day diffused itself, and still
 Blesses the earth — the light of genius, virtue,
 Greatness in thought and act, contempt of death,
 God-like example. Echoes that have slept
 Since Athens, Lacedæmon, were Themselves,
 Since men invoked "By Those in Marathon!"
 Awake along the Ægean; and the dead,
 They of that sacred shore, have heard the call,
 And thro' the ranks, from wing to wing, are seen
 Moving as once they were — instead of rage
 Breathing deliberate valor.

FROM "HUMAN LIFE."

WHEN by a good man's grave I muse alone,
 Methinks an Angel sits upon the stone,
 Like those of old, on that thrice-hallowed night,
 Who sate and watched in raiment heavenly bright,
 And with a voice inspiring joy not fear,
 Says, pointing upward, "Know, He is not here;
 He is risen!"
 But the day is almost spent;

And stars are kindling in the firmament,
 To us how silent — though like ours perchance
 Busy and full of life and circumstance;
 Where some the paths of Wealth and Power pursue,
 Of Pleasure some, of Happiness a few;
 And, as the sun goes round — a sun not ours —
 While from her lap another Nature showers
 Gifts of her own, some from the crowd retire,
 Think on themselves, within, without inquire;
 At distance dwell on all that passes there,
 All that their world reveals of good and fair;
 And, as they wander, picturing things, like me,
 Not as they are but as they ought to be,
 Trace out the journey through their little day,
 And fondly dream an idle hour away

GINEVRA.

If thou shouldst ever come by choice or chance
 To Modena, where still religiously
 Among her ancient trophies is preserved
 Bologna's bucket (in its chain it hangs
 Within the reverend tower, the Guirlandine)
 Stop at the Palace near the Reggiate,
 Dwelt in of old by one of the Orsini.
 Its noble gardens, terrace above terrace,
 And rich in fountains, statues, cypresses,
 Will long detain thee; thro' their arched walks,
 Dim at noon-day, discovering many a glimpse
 Of knights and dames, such as in old romance,
 And lovers, such as in heroic song,
 Perhaps the two, for groves were their delight,

'That in the spring-time, as alone they
sat,

Venturing together on a tale of love,
Read only part that day.—A summer-sun

Sets ere one half is seen; but, ere thou
go,

Enter the house — prythee, forget it
not —

And look awhile upon a picture there.

'Tis of a Lady in her earliest youth,
The very last of that illustrious race,
Done by Zampieri — but I care not
whom.

He, who observes it — ere he passes on,
Gazes his fill, and comes and comes
again,

That he may call it up, when far away.
She sits, inclining forward as to
speak,

Her lips half-open, and her finger up,
As tho' she said "Beware!" her vest
of gold

Broidered with flowers, and clasped
from head to foot,

An emerald stone in every golden
clasp;

And on her brow, fairer than alabaster,
A coronet of pearls. But then her
face,

So lovely, yet so arch, so full of mirth,
The overflowings of an innocent heart—
It haunts me still, tho' many a year has
fled,

Like some wild melody!

Alone it hangs
Over a mouldering heir-loom, its com-
panion,

An oaken-chest, half-eaten by the
worm,

But richly carved by Anthony of Trent
With scripture-stories from the life of
Christ;

A chest that came from Venice, and
had held

The ducal robes of some old Ancestor.
That by the way — it may be true or
false —

But don't forget the picture; and thou
wilt not,

When thou hast heard the tale they told
me there.

She was an only child; from infancy
The joy, the pride of an indulgent Sire.
Her Mother dying of the gift she gave,
That precious gift, what else remained
to him?

The young Ginevra was his all in life,
Still as she grew, for ever in his sight;
And in her fifteenth year became a
bride,

Marrying an only son, Francesco Doria,
Her playmate from her birth, and her
first love.

Just as she looks there in her bridal
dress,

She was all gentleness, all gaiety;
Her pranks the favorite theme of every
tongue.

But now the day was come, the day,
the hour;

Now, frowning, smiling, for the hun-
dredth time,

The nurse, that ancient lady, preached
decorum;

And, in the lustre of her youth, she
gave

Her hand, with her heart in it, to Fran-
cesco.

Great was the joy; but at the Bridal
feast,

When all sat down, the Bride was
wanting there.

Nor was she to be found! Her Father
cried

"'Tis but to make a trial of our love!"
And filled his glass to all; but his hand
shook,

And soon from guest to guest the panic
spread.

'Twas but that instant she had left Fran-
cesco,

Laughing and looking back and flying
still,

Her ivory tooth imprinted on his finger.
But now, alas, she was not to be found;
Nor from that hour could anything be
guessed,

But that she was not!

Weary of his life,
Francesco flew to Venice, and forthwith
Flung it away in battle with the Turk.
Orsini lived; and long might'st thou
have seen

An old man wandering as in quest of something,

Something he could not find — he knew not what.

When he was gone, the house remained awhile

Silent and tenantless — then went to strangers.

Full fifty years were past, and all forgot,

When on an idle day, a day of search
'Mid the old lumber in the Gallery,
That mouldering chest was noticed;
and 'twas said

By one as young, as thoughtless as Ginevra,

"Why not remove it from its lurking place!"

'Twas done as soon as said; but on the way

It burst, it fell; and lo, a skeleton,
With here and there a pearl, an emerald-stone,

A golden clasp, clasping a shred of gold.

All else had perished — save a nuptial ring,

And a small seal, her mother's legacy,
Engraven with a name, the name of both,

"Ginevra."

AN EPISTLE TO A FRIEND.

STILL must my partial pencil love to dwell

On the home-prospects of my hermit cell;

The mossy pales that skirt the orchard-green,

Here hid by shrub-wood, there by glimpses seen;

And the brown pathway, that, with careless flow,

Sinks, and is lost among the trees below.
Still must it trace (the flattering tints forgive)

Each fleeting charm that bids the landscape live.

Oft o'er the mead, at pleasing distance,
pass —

Browsing the hedge by fits, the pan-niered ass;

The idling shepherd-boy, with rude delight,

Whistling his dog to mark the pebble's flight;

And in her kerchief blue the cottage-maid,

With brimming pitcher from the shadowy glade.

Far to the south a mountain vale retires,
Rich in its groves, and glens, and village-spires;

Its upland lawns, and cliffs with foliage hung,

Its wizard-stream, nor nameless nor unsung:

And through the various year, the various day,

What scenes of glory burst, and melt away!

When Christmas revels in a world of snow,

And bids her berries blush, her carols flow;

His spangling shower when frost the wizard flings;

Or, borne in ether blue, on viewless wings,

O'er the white pane his silvery foliage weaves,

And gems with icicles the sheltering eaves;

— Thy muffled friend his nectarine-wall pursues,

What time the sun the yellow crocus woos,

Screened from the arrowy North; and duly hies

To meet the morning-rumor as it flies,
To range the murmuring market-place,

and view
The motley groups that faithful Teniers drew.

When Spring bursts forth in blossoms through the vale,

And her wild music triumphs on the gale,

Oft with my book I muse from stile to stile;

Oft in my porch the listless noon beguile,

Framing loose numbers, till declining
 day
 Through the green trellis shoots a crim-
 son ray;
 Till the west-wind leads on the twilight
 hours,
 And shakes the fragrant bells of closing
 flowers.

*DEAR IS MY LITTLE NATIVE
 VALE.*

DEAR is my little native vale,
 The ring-dove builds and murmurs
 there;
 Close by my cot she tells her tale
 To every passing villager;
 The squirrel leaps from tree to tree,
 And shells his nuts at liberty.

In orange-groves and myrtle-bowers,
 That breathe a gale of fragrance
 round,
 I charm the fairy-footed hours
 With my loved lute's romantic sound;
 Or crowns of living laurel weave
 For those that win the race at eve.

The shepherd's horn at break of day,
 The ballet danced in twilight glade,

The canzonet and roundelay
 Sung in the silent greenwood shade :
 These simple joys, that never fail,
 Shall bind me to my native vale.

A WISH.

MINE be a cot beside the hill;
 A bee-hive's hum shall soothe my ear;
 A willowy brook, that turns a mill,
 With many a fall, shall linger near.

The swallow oft, beneath my thatch,
 Shall twitter near her clay-built nest;
 Oft shall the pilgrim lift the latch,
 And share my meal, a welcome guest.

Around my ivied porch shall spring
 Each fragrant flower that drinks the
 dew;

And Lucy, at her wheel, shall sing,
 In russet gown and apron blue.

The village church beneath the trees,
 Where first our marriage-vows were
 given,
 With merry peals shall swell the breeze,
 And point with taper spire to heaven.

CAROLINE OLIPHANT

(BARONESS NAIRN).

1766-1845.

[LADY NAIRN was born in 1766. Though she lived to an advanced age, dying in 1845, most of her songs were written early in life, soon after the appearance of Burns's poems in 1787. The first and only collected edition of her works appeared in 1869, but for two generations before, songs of her composing had been sung in every Scotch household and concert-room, though the name of the author was unknown. A surprising number of the most familiar Scotch songs, many of them popularly believed to have descended from remote antiquity, were written by Lady Nairn. — *The Land o' the Leal, The Laird o' Cockpen, Caller Herrin, The Auld House, Hunting-Tower, John Tod, Wha'll be King but Charlie? Charlie is my darling, Will ye no come back again? He's ower the hills that I loe weel, I will sit in my wee croo house.*]

THE LAND O' THE LEAL.

I'M wearin' awa', John,
 Like snaw-wreaths in thaw, John,
 I'm wearin' awa'
 To the land o' the leal.

There's nae sorrow there, John,
 There's neither cauld nor care, John.
 The day is aye fair
 In the land o' the leal.

Our bonnie bairn's there, John,
 She was baith gude and fair, John;
 And oh! we grudged her sair
 To the land o' the leal.
 But sorrow's sel' wears past, John,
 And joy's a-comin' fast, John,
 The joy that's aye to last
 In the land o' the leal.

Sae dear that joy was bought, John,
 Sae free the battle fought, John,
 That sinfu' man e'er brought
 To the land o' the leal.
 Oh! dry your glistening e'e, John,
 My soul langs to be free, John,
 And angels beckon me,
 To the land o' the leal.

Oh! haud ye leal and true, John,
 Your day it's wearin' through, John,
 And I'll welcome you
 To the land o' the leal.
 Now fare-ye-weel, my ain John,
 This world's cares are vain, John,
 We'll meet, and we'll be fain
 In the land o' the leal.

WHALL BE KING BUT CHARLIE?

THE news frae Moidart cam' yestreen
 Will soon gar mony ferlie;¹
 For ships o' war hae just come in
 And landit Royal Charlie.

¹ make many wonder.

Come through the heather, around him
 gather,
 Ye're a' th' welcomer early;
 Around him cling wi' a' your kin,
 For wha'll be King but Charlie?
 Come through the heather, around him
 gather,
 Come Ronald, come Donald, come a'
 thegither,
 And crown your rightfu' lawfu' King,
 For wha'll be King but Charlie?

The Hieland clans, wi' sword in hand,
 Frae John o' Groats to Airlie,
 Hae to a man declared to stand,
 Or fa' wi' Royal Charlie,
 Come through the heather, &c.

The Lowlands a', baith great and sma',
 Wi' mony a lord and laird, hae
 Declared for Scotia's King and law,
 And spier ye wha but Charlie?
 Come through the heather, &c.

There's nae a lass in a' the lan',
 But vows faith late an' early,
 She'll ne'er to man gie heart nor han',
 Wha wadna fecht for Charlie.
 Come through the heather, &c.

Then here's a health to Charlie's cause,
 And be't complete an' early;
 His very name our hearts' blood warms,
 To arms for Royal Charlie!
 Come through the heather, &c.

ROBERT BLOOMFIELD.

1766-1823.

[BORN a farmer's boy, and became through the influence of the Duke of Grafton a government clerk. He wrote *The Farmer's Boy*, 1798; *Rural Tales*, 1810; *Wild Flowers*, and other pieces descriptive of rural life with much moral feeling and smoothness of versification, — his great fault is his want of passion; his great excellence, the truth and reality of his delineations.]

LINES ADDRESSED TO MY CHILDREN.

GENIUS of the forest shades,
 Lend thy power, and lend thine ear;
 A stranger trod thy lonely glades,
 Amidst thy dark and bounding deer;

Inquiring childhood claims the verse,
 O let them not inquire in vain;
 Be with me while I thus rehearse
 The glories of thy sylvan reign.

Thy dells by wintry currents worn,
 Secluded haunts, how dear to me !
 From all but Nature's converse borne,
 No ear to hear, no eye to see.
 Their honor'd leaves the green oaks
 rear'd,
 And crown'd the upland's graceful
 swell;
 While answering through the vale was
 heard
 Each distant heifer's tinkling bell.

Hail, greenwood shades, that, stretch-
 ing far,
 Defy e'en summer's noontide power,
 When August in his burning car
 Withholds the clouds, withholds the
 shower.
 The deeptoned low from either hill,
 Down hazel aisles and arches green
 (The herd's rude tracks from rill to
 rill),
 Roar'd echoing through the solemn
 scene.

From my charm'd heart the numbers
 sprung,
 Though birds had ceased the choral
 lay;
 I pour'd wild raptures from my tongue,
 And gave delicious tears their way.
 Then, darker shadows seeking still,
 Where human foot had seldom
 strayed,
 I read aloud to every hill
 Sweet Emma's love, "The Nut-brown
 Maid."

Shaking his matted mane on high,
 The gazing colt would raise his head,
 Or timorous doe would rushing fly,
 And leave to me her grassy bed;
 Where, as the azure sky appeared
 Through bowers of ever-varying form,
 'Midst the deep gloom methought I
 heard
 The daring progress of the storm.

How would each sweeping ponderous
 bough
 Resist, when straight the whirlwind
 cleaves,

Dashing in strengthening eddies through
 A roaring wilderness of leaves?
 How would the prone descending
 shower
 From the green canopy rebound?
 How would the lowland torrents pour?
 How deep the pealing thunder
 sound?

But peace was there: no lightning
 blazed;
 No clouds obscured the face of heaven;
 Down each green opening while I gazed,
 My thoughts to you and home were
 given.
 O, tender minds! in life's gay morn,
 Some clouds must dim your coming
 day;
 Yet bootless, pride and falsehood scorn,
 And peace like this shall cheer your
 way.

Now, at the dark wood's stately side,
 Well pleased I met the sun again;
 Here fleeting fancy travell'd wide;
 My seat was destined to the main.
 For many an oak lay stretch'd at length,
 Whose trunks (with bark no longer
 sheathed)
 Had reach'd their full meridian strength
 Before your father's father breathed!

Perhaps they'll many a conflict brave
 And many a dreadful storm defy;
 Then, groaning o'er the adverse wave,
 Bring home the flag of victory.
 Go, then, proud oaks, we meet no more!
 Go, grace the scenes to me denied,
 The white cliffs round my native shore.
 And the loud ocean's swelling tide.

"Genius of the forest shades,"
 Sweet from the heights of thy domain,
 When the gray evening shadow fades,
 To view the country's golden grain;
 To view the gleaming village spire
 'Midst distant groves unknown to
 me—
 Groves that, grown bright in borrow'd
 fire,
 Bow o'er the peopled vales to thee.

Where was thy elfin train, that play
 Round Wake's huge oak, their favor-
 ite tree,
 Dancing the twilight hours away?
 Why were they not revealed to me?
 Yet, smiling fairies left behind,
 Affection brought you all to view;
 To love and tenderness resigned,
 My heart heaved many a sigh for you.

When morning still unclouded rose,
 Refresh'd with sleep and joyous
 dreams,
 Where fruitful fields with woodlands
 close,
 I traced the births of various streams.
 From beds of clay, here creeping rills,
 Unseen to parent Ouse, would steal;
 Or, gushing from the northward hills,
 Would glitter through Tove's wind-
 ing dale.

But ah! ye cooling springs, farewell!
 Herds, I no more your freedom share;
 But long my grateful tongue shall tell
 What brought your gazing stranger
 there.

"Genius of the forest shades,"
 Lend thy power, and lend thine ear;
 But dreams still lengthen thy long
 glades,
 And bring thy peace and silence here.

*SONG FOR A HIGHLAND DROVER
 RETURNING FROM ENGLAND.*

Now fare-thee-well, England: no
 further I'll roam;
 But follow my shadow that points the
 way home:
 Your gay southern shores shall not tempt
 me to stay;
 For my Maggy's at home, and my chil-
 dren at play!
 'Tis this makes my bonnet sit light on
 my brow,
 Gives my sinews their strength and my
 bosom its glow.

Farewell, mountaineers! my compan-
 ions, adieu;
 Soon, many long miles when I'm sev-
 ered from you,
 I shall miss your white horns on the
 brink of the burn,
 And o'er the rough heaths, where you'll
 never return;
 But in brave English pastures you can-
 not complain,
 While your drover speeds back to his
 Maggy again.

O Tweed! gentle Tweed, as I pass your
 green vales,
 More than life, more than love, my
 tired spirit inhales;
 There, Scotland, my darling, lies full in
 my view,
 With her bare-footed lasses and moun-
 tains so blue;
 To the mountains away my heart bounds
 like the hind,
 For home is so sweet, and my Maggy so
 kind.

As day after day I still follow my course,
 And in fancy trace back every stream to
 its source,
 Hope cheers me up hills, where the
 road lies before,
 O'er hills just as high, and o'er tracks of
 wild moor;
 The keen polar star nightly rising to
 view;
 But Maggy's my star, just as steady and
 true.

O ghosts of my fathers! O heroes, look
 down!
 Fix my wandering thoughts on your
 deeds of renown;
 For the glory of Scotland reigns warm
 in my breast,
 And fortitude grows both from toil and
 from rest;
 May your deeds and your worth be for-
 ever in view,
 And may Maggy bear sons not un-
 worthy of you.

Love, why do you urge me, so weary
and poor?
I cannot step faster, I cannot do
more:
I've passed silver Tweed; e'en the Tay
flows behind;
Yet fatigue I'll disdain; my reward I
shall find;
Thou, sweet smile of innocence, thou
art my prize;
And the joy that will sparkle in Maggy's
blue eyes.

She'll watch to the southward; — per-
haps she will sigh,
That the way is so long, and the moun-
tains so high;
Perhaps some huge rock in the dusk
she may see,
And will say in her fondness, "that
surely is he!"
Good wife, you're deceived: I'm still
far from my home;
Go, sleep, my dear Maggy, — to-morrow
I'll come.



JAMES HOGG.

1770-1835.

[THE "Ettrick Shepherd," born in 1770 in Selkirkshire, where his forefathers had been sheep-farmers for generations, was "discovered" by Sir Walter Scott very much in the same way in which Allan Cunningham was discovered by Cromek. Scott struck across him while engaged in his search for *The Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*. The living minstrel, in this case however, was not under the necessity of passing off his own poems as relics of an older time; Scott at once recognized his talent, and gave him a helping hand. Hogg threw aside the crook for the pen, migrated to Edinburgh, and wrote for the magazines and the booksellers. He was one of the projectors of *Blackwood's Magazine* in 1817, and became famous as one of the interlocutors in the *Noctes Ambrosianæ*. The *Queen's Wake*, on which his poetic reputation chiefly rests, was published in 1813. He died in 1835.]

THE SKY-LARK.

BIRD of the wilderness,
Blythesome and cumberless,
Sweet be thy matin o'er moorland and
lea!

Emblem of happiness,
Blest is thy dwelling-place —
O to abide in the desert with thee!
Wild is thy lay and loud
Far in the downy cloud,
Love gives it energy, love gave it birth.
Where, on thy dewy wing,
Where art thou journeying?
Thy lay is in heaven, thy love is on earth.

O'er fell and fountain sheen,
O'er moor and mountain green,
O'er the red streamer that heralds the
day,
Over the cloudlet dim,
Over the rainbow's rim,
Musical cherub, soar, singing, away!
Then, when the gloaming comes,
Low in the heather blooms,

Sweet will thy welcome and bed of love
be!

Emblem of happiness,
Blest is thy dwelling-place —
O to abide in the desert with thee!



KILMENY'S VISIONS IN FAIRY LAND.

SHE saw a sun on a summer sky,
And clouds of amber sailing by,
A lovely land beneath her lay,
And that land had glens and mountains
gray;
And that land had valleys and hoary
piles,
And merled seas, and a thousand isles;
Its fields were speckled, its forests green,
And its lakes were all of a dazzling
sheen,
Like magic mirrors, where slumbering
lay

The sun, and the sky, and the clouddlet
gray.

She saw the corn wave on the vale;
She saw the deer run down the dale;
She saw the plaid and the broad clay-
more,

And the brows that the badge of freedom
bore :

And she thought she had seen the land
before.

She saw a lady sit on a throne,
The fairest that ever the sun shone on !
A lion licked her hand of milk,
And she held him in a leash of silk;
And a leifu' maiden stood at her knee,
With a silver wand and a melting e'e,
Her sovereign shield, till love stole in,
Her poison'd all the fount within.

Then a gruff untoward bedeman came,
And hundit the lion on his dame;
And the guardian maid, wi' the daunt-
less e'e,

She dropped a tear, and left her knee;
And she saw till the queen frae the lion
fled,

Till the bonniest flower of the world lay
dead.

A coffin was set on a distant plain,
And she saw the red blood fall like rain;
Then bonny Kilmeny's heart grew sair,
And she turned away, and could look
nae mair.

Then the gruff grim carle girmed amain,
And they trampled him down, but he
rose again;

And he baited the lion to deeds of weir,
Till he lapped the blood to the kingdom
dear;

And, weening his head was danger-preef,
When crowned with the rose and the
clover-leaf,

He gowled at the carle, and chased him
away,

To feed with the deer on the mountain
gray.

He gowled at the carle, and he gecked
at heaven,

But his mark was set, and his arles given.
Kilmeny awhile her een withdrew;
She looked again, and the scene was new.

She saw below her fair unfurled

One-half of all the glowing world,
Where oceans rolled, and rivers ran,
To bound the aims of sinful man.
She saw a people, fierce and fell,
Burst frae their bounds like fiends of
hell;

There lilies grew, and the eagle flew,
And she herked on her ravening crew,
Till the cities and towers were wrapt in
a blaze,

And the thunder it roared o'er the land
and the seas.

The widows they wailed, and the red
blood ran,

And she threatened an end to the race
of man :

She never lened nor stood in awe,
Till caught by the lion's deadly paw.
Oh ! then the eagle swinked for life,
And brainyelled up a mortal strife;
But flew she north, or flew she south,
She met wi' the gowl of the lion's
mouth.

KILMENY'S RETURN FROM FAIRY LAND.

WHEN seven lang years have come and
fled :

When grief was calm, and hope was
dead;

When scarce was remembered Kilmeny's
name,

Late, late in a gloamin', Kilmeny cam'
hame !

And O, her beauty was fair to see,
But still and steadfast was her e'e !

Such beauty bard may never declare,
For there was no pride nor passion there;

And the soft desire of maidens' een
In that mild face could never be seen.

Her seymar was the lily flower,
And her cheek the moss-rose in the
shower :

And her voice like the distant melodie
That floats along the twilight sea.

But she loved to raikie the lanely glen,
And keepit afar frae the haunts of men,

Her holy hymns unheard to sing,
To suck the flowers, and drink the spring

But, wherever her peaceful form appeared,

The wild beasts of the hill were cheered:
The wolf played blythely round the field,
The lordly byson lowed and kneeled;
The dun-deer wooed with manner bland,
And cowered aneath her lily hand.

And when at even the woodlands rung,
When hymns of other worlds she sung,
In ecstasy of sweet devotion,

O, then the glen was all in motion:
The wild beasts of the forest came;
Broke from their bugths and faulds the
tame,

And goved around, charmed and
amazed;

Even the dull cattle crooned and gazed,
And murmured, and looked with anxious
pain

For something the mystery to explain.
The buzzard came with the throstle-cock,
The corby left her houw in the rock;
The blackbird along wi' the eagle flew;
The hind came tripping o'er the dew;
The wolf and the kid their raik began,
And the tod, and the lamb, and the
leveret ran;

The hawk and the hern atour them hung,
And the merl and the mavis forhooyed
their young;

And all in a peaceful ring were hurled:
It was like an eve in a sinless world!

A BOY'S SONG.

WHERE the pools are bright and deep,
Where the gray trout lies asleep,
Up the river and o'er the lea,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the blackbird sings the latest,
Where the hawthorn blooms the sweet-
est,

Where the nestlings chirp and flee,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the mowers mow the cleanest,
Where the hay lies thick and greenest;
There to trace the homeward bee,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the hazel bank is steepest,
Where the shadow falls the deepest,
Where the clustering nuts fall free,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Why the boys should drive away
Little maidens from their play,
Or love to banter and fight so well,
That's the thing I never could tell.

But this I know, I love to play,
Through the meadow, among the hay:
Up the water and o'er the lea,
That's the way for Billy and me.



WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

1770-1850.

[WILLIAM WORDSWORTH was born April 7, 1770, at Cockermouth, a town on the edge of the Cumberland highlands. His father was agent to Lord Lowther, and came of an old north-country stock. Both father and mother died in his boyhood; his mother first, his father when he was fourteen. He went to school in the neighborhood, at Hawkshead, and his school-days were days of much liberty, both in playing and reading. In October, 1787, he went to St. John's College, Cambridge. But he made no mark at the university, and in January, 1791, he took his degree and left Cambridge. Like many of his generation he was filled with enthusiasm for the French Revolution, and after taking his degree he resided for more than a year in France. The Reign of Terror drove him home again; he came to London, unsettled in his plans; he was in Dorsetshire (1796), then at Alfoxden in the Somersetshire Quantocks, where he saw much of S. T. Coleridge. In 1793 he published a volume of poems, and in 1798 appeared, at Bristol, the first volume of the *Lyrical Ballads*, intended to be a joint work of Coleridge and Wordsworth, but to which Coleridge only contributed *The Ancient Mariner*, and two or three other pieces. The two friends went to Germany at the end of 1798, and Wordsworth, with his sister, spent the winter at Goslar. When he returned to

England, he also returned for good to his own northern mountains and lakes. He settled, with his sister, near Grasmere, meaning to give himself to poetical composition as the business of his life, and in 1800 published the second volume of the *Lyrical Ballads*. In 1802 he married Mary Hutchinson, and finally fixed his home in the lakes, though it was not till several years afterwards (1813) that he took up his abode in the place henceforth connected with his name, Rydal Mount. During all the early part of the century he was very busy. Besides shorter pieces, suggested by the incidents or feelings of the day, he was at work from 1799 to 1805 on a poem, *The Prelude*, describing the history and growth of his own mind, and intended to be an introduction to the greater philosophical poem which he was already meditating, *The Recluse*—in part, and only in part, realized in *The Excursion*. *The Excursion* was published in 1814. Composition took many shapes in the various collections published by Wordsworth, from the *Lyrical Ballads* in 1800 down to his death. But especially his poetical efforts took the shape of the sonnet. Large collections of sonnets marked the working of his thoughts and feelings on certain groups of subjects, or were the memorials of scenes which had interested him. He once, and early in his career, attempted the drama (*The Borderers*, 1795-6) but with little success. From the first he took a keen interest in all political and social questions, and he was an impassioned and forcible prose writer. His life was a long one, of steady work and much happiness. He died April 23, 1850, at Rydal Mount.]

LUCY GRAY;

OR, SOLITUDE.

OFT I had heard of Lucy Gray;
And, when I crossed the wild,
I chanced to see at break of day
The solitary child.

No mate, no comrade, Lucy knew;
She dwelt on a wide moor,
— The sweetest thing that ever grew
Beside a human door!

You yet may spy the fawn at play,
The hare upon the green;
But the sweet face of Lucy Gray
Will never more be seen.

"To-night will be a stormy night—
You to the town must go;
And take a lantern, child, to light
Your mother through the snow."

"That, father, will I gladly do!
'Tis scarcely afternoon—
The minster-clock has just struck two,
And yonder is the moon."

At this the father raised his hook
And snapped a fagot band;
He plied his work;— and Lucy took
The lantern in her hand.

Not blither is the mountain roe:
With many a wanton stroke
Her feet disperse the powdery snow,
That rises up like smoke.

The storm came on before its time:
She wandered up and down:
And many a hill did Lucy climb;
But never reached the town.

The wretched parents all that night
Went shouting far and wide;
But there was neither sound nor sight
To serve them for a guide.

At daybreak on a hill they stood
That overlooked the moor;
And thence they saw the bridge of wood,
A furlong from the door.

And, turning homeward, now they cried,
"In heaven we all shall meet!"
— When in the snow the mother spied
The print of Lucy's feet.

Then downward from the steep hill's
edge
They tracked the footmarks small;
And through the broken hawthorn hedge,
And by the long stone wall:

And then an open field they crossed;
The marks were still the same;
They tracked them on, nor ever lost;
And to the bridge they came.

They followed from the snowy bank
The footmarks, one by one,
Into the middle of the plank;
And further there were none!

— Yet some maintain that to this day
She is a living child;
That you may see sweet Lucy Gray
Upon the lonesome wild.

O'er rough and smooth she trips along,
And never looks behind;
And sings a solitary song
That whistles in the wind.

WE ARE SEVEN.

A SIMPLE child
That lightly draws its breath,
And feels its life in every limb,
What should it know of death?

I met a little cottage girl:
She was eight years old, she said;
Her hair was thick with many a curl
That clustered round her head.

She had a rustic, woodland air,
And she was wildly clad;
Her eyes were fair, and very fair;
— Her beauty made me glad.

"Sisters and brothers, little maid,
How many may you be?"
"How many? Seven in all," she said,
And wondering looked at me.

"And where are they? I pray you tell."
She answered, "Seven are we;
And two of us at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea.

"Two of us in the churchyard lie,
My sister and my brother;
And, in the churchyard cottage, I
Dwell near them with my mother."

"You say that two at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea,
Yet ye are seven! — I pray you tell,
Sweet maid, how this may be?"

Then did the little maid reply,
"Seven boys and girls are we;
Two of us in the churchyard lie,
Beneath the churchyard tree."

"You run about, my little maid,
Your limbs they are alive;
If two are in the churchyard laid,
Then ye are only five."

"Their graves are green, they may be
seen,"
The little maid replied,
"Twelve steps or more from my mother's
door,
And they are side by side.

"My stockings there I often knit,
My kerchief there I hem;
And there upon the ground I sit —
I sit and sing to them.

"And often after sunset, Sir,
When it is light and fair,
I take my little porringer,
And eat my supper there.

"The first that died was little Jane;
In bed she moaning lay,
Till God released her of her pain:
And then she went away.

"So in the churchyard she was laid;
And all the summer dry,
Together round her grave we played,
My brother John and I.

"And when the ground was white with
snow,
And I could run and slide,
My brother John was forced to go,
And he lies by her side."

"How many are you, then," said I,
"If they two are in heaven?"
The little maiden did reply,
"O master! we are seven."

"But they are dead: those two are dead!
Their spirits are in heaven!"
'Twas throwing words away: for still
The little maid would have her will,
And said, "Nay, we are seven!"

LUCY.

SHE dwelt among the untrodden ways
Beside the springs of Dove,
A maid whom there were none to praise,
And very few to love.

A violet by a mossy stone
Half hidden from the eye!
Fair as a star, when only one
Is shining in the sky.

She lived unknown, and few could
know

When Lucy ceased to be;
But she is in her grave, and, oh,
The difference to me!

I travelled among unknown men,
In lands beyond the sea;
Nor, England! did I know till then
What love I bore to thee.

'Tis past, that melancholy dream!
Nor will I quit thy shore
A second time; for still I seem
To love thee more and more.

Among thy mountains did I feel
The joy of my desire;
And she I cherished turned her wheel
Beside an English river.

Thy mornings showed, thy nights con-
cealed
The bowers where Lucy played;
And thine is too the last green field
That Lucy's eyes surveyed.

THE DAFFODILS.

I WANDER'D lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host of golden daffodils,
Beside the lake, beneath the trees
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine
And twinkle on the milky way,

They stretch'd in never-ending line
Along the margin of a bay:
Ten thousand saw I at a glance
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced, but
they
Out-did the sparkling waves in glee:—
A Poet could not but be gay
In such a jocund company!
I gazed—and gazed—but little thought
What wealth the show to me had
brought;

For oft, when on my couch I lie
In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude;
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils.

TO THE DAISY.

WITH little here to do or see
Of things that in the great world be,
Sweet Daisy! oft I talk to thee
For thou art worthy,
Thou unassuming commonplace
Of Nature, with that homely face,
And yet with something of a grace
Which love makes for thee!

Oft on the dappled turf at ease
I sit and play with similes,
Loose types of things through all
degrees,
Thoughts of thy raising;
And many a fond and idle name
I give to thee, for praise or blame
As is the humor of the game,
While I am gazing.

A nun demure, of lowly port;
Or sprightly maiden, of Love's court,
In thy simplicity the sport
Of all temptations;
A queen in crown of rubies drest;
A starveling in a scanty vest;
Are all, as seems to suit thee best,
Thy appellations.

A little Cyclops, with one eye
 Staring to threaten and defy,
 That thought comes next—and instantly
 The freak is over,
 The shape will vanish, and behold!
 A silver shield with boss of gold
 That spreads itself, some fairy bold
 In fight to cover.

I see thee glittering from afar —
 And then thou art a pretty star,
 Not quite so fair as many are
 In heaven above thee!
 Yet like a star, with glittering crest,
 Self-poised in air thou seem'st to rest;—
 May peace come never to his nest
 Who shall reprove thee!

Sweet Flower! for by that name at last
 When all my reveries are past
 I call thee, and to that cleave fast,
 Sweet silent Creature!
 That breath'st with me in sun and air,
 Do thou, as thou art wont, repair
 My heart with gladness, and a share
 Of thy meek nature!

TO THE SMALL CELANDINE.

PANSIES, lilies, kingcups, daisies,
 Let them live upon their praises;
 Long as there's a sun that sets,
 Primroses will have their glory;
 Long as there are violets,
 They will have a place in story:
 There's a flower that shall be mine,
 'Tis the little Celandine.

Eyes of some men travel far
 For the finding of a star;
 Up and down the heavens they go,
 Men that keep a mighty rout!
 I'm as great as they, I trow,
 Since the day I found thee out,
 Little flower! — I'll make a stir
 Like a great astronomer.

Modest, yet withal an elf;
 Bold, and lavish of thyself;

Since we needs must first have met
 I have seen thee, high and low,
 Thirty years or more, and yet
 'Twas a face I did not know;
 Thou hast now, go where I may,
 Fifty greetings in a day.

Ere a leaf is on a bush,
 In the time before the thrush
 Has a thought about its nest,
 Thou wilt come with half a call,
 Spreading out thy glossy breast
 Like a careless prodigal;
 Telling tales about the sun,
 When we've little warmth, or none.

Poets, vain men in their mood!
 Travel with the multitude;
 Never heed them; I aver
 That they all are wanton wooers.
 But the thrifty cottager,
 Who stirs little out of doors,
 Joys to spy thee near her home:
 Spring is coming — thou art come!

Comfort have thou of thy merit,
 Kindly, unassuming spirit!
 Careless of thy neighborhood,
 Thou dost show thy pleasant face
 On the moor, and in the wood,
 In the lane — there's not a place,
 Howsoever mean it be,
 But 'tis good enough for thee.

Ill befall the yellow flowers,
 Children of the flaring hours!
 Buttercups that will be seen,
 Whether we will see or no;
 Others, too, of lofty mien;
 They have done as worldlings do,
 Taken praise that should be thine,
 Little, humble Celandine!

Prophet of delight and mirth,
 Scorned and slighted upon earth;
 Herald of a mighty band,
 Of a joyous train ensuing,
 Singing at my heart's command,
 In the lanes my thoughts pursuing,
 I will sing, as doth behove,
 Hymns in praise of what I love!

ADMONITION TO A TRAVELLER.

Yes, there is holy pleasure in thine eye!

—The lovely cottage in the guardian nook

Hath stirr'd thee deeply; with its own dear brook,

Its own small pasture, almost its own sky!

But covet not the abode—O do not sigh

As many do, repining while they look;
Intruders who would tear from Nature's book

This precious leaf with harsh impiety:

—Think what the home would be if it were thine,

Even thine, though few thy wants!—
Roof, window, door,

The very flowers are sacred to the Poor,

The roses to the porch which they entwine:

Yea, all that now enchants thee, from the day

On which it should be touch'd would melt away!

COMPOSED AT NEIDPATH CASTLE, THE PROPERTY OF LORD QUEENSBERRY, 1803.

DEGENERATE Douglas! O the unworthy lord!

Whom mere despite of heart could so far please

And love of havoc (for with such disease

Fame taxes him) that he could send forth word

To level with the dust a noble horde,
A brotherhood of venerable trees,
Leaving an ancient dome, and towers like these

Beggard and outraged!—Many hearts deplored

The fate of those old trees; and oft with pain

The traveller at this day will stop and gaze

On wrongs, which Nature scarcely seems to heed:

For shelter'd places, bosoms, nooks, and bays,

And the pure mountains, and the gentle Tweed,

And the green silent pastures, yet remain.

TO A SKY-LARK.

Up with me! up with me, into the clouds!

For thy song, Lark, is strong;

Up with me, up with me, into the clouds!

Singing, singing,

With all the heavens about thee ringing.

Lift me, guide me till I find

That spot which seems so to thy mind!

I have walked through wildernesses dreary,

And to-day my heart is weary;

Had I now the wings of a fairy,

Up to thee would I fly.

There is madness about thee, and joy divine

In that song of thine;

Up with me, up with me, high and high,

To thy banqueting-place in the sky!

Joyous as morning,

Thou art laughing and scorning;

Thou hast a nest, for thy love and thy rest:

And, though little troubled with sloth,

Drunken Lark! thou wouldst be loth

To be such a traveller as I.

Happy, happy liver!

With a soul as strong as a mountain-river,

Pouring out praise to th' Almighty
Giver,
Joy and jollity be with us both!

Alas! my journey, rugged and uneven,
Through prickly moors or dusty ways
must wind;

But hearing thee, or others of thy kind,
As full of gladness and as free of
heaven,

I, with my fate contented, will plod on,
And hope for higher raptures when
life's day is done.

YEW-TREES.

THERE is a yew-tree, pride of Lorton
Vale,

Which to this day stands single, in the
midst

Of its own darkness, as it stood of yore,
Not loth to furnish weapons for the
bands

Of Umfraville or Percy, ere they
marched

To Scotland's heaths; or those that
crossed the sea

And drew their sounding bows at Azin-
cour,

Perhaps at earlier Crecy, or at Poitiers.
Of vast circumference and gloom pro-
found

This solitary tree! — a living thing
Produced too slowly ever to decay;
Of form and aspect too magnificent
To be destroyed. But worthier still of
note

Are those fraternal four of Borrowdale,
Joined in one solemn and capacious
grove;

Huge trunks! — and each particular
trunk a growth

Of intertwined fibres serpentine
Up-coiling, and inveterately con-
volved, —

Nor uninformed with phantasy, and
looks

That threaten the profane; a pillared
shade,

Upon whose grassless floor of red-
brown hue,

By sheddings from the pining umbrage
tinged

Perennially — beneath whose sable roof
Of boughs, as if for festal purpose,
decked

With unrejoicing berries, ghostly shapes
May meet at noontide — Fear and
trembling Hope,

Silence and Foresight — Death the
skeleton

And Time the shadow, — there to cele-
brate,

As in a natural temple scattered o'er
With altars undisturbed of mossy stone,

United worship; or in mute repose
To lie, and listen to the mountain flood

Murmuring from Glaramara's inmost
caves.

TO THE CUCKOO.

OBLITHE new-comer! I have heard,

I hear thee and rejoice:

O Cuckoo! shall I call thee bird,

Or but a wandering voice?

While I am lying on the grass,
Thy loud note smites my ear!
From hill to hill it seems to pass,
At once far off and near!

I hear thee babbling to the vale
Of sunshine and of flowers;
And unto me thou bring'st a tale
Of visionary hours.

Thrice welcome, darling of the spring!
Even yet thou art to me
No bird, but an invisible thing,
A voice, a mystery.

The same whom in my school-boy days
I listened to; that cry
Which made me look a thousand ways
In bush, and tree, and sky.

To seek thee did I often rove
Through woods and on the green;
And thou wert still a hope, a love;
Still longed for, never seen!

And I can listen to thee yet;
Can lie upon the plain
And listen, till I do beget
That golden time again.

O blessed bird! the earth we pace
Again appears to be
An unsubstantial, fairy place,
That is fit home for thee!

A TRUE WOMAN.

SHE was a phantom of delight
When first she gleamed upon my sight;
A lovely apparition, sent
To be a moment's ornament;
Her eyes as stars of twilight fair,
Like twilight's, too, her dusky hair;
But all things else about her drawn
From May-time and the cheerful dawn
A dancing shape, an image gay,
To haunt, to startle, and waylay.

I saw her upon nearer view,
A spirit, yet a woman too!
Her household motions light and free,
And steps of virgin liberty;
A countenance in which did meet
Sweet records, promises as sweet;
A creature not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food,
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and
smiles.

And now I see with eye serene
The very pulse of the machine;
A being breathing thoughtful breath,
A traveller betwixt life and death;
The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill;
A perfect woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort, and command;
And yet a spirit still, and bright
With something of an angel light.

A MEMORY.

THREE years she grew in sun and
shower,
Then Nature said, "A lovelier flower
On earth was never sown:
This child I to myself will take:
She shall be mine, and I will make
A lady of my own.

"Myself will to my darling be
Both law and impulse; and with me
The girl, in rock and plain,
In earth and heaven, in glade and bower,
Shall feel an overseeing power
To kindle or restrain.

"She shall be sportive as the fawn,
That wild with glee across the lawn
Or up the mountain springs;
And hers shall be the breathing balm,
And hers the silence and the calm
Of mute insensate things.

"The floating clouds their state shall lend
To her; for her the willow bend;
Nor shall she fail to see
E'en in the motions of the storm
Grace that shall mould the maiden's form
By silent sympathy.

"The stars of midnight shall be dear
To her; and she shall lean her ear
In many a secret place
Where rivulets dance their wayward
round,
And beauty born of murmuring sound
Shall pass into her face.

"And vital feelings of delight
Shall rear her form to stately height,
Her virgin bosom swell;
Such thoughts to Lucy I will give
While she and I together live
Here in this happy dell."

Thus Nature spake. The work was
done—
How soon my Lucy's race was run!
She died, and left to me
This heath, this calm and quiet scene;
The memory of what has been,
And never more will be.

TO A HIGHLAND GIRL.

(AT INVERSNEDYDE, LOCH LOMOND.)

SWEET Highland Girl, a very shower
Of beauty is thy earthly dower!
Twice seven consenting years have shed
Their utmost bounty on thy head;
And these gray rocks; this household
lawn;

These trees, a veil just half withdrawn;
This fall of water, that doth make
A murmur near the silent lake;
This little bay, a quiet road,
That holds in shelter thy abode;
In truth together ye do seem
Like something fashioned in a dream;
Such forms as from their covert peep
When earthly cares are laid asleep!
Yet, dream and vision as thou art,
I bless thee with a human heart!
God shield thee to thy latest years!
I neither know thee nor thy peers;
And yet my eyes are filled with tears.

With earnest feeling I shall pray
For thee when I am far away:
For never saw I mien, or face,
In which more plainly I could trace
Benignity and home-bred sense
Ripening in perfect innocence.
Here, scattered like a random seed,
Remote from men, thou dost not need
The embarrassed look of shy distress,
And maidenly shamefacedness;
Thou wearest upon thy forehead clear
The freedom of a mountaineer,
A face with gladness overspread!
Sweet looks, by human kindness bred!
And seemliness complete, that sways
Thy courtesies, about thee plays;
With no restraint, but such as springs
From quick and eager visitings
Of thoughts, that lie beyond the reach
Of thy few words of English speech;
A bondage sweetly brooked, a strife
That gives thy gestures grace and life!
So have I, not unmoved in mind,
Seen birds of tempest-loving kind,
Thus beating up against the wind.

What hand but would a garland cull
For thee, who art so beautiful?

O happy pleasure! here to dwell
Beside thee in some heathy dell;
Adopt your homely ways and dress,
A shepherd, thou a shepherdess!
But I could frame a wish for thee
More like a grave reality:
Thou art to me but as a wave
Of the wild sea; and I would have
Some claim upon thee, if I could,
Though but of common neighborhood.
What joy to hear thee, and to see!
Thy elder brother I would be,
Thy father—anything to thee!
Now thanks to Heaven! that of its
grace

Hath led me to this lonely place.
Joy have I had; and going hence
I bear away my recompense.
In spots like these it is we prize
Our memory, feel that she hath eyes;
Then, why should I be loth to stir?
I feel this place was made for her;
To give new pleasure like the past,
Continued long as life shall last.
Nor am I loth, though pleased at heart,
Sweet Highland Girl! from thee to
part;

For I, methinks, till I grow old,
As fair before me shall behold,
As I do now, the cabin small,
The lake, the bay, the waterfall;
And thee, the spirit of them all!

YARROW UNVISITED.

1803.

FROM Sterling Castle we had seen
The mazy Forth unravelled;
Had trod the banks of Clyde and Tay,
And with the Tweed had travelled;
And, when we came to Clovenford,
Then said my "*winsome Marrow*,"
"Whate'er betide, we'll turn aside,
And see the Braes of Yarrow."

"Let Yarrow folk, frae Selkirk town,
Who have been buying, selling,
Go back to Yarrow, 'tis their own,
Each maiden to her dwelling!
On Yarrow's banks let herons feed,
Hares couch, and rabbits burrow!

But we will downwards with the Tweed,
Nor turn aside to Yarrow.

"There's Galla Water, Leader Haughs,
Both lying right before us;
And Dryburgh, where with chiming
Tweed

The lintwhites sing in chorus;
There's pleasant Teviotdale, a land
Made blithe with plough and harrow:
Why throw away a needful day
To go in search of Yarrow?

"What's Yarrow but a river bare,
That glides the dark hills under?
There are a thousand such elsewhere
As worthy of your wonder."
— Strange words they seemed of slight
and scorn;
My true love sighed for sorrow;
And looked me in the face, to think
I thus could speak of Yarrow!

"Oh! green," said I, "are Yarrow's
holms,
And sweet is Yarrow flowing!
Fair hangs the apple frae the rock,
But we will leave it growing.
O'er hilly path, and open strath,
We'll wander Scotland thorough;
But, though so near, we will not turn
Into the dale of Yarrow.

"Let beeves and home-bred kine par-
take
The sweets of Burn-mill meadow;
The swan on still Saint Mary's Lake
Float double, swan and shadow!
We will not see them; will not go
To-day, nor yet to-morrow;
Enough if in our hearts we know
There's such a place as Yarrow.

"Be Yarrow stream unseen, unknown!
It must, or we shall rue it:
We have a vision of our own;
Ah! why should we undo it?
The treasured dreams of times long past,
We'll keep them, winsome Marrow!
For when we're there, although 'tis fair,
'Twill be another Yarrow!

"If care with freezing years should come,
And wandering seem but folly, —
Should we be loth to stir from home,
And yet be melancholy;
Should life be dull, and spirits low,
'Twill soothe us in our sorrow
That earth has something yet to show,
The bonny holms of Yarrow!"

YARROW VISITED.

September, 1814.

AND is this Yarrow? — *this* the stream
Of which my fancy cherished
So faithfully, a waking dream?
An image that hath perished!
O that some minstrel's harp were near,
To utter notes of gladness,
And chase this silence from the air.
That fills my heart with sadness!

Yet why? — a silvery current flows
With uncontrolled meanderings;
Nor have these eyes by greener hills
Been soothed, in all my wanderings.
And, through her depths, Saint Mary's
Lake
Is visibly delighted;
For not a feature of those hills
Is in the mirror slighted.

A blue sky bends o'er Yarrow Vale,
Save where that pearly whiteness
Is round the rising sun diffused,
A tender hazy brightness;
Mild dawn of promise! that excludes
All profitless dejection;
Though not unwilling here to admit
A pensive recollection.

Where was it that the famous flower
Of Yarrow Vale lay bleeding?
His bed perchance was yon smooth
mound
On which the herd is feeding:
And haply from this crystal pool,
Now peaceful as the morning,
The water-wraith ascended thrice,
And gave his doleful warning.

Delicious is the lay that sings
 The haunts of happy lovers,
 The path that leads them to the grove,
 The leafy grove that covers :
 And pity sanctifies the verse
 That paints, by strength of sorrow,
 The unconquerable strength of love;
 Bear witness, rueful Yarrow !

But thou, that didst appear so fair
 To fond imagination,
 Dost rival in the light of day
 Her delicate creation :
 Meek loveliness is round thee spread,
 A softness still and holy;
 The grace of forest charms decayed,
 And pastoral melancholy.

That region left, the vale unfolds
 Rich groves of lofty stature,
 With Yarrow winding through the pomp
 Of cultivated nature;
 And, rising from those lofty groves,
 Behold a ruin hoary !
 The shattered front of Newark's towers
 Renowned in border story.

Fair scenes for childhood's opening
 bloom,
 For sportive youth to stray in;
 For manhood to enjoy his strength;
 And age to wear away in !
 Yon cottage seems a bower of bliss,
 It promises protection
 To studious ease, and generous cares,
 And every chaste affection !

How sweet on this autumnal day,
 The wild wood's fruits to gather,
 And on my true love's forehead plant
 A crest of blooming heather !
 And what if I enwreathed my own !
 'Twere no offence to reason;
 The sober hills thus deck their brows
 To meet the wintry season.

I see — but not by sight alone,
 Loved Yarrow, have I won thee;
 A ray of fancy still survives —
 Her sunshine plays upon thee !
 Thy ever youthful waters keep
 A course of lively pleasure;

And gladsome notes my lips can breathe
 Accordant to the measure.

The vapors linger round the heights,
 They melt — and soon must vanish;
 One hour is theirs, no more is mine —
 Sad thought ! which I would banish,
 But that I know, where'er I go,
 Thy genuine image, Yarrow !
 Will dwell with me — to heighten joy,
 And cheer my mind in sorrow.

A POET'S EPITAPH.

ART thou a statist, in the van
 Of public business trained and bred ?
 — First learn to love one living man !
 Then mayst thou think upon the dead.

A lawyer art thou ? — draw not nigh;
 Go, carry to some other place
 The hardness of thy coward eye,
 The falsehood of thy fallow face.

Art thou a man of purple cheer,
 A rosy man, right plump to see ?
 Approach; yet, doctor, not too near;
 This grave no cushion is for thee.

Art thou a man of gallant pride,
 A soldier, and no man of chaff ?
 Welcome ! — but lay thy sword aside,
 And lean upon a peasant's staff.

Physician art thou ? One, all eyes,
 Philosopher ! a fingering slave,
 One that would peep and botanize
 Upon his mother's grave ?

Wrapt closely in thy sensual fleece,
 O turn aside, — and take, I pray,
 That he below may rest in peace,
 That abject thing, thy soul, away.

— A moralist perchance appears;
 Led, Heaven knows how, to this poor
 sod;
 And he has neither eyes nor ears;
 Himself his world, and his own God;

One to whose smooth-rubbed soul can
cling,
Nor form, nor feeling, great nor small;
A reasoning, self-sufficing thing,
An intellectual all in all!

Shut close the door, press down the
latch;
Sleep in thy intellectual crust;
Nor lose ten tickings of thy watch
Near this unprofitable dust.

But who is he with modest looks,
And clad in homely russet brown?
He murmurs near the running brooks
A music sweeter than their own.

He is retired as noontide dew
Or fountain in a noon-day grove;
And you must love him, ere to you
He will seem worthy of your love.

The outward shows of sky and earth,
Of hill and valley, he has viewed;
And impulses of deeper birth
Have come to him in solitude.

In common things that round us lie
Some random truths he can impart,
— The harvest of a quiet eye
That broods and sleeps on his own
heart.

But he is weak, both man and boy,
Hath been an idler in the land:
Contented if he might enjoy
The things which others understand.

— Come hither in thy hour of strength;
Come, weak as is a breaking wave!
Here stretch thy body at full length,
Or build thy house upon this grave.

ODE TO DUTY.

STERN daughter of the voice of God!
O Duty! if that name thou love
Who art a light to guide, a rod
To check the erring, and reprove;

Thou who art victory and law
When empty terrors overawe;
From vain temptations dost set free;
And calm'st the weary strife of frail hu-
manity!

There are who ask not if thine eye
Be on them; who, in love and truth,
Where no misgiving is, rely
Upon the genial sense of youth:
Glad hearts! without reproach or blot;
Who do thy work, and know it not:
May joy be theirs while life shall last!
And thou, if they should totter, teach
them to stand fast!

Serene will be our days and bright,
And happy will our nature be,
When love is an unerring light,
And joy its own security.
And blest are they who in the main
This faith, even now, do entertain:
Live in the spirit of this creed;
Yet find that other strength, according
to their need.

I, loving freedom, and untried;
No sport of every random gust,
Yet being to myself a guide,
Too blindly have reposed my trust;
Full oft, when in my heart was heard
Thy timely mandate, I deferred
The task imposed, from day to day;
But thee I now would serve more
strictly, if I may.

Through no disturbance of my soul,
Or strong compunction in me wrought,
I supplicate for thy control;
But in the quietness of thought;
Me this unchartered freedom tires;
I feel the weight of chance desires:
My hopes no more must change their
name,
I long for a repose which ever is the
same.

Stern lawgiver! yet thou dost wear
The Godhead's most benignant grace;
Nor know we anything so fair
As is the smile upon thy face;
Flowers laugh before thee on their beds;

And fragrance in thy footing treads;
Thou dost preserve the stars from wrong;
And the most ancient heavens, through
thee, are fresh and strong.

To humbler functions, awful power!
I call thee: I myself commend
Unto thy guidance from this hour;
Oh! let my weakness have an end!
Give unto me, made lowly wise,
The spirit of self-sacrifice;
The confidence of reason give;
And, in the light of truth, thy bondman
let me live!

PERSONAL TALK.

I.

I AM not one who much or oft delight
To season my fireside with personal
talk, —

Of friends who live within an easy walk,
Or neighbors daily, weekly, in my sight:
And, for my chance acquaintance, ladies
bright,

Sons, mothers, maidens withering on the
stalk;

These all wear out of me, like forms
with chalk

Painted on rich men's floors for one
feast-night.

Better than such discourse doth silence
long,

Long, barren silence, square with my
desire;

To sit without emotion, hope, or aim,
In the loved presence of my cottage fire,
And listen to the flapping of the flame,
Or kettle, whispering its faint undersong.

II.

"Yet life," you say, "is life; we have
seen and see,

And with a living pleasure we describe;
And fits of sprightly malice do but bribe
The languid mind into activity.

Sound sense, and love itself, and mirth
and glee,

Are fostered by the comment and the
gibe."

E'en be it so; yet still, among your tribe,
Our daily world's true worldlings, rank
not me!

Children are blest, and powerful; their
world lies

More justly balanced; partly at their
feet

And part far from them: sweetest melo-
dies

Are those that are by distance made
more sweet.

Whose mind is but the mind of his own
eyes,

He is a slave — the meanest we can
meet!

III.

Wings have we — and as far as we can
go

We may find pleasure: wilderness and
wood,

Blank ocean and mere sky, support that
mood

Which, with the lofty, sanctifies the low;
Dreams, books, are each a world; and
books, we know,

Are a substantial world, both pure and
good:

Round these, with tendrils strong as
flesh and blood,

Our pastime and our happiness will
grow.

There do I find a never-failing store
Of personal themes, and such as I love
best;

Matter wherein right voluble I am;
Two will I mention, dearer than the rest:
The gentle lady married to the Moor;
And heavenly Una, with her milk-white
lamb.

IV.

Nor can I not believe but that hereby
Great gains are mine; for thus I live
remote

From evil-speaking; rancour, never
sought,

Comes to me not; malignant truth or
lie.

Hence have I genial seasons, hence
have I

Smooth passions, smooth discourse, and
 joyous thought:
 And thus, from day to day, my little
 boat
 Rocks in its harbor, lodging peaceably.
 Blessings be with them — and eternal
 praise,
 Who gave us nobler loves, and nobler
 cares,
 The poets — who on earth have made
 us heirs
 Of truth and pure delight by heavenly
 lays!
 Oh! might my name be numbered
 among theirs,
 Then gladly would I end my mortal
 days.

INVOCATION TO THE EARTH.

February, 1816.

"REST, rest, perturbed Earth!
 O rest, thou doleful mother of man-
 kind!"
 A spirit sang in tones more plaintive
 than the wind;
 "From regions where no evil thing
 has birth
 I come — thy stains to wash away,
 Thy cherished fetters to unbind,
 To open thy sad eyes upon a milder
 day!
 — The heavens are thronged with
 martyrs that have risen
 From out thy noisome prison;
 The penal caverns groan
 With tens of thousands rent from off
 the tree
 Of hopeful life, — by battle's whirl-
 wind blown
 Into the deserts of Eternity.
 Unpitied havoc — victims unlamented!
 But not on high where madness is
 resented,
 And murder causes some sad tears to
 flow,
 Though, from the widely-sweeping
 blow,
 The choirs of angels spread triumphantly augmented.

"False parent of mankind!
 Obdurate, proud, and blind,
 I sprinkle thee, with soft celestial
 dews,
 Thy lost maternal heart to reinfuse!
 Scattering this far-fetched moisture
 from my wings,
 Upon the act a blessing I implore,
 Of which the rivers in their secret
 springs,
 The rivers stained so oft with human
 gore,
 Are conscious; — may the like return
 no more!
 May Discord — for a seraph's care
 Shall be attended with a bolder
 prayer —
 May she, who once disturbed the
 seats of bliss,
 These mortal spheres above,
 Be chained for ever to the black
 abyss!
 And thou, O rescued Earth, by peace
 and love,
 And merciful desires, thy sanctity ap-
 prove!"

The spirit ended his mysterious rite,
 And the pure vision closed in darkness
 infinite.

CONSOLATIONS AMIDST EARTHLY CHANGE.

[*The Excursion*, Book IV.]

POSSESSIONS vanish, and opinions
 change,
 And passions hold a fluctuating seat:
 But, by the storms of circumstance un-
 shaken,
 And subject neither to eclipse nor wane,
 Duty exists; — immutably survive,
 For our support, the measures and the
 forms,
 Which an abstract intelligence supplies,
 Whose kingdom is where time and
 space are not:
 Of other converse, which mind, soul,
 and heart,
 Do, with united urgency, require,

What more, that may not perish? Thou
 dread Source,
 Prime, self-existing Cause and End of
 all,
 That in the scale of being fill their place,
 Above our human region, or below,
 Set and sustained; — Thou — who did'st
 wrap the cloud
 Of infancy around us, that thyself,
 Therein, with our simplicity awhile
 Might'st hold, on earth, communion un-
 disturbed —
 Who, from the anarchy of dreaming
 sleep,
 Or from its death-like void, with punc-
 tual care,
 And touch as gentle as the morning
 light,
 Restorest us, daily, to the powers of
 sense,
 And reason's steadfast rule — Thou,
 thou alone
 Art everlasting, and the blessed spirits
 Which thou includest, as the sea her
 waves:
 For adoration thou endurest; endure
 For consciousness the motions of thy
 will;
 For apprehension those transcendent
 truths
 Of the pure Intellect, that stand as laws
 (Submission constituting strength and
 power)
 Even to thy being's infinite majesty!
 This universe shall pass away — a work,
 Glorious! because the shadow of thy
 might,
 A step, or link, for intercourse with
 thee.
 Ah! if the time must come, in which
 my feet
 No more shall stray where meditation
 leads,
 By flowing stream, through wood, or
 craggy wild,
 Loved haunts like these, the un-
 imprisoned mind
 May yet have scope to range among
 her own,
 Her thoughts, her images, her high
 desires.
 If the dear faculty of sight should fail,

Still it may be allowed me to remember
 What visionary powers of eye and soul
 In youth were mine; when stationed on
 the top
 Of some huge hill — expectant, I beheld
 The sun rise up, from distant climes re-
 turned,
 Darkness to chase, and sleep, and bring
 the day
 His bounteous gift! or saw him, toward
 the deep,
 Sink — with a retinue of flaming clouds
 Attended; then my spirit was entranced
 With joy exalted to beatitude;
 The measure of my soul was filled with
 bliss,
 And holiest love; as earth, sea, air,
 with light,
 With pomp, with glory, with magnifi-
 cence!

NATURE WORSHIPPED BY THE
 GREEKS.

[*The Excursion*, Book IV.]

— IN that fair clime, the lonely herds-
 man, stretched
 On the soft grass, through half a sum-
 mer's day,
 With music lulled his indolent repose.
 And, in some fit of weariness, if he,
 When his own breath was silent,
 chanced to hear
 A distant strain, far sweeter than the
 sounds
 Which his poor skill could make, his
 fancy fetched,
 Even from the blazing chariot of the
 sun,
 A beardless youth, who touched a
 golden lute,
 And filled the illumined groves with
 ravishment.
 The nightly hunter, lifting up his eyes
 Towards the crescent moon, with grate-
 ful heart
 Called on the lovely wanderer who be-
 stowed
 That timely light, to share his joyous
 sport:

And hence, a beaming goddess with her
nymphs,
Across the lawn and through the dark-
some grove
(Not unaccompanied with tuneful notes,
By echo multiplied from rock or cave),
Swept in the storm of chase, as moon
and stars
Glance rapidly along the clouded heaven,
When winds are blowing strong. The
traveller slaked
His thirst from rill or gushing fount,
and thanked
The Naiad. — Sunbeams, upon distant
hills
Gliding apace, with shadows in their
train,
Might, with small help from fancy, be
transformed
Into fleet Oreads sporting visibly.
The Zephyrs, fanning as they passed,
their wings,
Lacked not, for love, fair objects, whom
they wooed
With gentle whisper. Withered boughs
grotesque,
Stripped of their leaves and twigs by
hoary age,
From depth of shaggy covert peeping
forth,
In the low vale, or on steep mountain-
side;
And sometimes intermixed with stirring
horns
Of the live deer, or goat's depending
beard, —
These were the lurking Satyrs, a wild
brood
Of gamesome deities; or Pan himself,
The simple shepherd's awe-inspiring
god!

A SIMILE.

[*The Excursion*, Book IV.]

WITHIN the soul a faculty abides,
That with interpositions, which would
hide
And darken, so can deal, that they be-
come

Contingencies of pomp; and serve to
exalt
Her native brightness. As the ample
Moon,
In the deep stillness of a summer eve,
Rising behind a thick and lofty grove,
Burns like an unconsuming fire of life
In the green trees; and, kindling on all
sides
Their leafy umbrage, turns the dusky veil
Into a substance glorious as her own,
Yea, with her own incorporated, by
power
Capacious and serene; like power abides
In Man's celestial spirit; Virtue thus
Sets forth and magnifies herself; thus
feeds
A calm, a beautiful, and silent fire,
From the encumbrances of mortal life,
From error, disappointment, — nay, from
guilt;
And sometimes, so relenting Justice
wills,
From palpable oppressions of Despair.

INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY
FROM RECOLLECTIONS OF
EARLY CHILDHOOD.

I.

THERE was a time when meadow, grove,
and stream,
The earth, and every common sight,
To me did seem
Apparelled in celestial light,
The glory and the freshness of a dream.
It is not now as it has been of yore; —
Turn wheresoe'er I may,
By night or day,
The things which I have seen I now
can see no more!

II.

The rainbow comes and goes,
And lovely is the rose, —
The moon doth with delight
Look round her when the heavens are
bare;
Waters on a starry night
Are beautiful and fair;

The sunshine is a glorious birth;
But yet I know, where'er I go,
That there hath passed away a glory
from the earth.

III.

Now, while the birds thus sing a joyous
song,
And while the young lambs bound
As to the tabor's sound,
To me alone there came a thought of
grief;
A timely utterance gave that thought
relief,
And I again am strong.
The cataracts blow their trumpets from
the steep, —
No more shall grief of mine the season
wrong:
I hear the echoes through the moun-
tains throng,
The winds come to me from the fields
of sleep,
And all the earth is gay;
Land and sea
Give themselves up to jollity,
And with the heart of May
Doth every beast keep holiday; —
Thou child of joy,
Shout round me, let me hear thy shouts,
thou happy shepherd boy!

IV.

Ye blessèd creatures, I have heard the
call
Ye to each other make; I see
The heavens laugh with you in your
jubilee;
My heart is at your festival,
My head hath its coronal,
The fulness of your bliss, I feel — I feel
it all.
Oh evil nay! if I were sullen
While the earth herself is adorning,
This sweet May morning;
And the children are pulling,
On every side,
In a thousand valleys far and wide,
Fresh flowers; while the sun shines
warm

And the babe leaps up on his mother's
arm: —

I hear, I hear, with joy I hear!
— But there's a tree, of many one,
A single field which I have looked
upon,
Both of them speak of something that
is gone:

The pansy at my feet
Doth the same tale repeat:
Whither is fled the visionary gleam?
Where is it now, the glory and the
dream?

v.

Our birth is but a sleep and a forget-
ting:

The soul that rises with us, our life's
star,

Hath had elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar;
Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory do we come
From God, who is our home:
Heaven lies about us in our infancy!
Shades of the prison-house begin to
close

Upon the growing boy,
But he beholds the light, and whence
it flows,

He sees it in his joy;
The youth, who daily farther from the
east

Must travel, still is Nature's priest,
And by the vision splendid
Is on his way attended;
At length the man perceives it die away,
And fade into the light of common day.

VI.

Earth fills her lap with pleasures of her
own;

Yearnings she hath in her own natural
kind,

And, even with something of a mother's
mind,

And no unworthy aim,
The homely nurse doth all
she can

To make her foster-child, her inmate
man,

Forget the glories he hath known,
And that imperial palace whence he
came.

VII.

Behold the child among his new-born
blisses,
A six years' darling of a pigmy size!
See, where 'mid work of his own hand
he lies,
Fretted by sallies of his mother's kisses,
With light upon him from his father's
eyes!
See, at his feet, some little plan or
chart,
Some fragment from his dream of hu-
man life,
Shaped by himself with newly-learnèd
art;

A wedding or a festival,

A mourning or a funeral;

And this hath now his heart,

And unto this he frames his song:

Then will he fit his tongue

To dialogues of business, love, or strife;

But it will not be long

Ere this be thrown aside,

And with new joy and pride

The little actor cons another part;

Filling from time to time his "humor-
ous stage"

With all the persons, down to palsied
age,

That Life brings with her in her equi-
page;

As if his whole vocation

Were endless imitation.

VIII.

Thou, whose exterior semblance doth
belie

Thy soul's immensity;

Thou best philosopher, who yet dost
keep

Thy heritage; thou eye among the
blind,

That, deaf and silent, read'st the eter-
nal deep,

Haunted for ever by the eternal
mind,—

Mighty Prophet! Seer blest!

On whom those truths do rest,

Which we are toiling all our lives to
find;

Thou, over whom thy immortality
Broods like the day, a master o'er a
slave,

A presence which is not to be put by;
Thou little child, yet glorious in the
might

Of heaven-born freedom, on thy being's
height,

Why with such earnest pains dost thou
provoke

The years to bring th' inevitable yoke,
Thus blindly with thy blessedness at
strife.

Full soon thy soul shall have her earthly
freight,

And custom lie upon thee with a weight,
Heavy as frost, and deep almost as life!

IX.

O joy! that in our embers

Is something that doth live,

That Nature yet remembers

What was so fugitive!

The thought of our past years in me
doth breed

Perpetual benedictions: not indeed

For that which is most worthy to be
blessed;

Delight and liberty, the simple creed

Of childhood, whether busy or at rest,

With new-fledged hope still fluttering
in his breast:

Not for these I raise

The song of thanks and praise;

But for those obstinate question-
ings

Of sense and outward things,

Fallings from us, vanishings;

Black misgivings of a creature

Moving about in worlds not realized,

High instincts, before which our mortal
nature

Did tremble like a guilty thing sur-
prised!

But for those first affections,

Those shadowy recollections,

Which, be they what they may,

Are yet the fountain light of all our
day,

Are yet a master light of all our seeing;
 Uphold us — cherish — and have
 power to make
 Our noisy years seem moments in the
 being
 Of the eternal silence: truths that wake,
 To perish never;
 Which neither listlessness, nor mad
 endeavor,
 Nor man nor boy,
 Nor all that is at enmity with joy,
 Can utterly abolish or destroy!
 Hence, in a season of calm weather,
 Though inland far we be,
 Our souls have sight of that immortal sea
 Which brought us hither;
 Can in a moment travel thither, —
 And see the children sport upon the
 shore,
 And hear the mighty waters rolling
 evermore.

X.

Then, sing ye birds, sing, sing a joyous
 song!
 And let the young lambs bound
 As to the tabor's sound!
 We, in thought, will join your throng,
 Ye that pipe and ye that play,
 Ye that through your hearts to-day
 Feel the gladness of the May!
 What though the radiance which was
 once so bright
 Be now for ever taken from my sight,
 Though nothing can bring back the
 hour
 Of splendor in the grass, of glory in the
 flower;
 We will grieve not, rather find
 Strength in what remains behind,
 In the primal sympathy
 Which having been, must ever be;
 In the soothing thoughts that spring
 Out of human suffering;
 In the faith that looks through
 death,
 In years that bring the philosophic
 mind.

XI.

And oh ye fountains, meadows, hills,
 and groves,

Think not of any severing of our loves!
 Yet in my heart of hearts I feel your
 might;
 I only have relinquished one delight,
 To live beneath your more habitual
 sway.
 I love the brooks, which down their
 channels fret,
 Even more than when I tripped lightly
 as they:
 The innocent brightness of a new-born
 day
 Is lovely yet;
 The clouds that gather round the setting
 sun
 Do take a sober coloring from an eye
 That hath kept watch o'er man's mor-
 tality;
 Another race hath been, and other
 palms are won.
 Thanks to the human heart by which
 we live;
 Thanks to its tenderness, its joys and
 fears;
 To me the meanest flower that blows
 can give
 Thoughts that do often lie too deep for
 tears.

LAODAMIA.

"WITH sacrifice before the rising morn
 Vows have I made by fruitless hope
 inspired:
 And from the infernal Gods, 'mid
 shades forlorn
 Of night, my slaughtered Lord have I
 required:
 Celestial pity I again implore; —
 Restore him to my sight — great Jove,
 restore!"
 So speaking, and by fervent love en-
 dowed
 With faith, the Suppliant heavenward
 lifts her hands;
 While, like the sun emerging from a
 cloud,
 Her countenance brightens — and her
 eye expands;

Her bosom heaves and spreads, her
stature grows;
And she expects the issue in repose.

O terror! what hath she perceived?—
O joy!

What doth she look on?—whom doth
she behold?

Her Hero slain upon the beach of
Troy?

His vital presence? his corporeal mould?
It is—if sense deceive her not—'tis
he!

And a god leads him—winged Mer-
cury!

Mild Hermes spake—and touched her
with his wand

That calms all fear: "Such grace hath
crowned thy prayer,

Laodamia! that at Jove's command
Thy Husband walks the paths of upper
air:

He comes to tarry with thee three
hours' space;

Accept the gift, behold him face to
face!"

Forth sprang the impassioned Queen
her Lord to clasp:

Again that consummation she essayed:
But unsubstantial Form eludes her
grasp

As often as that eager grasp was made.
The Phantom parts—but parts to re-

unite,
And reassume his place before her
sight.

"Protesilaus, lo! thy guide is gone!
Confirm, I pray, the vision with thy
voice:

This is our palace,—yonder is thy
throne;

Speak, and the floor thou tread'st on
will rejoice.

Not to appal me have the gods be-
stowed

This precious boon; and blest a sad
abode."

Great Jove, Laodamia! doth not leave

His gifts imperfect:—Spectre though
I be,

I am not sent to scare thee or deceive;
But in reward of thy fidelity.

And something also did my worth ob-
tain;

For fearless virtue bringeth boundless
gain.

Thou knowest, the Delphic oracle fore
told

That the first Greek who touched the
Trojan strand

Should die; but me the threat could
not withhold:

A generous cause a victim did demand;
And forth I leapt upon the sandy plain;
A self-devoted chief—by Hector slain."

"Supreme of Heroes—bravest; noblest,
best!

Thy matchless courage I bewail no
more,

Which then, when tens of thousands
were deprest

By doubt, propelled thee to the fatal
shore;

Thou found'st—and I forgive thee—
here thou art—

A nobler counsellor than my poor heart.

But thou, though capable of sternest
deed,

Wert kind as resolute, and good as
brave;

And he, whose power restores thee,
hath decreed

Thou should'st elude the malice of the
grave;

Redundant are thy locks, thy lips as
fair

As when their breath enriched Thessa-
lian air.

No Spectre greets me,—no vain Shadow
this:

Come, blooming Hero, place thee by
my side!

Give, on this well-known couch, one
nuptial kiss

To me, this day, a second time thy
bride!"

Jove frowned in heaven: the conscious
 Parcæ threw
 Upon those roseate lips a Stygian hue.

"This visage tells thee that my doom is
 past:
 Nor should the change be mourned
 even if the joys

Of sense were able to return as fast
 And surely as they vanish. Earth de-
 stroys

Those raptures duly — Erebus disdains:
 Calm pleasures there abide — majestic
 pains.

Be taught, O faithful Consort, to con-
 trol

Rebellious passion; for the Gods ap-
 prove

The depth, and not the tumult, of the
 soul;

A fervent, not ungovernable, love.

Thy transports moderate; and meekly
 mourn

When I depart, for brief is my so-
 journ —"

"Ah, wherefore? — Did not Hercules
 by force

Wrest from the guardian Monster of the
 tomb

Alceſtis, a reanimated corse,
 Given back to dwell on earth in vernal
 bloom?

Medea's spells dispersed the weight of
 years,

And Æson stood a youth 'mid youthful
 peers.

The Gods to us are merciful — and
 they

Yet further may relent: for mightier far
 Than strength of nerve and sinew, or
 the sway

Of magic potent over sun and star,
 Is love, though oft to agony distress,
 And though his favorite seat be feeble
 woman's breast.

But if thou goest, I follow — "Peace!"
 he said, —

She looked upon him and was calmed

and cheered;

The ghastly color from his lips had fled;
 In his deportment, shape, and mien,
 appeared

Elysian beauty — melancholy grace —
 Brought from a pensive though a happy
 place.

He spake of love, such love as Spirits
 feel

In worlds whose course is equable and
 pure;

No fears to beat away — no strife to
 heal —

The past unsigh'd for, and the future
 sure;

Spake of heroic hearts in graver mood
 Revived, with finer harmony pursued;

Of all that is most beauteous — imaged
 there

In happier beauty; more pellucid
 streams,

An ampler ether, a diviner air,
 And fields invested with purpureal
 gleams;

Climes which the sun, who sheds the
 brightest day

Earth knows, is all unworthy to survey.

Yet there the Soul shall enter which
 hath earned

That privilege by virtue. — "Ill," said he,
 "The end of man's existence I discerned,
 Who from ignoble games and revelry
 Could draw, when we had parted, vain
 delight,

While tears were thy best pastime, day
 and night:

"And while my youthful peers before
 my eyes

(Each here following his peculiar bent)
 Prepared themselves for glorious enter-
 prise

By martial sports, — or, seated in the
 tent,

Chieftains and kings in council were
 detained;

What time the fleet at Aulis lay en-
 chained.

"The wish'd-for wind was given: — I
 then revolved
 The oracle, upon the silent sea;
 And, if no worthier led the way, resolved
 That, of a thousand vessels, mine should
 be
 The foremost prow in pressing to the
 strand, —
 Mine the first blood that tinged the
 Trojan sand.

"Yet bitter, oft-times bitter, was the
 pang
 When of thy loss I thought, beloved
 Wife!
 On thee too fondly did my memory hang,
 And on the joys we shared in mortal
 life, —
 The paths which we had trod — these
 fountains, flowers;
 My new-planned cities, and unfinished
 towers.

"But should suspense permit the Foe to
 cry,
 'Behold, they tremble! — haughty their
 array,
 Yet of their number no one dares to
 die?'
 In soul I swept the indignity away:
 Old frailties then recurred: — but lofty
 thought
 In act embodied, my deliverance
 wrought.

"And Thou, though strong in love, art
 all too weak
 In reason, in self-government too slow;
 I counsel thee by fortitude to seek
 Our blest re-union in the shades below.
 The invisible world with thee hath sym-
 pathized:
 Be thy affections raised and solemnized.

"Learn, by a mortal yearning, to as-
 cend —
 Seeking a higher object. Love was
 given,
 Encouraged, sanctioned, chiefly for that
 end;
 For this the passion to excess was
 driven —

That self might be annulled; her bond-
 age prove
 The fetters of a dream, opposed to
 love." —

Aloud she shrieked! for Hermes reap-
 pears!
 Round the dear Shade she would have
 clung — 'tis vain.
 The hours are past — too brief had they
 been years;
 And him no mortal effort can detain:
 Swift, toward the realms that know not
 earthly day,
 He through the portal takes his silent
 way,
 And on the palace-floor a lifeless corse
 she lay.

By no weak pity might the Gods be
 moved;
 She who thus perished, not without the
 crime
 Of lovers that in reason's spite have
 loved,
 Was doomed to wear out her appointed
 time,
 Apart from happy Ghosts — that gather
 flowers
 Of blissful quiet 'mid unfading bowers.

— Yet tears to human suffering are
 due;
 And mortal hopes defeated and o'er-
 thrown
 Are mourned by man, and not by man
 alone,
 As fondly he believes. — Upon the side
 Of Hellespont (such faith was enter-
 tained)
 A knot of spiry trees for ages grew
 From out the tomb of him for whom she
 died;
 And ever, when such stature they had
 gained
 That Ilium's walls were subject to their
 view,
 The trees' tall summits withered at the
 sight;
 A constant interchange of growth and
 blight!

SONNETS.

—
*THE USES AND BEAUTIES OF
 THE SONNET.*

NUNS fret not at their convent's narrow
 room;
 And hermits are contented with their
 cells;
 And students with their pensive cita-
 dels;
 Maids at the wheel, the weaver at his
 loom,
 Sit blithe and happy; bees that soar for
 bloom,
 High as the highest peak of Furness
 Fells,
 Will murmur by the hour in foxglove
 bells:
 In truth, the prison, unto which we doom
 Ourselves, no prison is: and hence to
 me,
 In sundry moods, 'twas pastime to be
 bound
 Within the Sonnet's scanty plot of
 ground:
 Pleased if some souls (for such there
 needs must be)
 Who have felt the weight of too much
 liberty,
 Should find short solace there, as I
 have found.

—
*UPON THE SIGHT OF A BEAU-
 TIFUL PICTURE.*

PRaised be the art whose subtle power
 could stay
 Yon cloud, and fix it in that glorious
 shape;
 Nor would permit the thin smoke to
 escape,
 Nor those bright sunbeams to forsake
 the day;
 Which stopped that band of travellers
 on their way
 Ere they were lost within the shady
 wood;

And showed the bark upon the glassy
 flood
 For ever anchored in her sheltering
 bay.
 Soul-soothing art! which morning, noon-
 tide, even,
 Do serve with all their changeful pag-
 eantry!
 Thou, with ambition modest yet sub-
 lime,
 Here, for the sight of mortal man hast
 given
 To one brief moment, caught from fleet-
 ing time,
 The appropriate calm of blest eternity.

—
TWILIGHT.

HAIL Twilight, sovereign of one peace-
 ful hour!
 Not dull art thou as undiscerning Night;
 But studious only to remove from sight
 Day's mutable distinctions. Ancient
 power!
 Thus did the waters gleam, the moun-
 tains lower
 To the rude Briton, when, in wolf-skin
 vest
 Here roving wild, he laid him down to
 rest
 On the bare rock, or through a leafy
 bower
 Looked ere his eyes were closed. By
 him was seen
 The selfsame vision which we now be-
 hold,
 At thy meek bidding, shadowy power,
 brought forth;
 These mightier barriers, and the gulf
 between;
 The floods, — the stars; a spectacle as
 old
 As the beginning of the heavens and
 earth!

—
THE SHIP.

WHERE lies the land to which yon ship
 must go?
 Festively she puts forth in trim array;

As vigorous as a lark at break of day:
Is she for tropic suns, or polar snow?
What boots the inquiry? Neither friend
nor foe

She cares for; let her travel where she
may,

She finds familiar names, a beaten way
Ever before her, and a wind to blow.

Yet still I ask, what haven is her mark?
And, almost as it was when ships were
rare,

(From time to time, like pilgrims, here
and there

Crossing the waters) doubt, and some-
thing dark,

Of the old sea some reverential fear,
Is with me at thy farewell, joyous bark!

WOODLAND WALKS.

How sweet it is, when mother Fancy
rocks

The wayward brain, to saunter through
a wood!

An old place, full of many a lovely
brood,

Tall trees, green arbors, and ground
flowers in flocks;

And wild rose tiptoe upon hawthorn
stocks,

Like to a bonny lass, who plays her
pranks

At wakes and fairs with wandering
mountebanks, —

When she stands cresting the clown's
head, and mocks

The crowd beneath her. Verily I
think,

Such place to me is sometimes like a
dream

Or map of the whole world: thoughts,
link by link,

Enter through ears and eyesight, with
such gleam

Of all things, that at last in fear I
shrink,

And leap at once from the delicious
stream.

TO SLEEP.

I.

A FLOCK of sheep that leisurely pass by,
One after one; the sound of rain, and
bees

Murmuring; the fall of rivers, winds
and seas,

Smooth fields, white sheets of water,
and pure sky;

I've thought of all by turns; and still I
lie

Sleepless; and soon the small birds'
melodies

Must hear, first uttered from my orchard
trees;

And the first cuckoo's melancholy cry.
Even thus last night, and two nights

more, I lay,
And could not win thee, Sleep! by any
stealth:

So do not let me wear to-night away:
Without thee what is all the morning's

wealth?
Come, blessed barrier betwixt day and
day,

Dear mother of fresh thoughts and joy-
ous health!

II.

Fond words have oft been spoken to
thee, Sleep!

And thou hast had thy store of tenderest
names;

The very sweetest words that fancy
frames

When thankfulness of heart is strong
and deep!

Dear bosom child we call thee, that dost
steep

In rich reward all suffering; balm that
tames

All anguish; saint that evil thoughts
and aims

Takest away, and into souls dost creep,
Like to a breeze from heaven. Shall I

alone —
I, surely not a man ungently made —
Call thee worst tyrant by which flesh is
crossed?

Perverse, self-willed to own and to dis-
own,
Mere slave of them who never for thee
prayed,
Still last to come where thou art wanted
most !

THE WORLD.

THE world is too much with us; late
and soon,
Getting and spending, we lay waste our
powers:
Little we see in Nature that is ours;
We have given our hearts away, a sor-
did boon !
This sea that bares her bosom to the
moon;
The winds that will be howling at all
hours
And are up-gathered now like sleeping
flowers;
For this, for everything, we are out of
tune;
It moves us not. Great God ! I'd rather
be
A pagan suckled in a creed outworn;
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
Have glimpses that would make me less
forlorn,
Have sight of Proteus coming from the
sea,
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathed
horn.

WESTMINSTER BRIDGE.

Sept. 3, 1802.

EARTH has not anything to show more
fair:
Dull would he be of soul who could pass
by
A sight so touching in its majesty:
This city now doth like a garment wear
The beauty of the morning; silent, bare,
Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and
temples lie
Open unto the fields and to the sky,
All bright and glittering in the smokeless
air.

Never did sun more beautifully steep
In his first splendor valley, rock, or hill;
Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep !
The river glideth at his own sweet will:
Dear God ! the very houses, seem asleep;
And all that mighty heart is lying still !

PELION AND OSSA.

PELION and Ossa flourish side by side,
Together in immortal books enrolled;
His ancient dower Olympus hath not
sold;
And that inspiring hill, which "did di-
vide
Into two ample horns his forehead wide,"
Shines with poetic radiance as of old;
While not an English mountain we be-
hold
By the celestial muses glorified.
Yet round our sea-girt shore they rise
in crowds:
What was the great Parnassus' self to
thee,
Mount Skiddaw? In his natural sover-
eignty
Our British hill is fairer far; he shrouds
His double-fronted head in higher
clouds,
And pours forth streams more sweet
than Castalay.

THE BROOK.

BROOK ! whose society the poet seeks
Intent his wasted spirits to renew;
And whom the curious painter doth
pursue
Through rocky passes, among flowery
creeks,
And tracks thee dancing down thy
waterbreaks;
If I some type of thee did wish to view,
Thee, — and not thee thyself, I would
not do
Like Grecian artists, give thee human
cheeks,

Channels for tears; no Naiad shouldst
 thou be,
 Have neither limbs, feet, feathers, joints,
 nor hairs;
 It seems the eternal soul is clothed in
 thee
 With purer robes than those of flesh
 and blood,
 And hath bestowed on thee a better
 good—
 Unwearied joy, and life without its cares.

EVENING.

It is a beauteous evening, calm and
 free;
 The holy time is quiet as a nun
 Breathless with adoration; the broad sun
 Is sinking down in its tranquillity;
 The gentleness of heaven is on the sea:
 Listen! the mighty being is awake,
 And doth with his eternal motion make
 A sound like thunder everlastingly.
 Dear child! dear girl! that walkest
 with me here,
 If thou appear'st untouched by solemn
 thought,
 Thy nature therefore is not less divine:
 Thou liest "in Abraham's bosom" all
 the year;
 And worshipp'st at the temple's inner
 shrine,
 God being with thee when we know it
 not.

BUONAPARTE.

I GRIEVED for Buonaparte, with a vain
 And an unthinking grief! for, who as-
 pires
 To genuine greatness but from just de-
 sires,
 And knowledge such as he could never
 gain?
 'Tis not in battles that from youth we
 train
 The governor who must be wise and
 good,

And temper with the sternness of the
 brain
 Thoughts motherly and meek as woman-
 hood.
 Wisdom doth live with children round
 her knees,
 Books, leisure, perfect freedom, and the
 talk
 Man holds with week-day man in the
 hourly walk
 Of the mind's business: these are the
 degrees
 By which true sway doth mount; this is
 the stalk
 True power doth grow on; and her
 rights are these.

*ON THE EXTINCTION OF THE
 VENETIAN REPUBLIC.*

ONCE did she hold the gorgeous East
 in fee;
 And was the safeguard of the West: the
 worth
 Of Venice did not fall below her birth—
 Venice, the eldest child of Liberty!
 She was a maiden city, bright and free;
 No guile seduced, no force could violate;
 And, when she took unto herself a mate,
 She must espouse the everlasting sea.
 And what if she had seen those glories
 fade,
 Those titles vanish, and that strength
 decay;
 Yet shall some tribute of regret be paid
 When her long life hath reached its
 final day:
 Men are we, and must grieve when
 even the shade
 Of that which once was great is passed
 away.

TO TOUSSAINT L'OUVERTURE.

TOUSSAINT, the most unhappy man of
 men!
 Whether the all-cheering sun be free to
 shed
 His beams around thee, or thou rest
 thy head

Pillowed in some dark dungeon's
noisome den —
O miserable chieftain! where and when
Wilt thou find patience? Yet die not;
do thou
Wear rather in thy bonds a cheerful
brow:
Though fallen thyself, never to rise
again,
Live, and take comfort. Thou hast left
behind
Powers that will work for thee: air,
earth, and skies;
There's not a breathing of the common
wind
That will forget thee; thou hast great
allies;
Thy friends are exultations, agonies,
And love, and man's unconquerable
mind.

FRANCE AND ENGLAND.

September, 1802.

INLAND, within a hollow vale, I stood;
And saw, while sea was calm and air
was clear,
The coast of France — the coast of
France how near!
Drawn almost into frightful neighbor-
hood.
I shrunk, for verily the barrier flood
Was like a lake, or river bright and fair,
A span of waters; yet what power is
there!
What mightiness for evil and for
good!
Even so doth God protect us if we be
Virtuous and wise. Winds blow, and
waters roll,
Strength to the brave, and power, and
deity,
Yet in themselves are nothing! One
decree
Spake lake to them, and said that by
the soul
Only the nations shall be great and
free.

*ON THE SUBJUGATION OF
SWITZERLAND.*

Two voices are there — one is of the sea,
One of the mountains — each a mighty
voice:
In both from age to age, thou didst
rejoice,
They were thy chosen music, Liberty!
There came a tyrant, and with holy glee
Thou fough'st against him; but hast
vainly striven;
Thou from thy Alpine holds at length
art driven,
Where not a torrent murmurs heard by
thee.
Of one deep bliss thine ear hath been
bereft:
Then cleave, O cleave to that which still
is left;
For, high-souled maid, what sorrow
would it be
That mountain floods should thunder as
before,
And ocean bellow from his rocky shore,
And neither awful voice be heard by
thee!

MILTON.

1802.

MILTON! thou shouldst be living at
this hour:
England hath need of thee: she is a fen
Of stagnant waters: altar, sword, and
pen,
Fireside, the heroic wealth of hall and
bower,
Have forfeited their ancient English
dower
Of inward happiness. We are selfish
men:
Oh! raise us up, return to us again;
And give us manners, virtue, freedom,
power.
Thy soul was like a star, and dwelt
apart:
Thou hadst a voice whose sound was
like the sea;
Pure as the naked heavens, majestic,
free;

So didst thou travel on life's common
way,
In cheerful godliness; and yet thy heart
The lowliest duties on itself did lay.

GREAT MEN.

GREAT men have been among us; hands
that penned
And tongues that uttered wisdom, better
none:
The later Sydney, Marvel, Harington,
Young Vane and others, who called
Milton friend.
These moralists could act and comprehend:
They knew how genuine glory was put
on;
Taught us how rightfully a nation shone
In splendor: what strength was, that
would not bend
But in magnanimous meekness. France,
'tis strange,
Hath brought forth no such souls as we
had then.
Perpetual emptiness! unceasing change!
No single volume paramount, no code,
No master spirit, no determined road;
But equally a want of books and men!

TO THOMAS CLARKSON.

ON THE FINAL PASSING OF THE BILL FOR
THE ABOLITION OF THE SLAVE TRADE,
MARCH, 1807.

CLARKSON! it was an obstinate hill to
climb:
How toilsome, nay, how dire it was, by
thee
Is known — by none, perhaps so feelingly;
But thou, who, starting in thy fervent
prime,
Didst first lead forth this pilgrimage
sublime,
Hast heard the constant voice its charge
repeat,

Which, out of thy young heart's oracular
seat,
First roused thee, O true yoke-fellow of
Time.

With unabating effort, see, the palm
Is won, and by all nations shall be
worn!

The bloody writing is for ever torn,
And thou henceforth shall have a good
man's calm,

A great man's happiness; thy zeal shall
find

Repose at length, firm friend of human
kind!

FEELINGS OF THE TYROLESE.

O'ER the wide earth, on mountain and
on plain,

Dwells in the affections and the soul of
man

A godhead, like the universal Pan,
But more exalted, with a brighter train.
And shall his bounty be dispensed in
vain,

Showered equally on city and on field,
And neither hope nor steadfast promise
yield

In these usurping times of fear and pain?
Such doom awaits us. Nay, forbid it,
Heaven!

We know the arduous strife, the eternal
laws

To which the triumph of all good is
given,

High sacrifice, and labor without pause,
Even to the death: else wherefore
should the eye

Of man converse with immortality?

*ON THE FINAL SUBMISSION OF
THE TYROLESE.*

SAY, what is Honor? 'Tis the finest
sense

Of justice which the human mind can
frame,

Intent each lurking frailty to disclaim,

And guard the way of life from all
 offence
 Suffered or done. When lawless violence
 A kingdom doth assault, and in the
 scale
 Of perilous war her weightiest armies
 fail,
 Honor is hopeful elevation — whence
 Glory — and Triumph. Yet with politic
 skill
 Endangered states may yield to terms
 unjust,
 Stoop their proud heads — but not unto
 the dust,
 A foe's most favorite purpose to fulfil!
 Happy occasions oft by self-mistrust
 Are forfeited; but infamy doth kill.

*INDIGNATION OF A HIGH-
 MINDED SPANIARD.*

AVAUNT all specious pliancy of mind
 In men of low degree, all smooth pretence!
 I better like a blunt indifference
 And self-respecting slowness, disinclined
 To win me at first sight: — and be
 there joined
 Patience and temperance with this high
 reserve, —
 Honor that knows the path and will
 not swerve;
 Affections, which, if put to proof, are
 kind;
 And piety towards God. — Such men of
 old

Were England's native growth; and,
 throughout Spain,
 Thanks to high God! forests of such
 remain;
 Then for that country let our hopes be
 bold;
 For matched with these shall policy
 prove vain,
 Her arts, her strength, her iron, and her
 gold.

GEORGE III.

November, 1813.

Now that all hearts are glad, all faces
 bright,
 Our aged Sovereign sits to the ebb and
 flow
 Of states and kingdoms, to their joy or
 woe,
 Insensible; he sits deprived of sight,
 And lamentably wrapped in twofold
 night,
 Whom no weak hopes deceived; whose
 mind ensued,
 Through perilous war, with regal fortitude,
 Peace that should claim respect from
 lawless might.
 Dread King of kings, vouchsafe a ray
 divine
 To his forlorn condition! let thy grace
 Upon his inner soul in mercy shine;
 Permit his heart to kindle, and embrace
 (Though were it only for a moment's
 space)
 The triumphs of this hour; for they
 are THINE!

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

1771-1854.

[BORN at Irvine, Ayrshire, Scotland, Nov. 4, 1771, and was the son of a Moravian preacher; was educated at the Fulneck School, Yorkshire, apprenticed to a grocer, but ran away in 1789, and in 1792 became clerk to Joseph Gales, a famous journalist of Sheffield, who having been accused of treason was compelled to escape to the United States. Montgomery then founded the *Sheffield Iris*, a paper devoted to peace and reform principles, which he edited thirty-one years, 1794-1825. He began in early youth to write poetry, in which he won great popularity. In 1835 he received a pension, and declined the professorship of rhetoric at Edinburgh. Died at Sheffield, April 30, 1854. Mr. Montgomery is best known as a hymn writer and devotional poet.]

ASPIRATIONS OF YOUTH.

HIGHER, higher will we climb,
Up to the mount of glory,
That our names may live through time
In our country's story;
Happy, when her welfare calls,
He who conquers, he who falls.

Deeper, deeper let us toil
In the mines of knowledge;
Nature's wealth and learning's spoil
Win from school and college;
Delve we there for richer gems
Than the stars of diadems.

Onward, onward may we press
Through the path of duty;
Virtue is true happiness,
Excellence true beauty.
Minds are of celestial birth,
Make we then a heaven of earth.

Closer, closer let us knit
Hearts and hands together,
Where our fireside comforts sit,
In the wildest weather;
O! they wander wide who roam
For the joys of life from home.

THE COMMON LOT.

ONCE, in the flight of ages past,
There lived a man: and who was he?
Mortal! howe'er thy lot be cast,
That man resembled thee,

Unknown the region of his birth,
The land in which he died unknown:
His name has perish'd from the earth,
This truth survives alone:

That joy, and grief, and hope, and fear,
Alternate triumph'd in his breast;
His bliss and woe — a smile, a tear!
Oblivion hides the rest.

The bounding pulse, the languid limb,
The changing spirits' rise and fall;
We know that these were felt by him,
For these are felt by all.

He suffer'd — but his pangs are o'er;
Enjoy'd — but his delights are fled;
Had friends — his friends are now no
more;
And foes — his foes are dead.

He loved — but whom he loved the
grave
Hath lost in its unconscious womb:
O she was fair! but nought could save
Her beauty from the tomb.

He saw whatever thou hast seen;
Encounter'd all that troubles thee:
He was — whatever thou hast been;
He is — what thou shalt be.

The rolling seasons, day and night,
Sun, moon, and stars, the earth and
main,
Erewhile his portion, life and light,
To him exist in vain.

The clouds and sunbeams, o'er his eye
That once their shades and glory
threw,
Have left in yonder silent sky
No vestige where they flew.

The annals of the human race,
Their ruins, since the world began,
Of him afford no other trace
Than this — there lived a man !

PRAYER.

PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire
Utter'd or unexpress'd;
The motion of a h'dden fire
That trembles in the breast.

Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear;
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.

Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try;
Prayer the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.

Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air;
His watchword at the gates of death:
He enters heaven by prayer.

Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice
Returning from his ways;
While angels in their songs rejoice,
And say "Behold he prays!"

The saints in prayer appear as one,
In word, and deed, and mind,
When with the Father and his Son
Their fellowship they find.

Nor prayer is made on earth alone:
The Holy Spirit pleads;
And Jesus, on the eternal throne,
For sinners intercedes.

O Thou, by whom we come to God,
The Life, the Truth, the Way,
The path of prayer thyself hast trod:
Lord, teach us how to pray!

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

A MOTHER'S Love — how sweet the
name!

What is a Mother's love?
— A noble, pure, and tender flame,
Enkindled from above,
To bless a heart of earthly mould;
The warmest love that can grow cold;
This is a Mother's Love.

To bring a helpless babe to light,
Then, while it lies forlorn,
To gaze upon that dearest sight,
And feel herself new-born,
In its existence lose her own,
And live and breathe in it alone;
This is a Mother's Love.

Its weakness in her arms to bear;
To cherish on her breast,
Feed it from Love's own fountain there,
And lull it there to rest;
Then, while it slumbers, watch its
breath,
As if to guard from instant death;
This is a Mother's Love.

To mark its growth from day to day,
Its opening charms admire,
Catch from its eye the earliest ray
Of intellectual fire;
To smile and listen while it talks,
And lend a finger when it walks;
This is a Mother's Love.

And can a Mother's Love grow cold?
Can she forget her boy?
His pleading innocence behold,
Nor weep for grief — for joy?
A Mother may forget her child,
While wolves devour it on the wild;
Is this a Mother's Love?

Ten thousand voices answer "No!
Ye clasp your babes and kiss;
Your bosoms yearn, your eyes o'erflow;
Yet, ah! remember this, —
The infant, rear'd alone for earth,
May live, may die, — to curse his birth:
— Is this a Mother's Love?

A parent's heart may prove a snare;
 The child she loves so well,
 Her hand may lead, with gentlest care,
 Down the smooth road to hell;
 Nourish its frame, — destroy its mind:
 Thus do the blind mislead the blind,
 Even with a Mother's Love.

Blest infant! whom his mother taught
 Early to seek the Lord,
 And pour'd upon his dawning thought
 The day-spring of the word;
 This was the lesson to her son
 — Time is Eternity begun:
 Behold that Mother's Love.

Blest Mother! who, in wisdom's path
 By her own parent trod,
 Thus taught her son to flee the wrath,
 And know the fear, of God:
 Ah, youth! like him enjoy your prime;
 Begin Eternity in time,
 Taught by that Mother's Love.

That Mother's Love! — how sweet the
 name!
 What was that Mother's Love?
 — The noblest, purest, tenderest flame,
 That kindles from above,
 Within a heart of earthly mould,
 As much of heaven as heart can hold,
 Nor through eternity grows cold:
 This was that Mother's Love.

HOME.

THERE is a land, of every land the
 pride,
 Beloved by heaven o'er all the world
 beside;
 Where brighter suns dispense serener
 light,
 And milder moons emparadise the
 night;
 A land of beauty, virtue, valor, truth,
 Time-tutor'd age, and love-exalted
 youth:
 The wandering mariner, whose eye ex-
 plores
 The wealthiest isles, the most enchant-
 ing shores,

Views not a realm so bountiful and fair,
 Nor breathes the spirit of a purer air;
 In every clime the magnet of his soul,
 Touch'd by remembrance, trembles to
 that pole;
 For in this land of heaven's peculiar
 grace,
 The heritage of nature's noblest race,
 There is a spot of earth supremely blest,
 A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest,
 Where man, creation's tyrant, casts
 aside
 His sword and sceptre, pageantry and
 pride,
 While in his soften'd looks benignly
 blend
 The sire, the son, the husband, brother,
 friend;
 Here woman reigns; the mother,
 daughter, wife,
 Strew with fresh flowers the narrow
 way of life!
 In the clear heaven of her delightful
 eye,
 An angel-guard of loves and graces lie;
 Around her knees domestic duties
 meet,
 And fireside pleasures gambol at her
 feet.
 Where shall that land, that spot of earth
 be found?
 Art thou a man? — a patriot? — look
 around;
 O, thou shalt find, howe'er thy footsteps
 roam,
 That land thy country, and that ~~not~~
 thy home!

TO A DAISY.

THERE is a flower, a little flower
 With silver crest and golden eye,
 That welcomes every changing hour
 And weathers every sky.

The prouder beauties of the field,
 In gay but quick succession shine;
 Race after race their honors yield,
 They flourish and decline.

But this small flower, to Nature dear,
While moons and stars their courses
run,
Enwreathes the circle of the year,
Companion of the sun.

It smiles upon the lap of May,
To sultry August spreads its charm,
Lights pale October on his way,
And twines December's arm.

The purple heath and golden broom,
On moory mountains catch the gale;
O'er lawns the lily sheds perfume,
The violet in the vale.

But this bold floweret climbs the hill,
Hides in the forest, haunts the glen,
Plays on the margin of the rill,
Peeps round the fox's den.

Within the garden's cultured round
It shares the sweet carnation's bed;
And blooms on consecrated ground
In honor of the dead.

The lambkin crops its crimson gem;
The wild bee murmurs on its breast;
The blue-fly bends its pensile stem,
Light o'er the skylark's nest.

'Tis Flora's page — in every place,
In every season, fresh and fair;
It opens with perennial grace,
And blossoms everywhere.

On waste and woodland, rock and
plain,
Its humble buds unheeded rise;
The rose has but a summer reign;
The Daisy never dies!

WALTER SCOTT.

1771-1832.

[WALTER SCOTT, the son of a Writer to the Signet, was born in Edinburgh on August 15, 1771, and was educated at the High School and the College. In 1792 he became an advocate, but soon began to occupy himself seriously with literature, publishing in 1799 a translation of Goethe's *Goetz von Berlichingen*, and in 1802 his *Border Minstrelsy*. As Sheriff of Selkirkshire he went in 1804 to live at Ashiestiel on the banks of the Tweed, and there produced *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*, 1805; *Marmion*, 1808; *The Lady of the Lake*, 1810; *Don Roderick*, 1811; *Tremmain and Rokeby*, 1813. At his new house at Abbotsford he wrote *The Lord of the Isles*, 1815; and *Harold the Dauntless*, 1817. Before these last two were published *Waverley* appeared, and henceforth Scott wrote no more poetry, save a few short lyrics, ending with his *Farewell to the Muse*, 1822. He was made a baronet in 1820, but in 1826 commercial disaster came upon him, and his last ten years were a time of struggle and overwork. He died at Abbotsford, September 21, 1836.]

THE OLD MINSTREL.

[Introduction to *Lay of the Last Minstrel*.]

THE way was long, the wind was cold,
The Minstrel was infirm and old;
His withered cheek, and tresses gray,
Seem'd to have known a better day;
The harp, his sole remaining joy,
Was carried by an orphan boy.
The last of all the Bards was he,
Who sung of Border chivalry;
For, welladay! their date was fled,
His tuneful brethren all were dead;

And he, neglected and oppress'd,
Wish'd to be with them, and at rest.
No more on prancing palfrey borne,
He caroll'd, light as lark at morn;
No longer courted and caress'd,
High placed in hall, a welcome guest,
He pour'd to lord and lady gay,
The unpremeditated lay:
Old times were changed, old manners
gone;
A stranger filled the Stuarts' throne;
The bigots of the iron time
Had call'd his harmless art a crime.

A wandering Harper, scorn'd and poor,
He begg'd his bread from door to door.
And tuned, to please a peasant's ear,
The harp, a king had loved to hear.

He pass'd where Newark's¹ stately
tower

Looks out from Yarrow's birchen bower :
The Minstrel gazed with wishful eye —
No humbler resting-place was nigh,
With hesitating step at last,
The embattled portal arch he pass'd,
Whose ponderous grate and massy bar
Had off roll'd back the tide of war,
But never closed the iron door
Against the desolate and poor.
The Duchess² mark'd his weary pace,
His timid mien, and reverend face,
And bade her page the menials tell,
That they should tend the old man
well :

For she had known adversity,
Though born in such a high degree;
In pride of power, in beauty's bloom,
Had wept o'er Monmouth's bloody
tomb !

When kindness had his wants sup-
plied,

And the old man was gratified,
Began to rise his minstrel pride :
And he began to talk anon,
Of good Earl Francis,³ dead and gone,
And of Earl Walter,⁴ rest him, God !
A braver ne'er to battle rode;
And how full many a tale he knew,
Of the old warriors of Buccleuch :
And, would the noble Duchess deign
To listen to an old man's strain,
Though stiff his hand, his voice though
weak,

¹ *Newark's stately tower.* A ruined tower now; situated three miles from Selkirk, on the banks of the Yarrow.

² *The Duchess.* Anne, the heiress of Buccleuch, who had been married to the unhappy Duke of Monmouth, son of Charles II. He was beheaded for rebellion against James II. 1685.

³ *Earl Francis.* The Duchess's late father.

⁴ *Walter, Earl of Buccleuch,* grandfather of the Duchess, and a celebrated warrior.

He thought even yet, the sooth to
speak,
That, if she loved the harp to hear,
He could make music to her ear.

The humble boon was soon obtain'd;
The aged Minstrel audience gain'd.
But, when he reach'd the room of
state,

Where she, with all her ladies, sate,
Perchance he wished his boon denied :
For, when to tune his harp he tried,
His trembling hand had lost the
ease,

Which marks security to please;
And scenes, long past, of joy and pain,
Came wildering o'er his aged brain —
He tried to tune his harp in vain !
The pitying Duchess praised its chime,
And gave him heart, and gave him
time,

Till every string's according glee
Was blended into harmony.
And then, he said, he would full fain
He could recall an ancient strain,
He never thought to sing again.
It was not framed for village churls,
But for high dames and mighty earls;
He had play'd it to King Charles the
Good,

When he kept court in Holyrood;
And much he wish'd, yet fear'd to try
The long-forgotten melody.
Amid the strings his fingers stray'd,
And an uncertain warbling made,
And oft he shook his hoary head.
But when he caught the measure wild,
The old man raised his face, and
smiled;

And lighten'd up his faded eye,
With all a poet's ecstasy !
In varying cadence, soft or strong,
He swept the sounding chords along;
The present scene, the future lot,
His toils, his wants, were all forgot :
Cold diffidence, and age's frost,
In the full tide of song were lost;
Each blank in faithless memory void,
The poet's glowing thought supplied;
And, while his harp responsive rung,
'Twas thus the LATEST MINSTREL sung.

MELROSE ABBEY.[*Lay of the Last Minstrel*, Canto ii.]

I.

IF thou would'st view fair Melrose
aright,

Go visit it by the pale moonlight;
For the gay beams of lightsome day
Gild, but to flout, the ruins gray.
When the broken arches are black in
night,

And each shafted oriel glimmers white;
When the cold light's uncertain shower
Streams on the ruin'd central tower;
When buttress and buttress, alternately,
Seem framed of ebon and ivory;
When silver edges the imagery,
And the scrolls that teach thee to live
and die;

When distant Tweed is heard to rave,
And the owllet to hoot o'er the dead
man's grave,

Then go—but go alone the while—
Then view St. David's ruin'd pile;
And, home returning, soothly swear,
Was never scene so sad and fair!

LOVE AS THE THEME OF POETS.[*Lay of the Last Minstrel*, Canto iii.]

I.

AND said I that my limbs were old,
And said I that my blood was cold,
And that my kindly fire was fled,
And my poor wither'd heart was dead,

And that I might not sing of love?—
How could I to the dearest theme,
That ever warm'd a minstrel's dream,
So foul, so false a recreant prove!
How could I name love's very name,
Nor wake my heart to notes of flame!

II.

In peace, Love tunes the shepherd's
reed;

In war, he mounts the warrior's steed;
In halls, in gay attire is seen;
In hamlets, dances on the green.

Love rules the court, the camp, the
grove,
And men below, and saints above;
For love is heaven, and heaven is love.

THE LOVE OF COUNTRY.[*Lay of the Last Minstrel*, Canto vi.]

I.

BREATHES there the man, with soul so
dead,

Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land!
Whose heart hath ne'er within him
burn'd,

As home his footsteps he hath turn'd,
From wandering on a foreign strand!
If such there breathe, go, mark him
well;

For him no Minstrel raptures swell;
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim;
Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
The wretch, concentrated all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust, from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonor'd, and unsung.

II.

O Caledonia! stern and wild,
Meet nurse for a poetic child!
Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,
Land of the mountain and the flood,
Land of my sires! what mortal hand
Can e'er untie the filial band,
That knits me to thy rugged strand!
Still, as I view each well-known scene,
Think what is now, and what hath
been,

Seems as, to me, of all bereft,
Sole friends thy woods and streams
were left;

And thus I love them better still,
Even in extremity of ill.
By Yarrow's streams still let me stray,
Though none should guide my feeble
way;

Still feel the breeze down Ettrick break,

Although it chill my wither'd cheek;
Still lay my head by Teviot Stone,
Though there, forgotten and alone,
The Bard may draw his parting groan.

ROSABELLE.

[*Lay of the Last Minstrel*, Canto vi.]

XXIII.

O LISTEN, listen, ladies gay!
No haughty feat of arms I tell;
Soft is the note, and sad the lay,
That mourns the lovely Rosabelle:

—“Moor, moor the barge, ye gallant
crew!

And, gentle ladye, deign to stay,
Rest thee in Castle Ravensheuch,
Nor tempt the stormy firth to-day.

“The blackening wave is edged with
white:

To inch¹ and rock the sea-mews fly;
The fishers have heard the Water-Sprite,
Whose screams forebode that wreck
is nigh.

“Last night the gifted Seer did view
A wet shroud swathed round ladye
gay;

Then stay thee, Fair, in Ravensheuch:
Why cross the gloomy firth to-day?”—

“’Tis not because Lord Lindesay’s heir
To-night at Roslin leads the ball,
But that my ladye-mother there
Sits lonely in her castle-hall.

“’Tis not because the ring they ride,
And Lindesay at the ring rides well,
But that my sire the wine will chide,
If ’tis not fill’d by Rosabelle.”—

O’er Roslin all that dreary night
A wondrous blaze was seen to gleam;
’Twas broader than the watch-fire’s
light,
And redder than the bright moon-
beam.

¹ Inch, an island.

It glared on Roslin’s castled rock,
It ruddied all the copse-wood glen,
’Twas seen from Dryden’s groves of
oak,
And seen from cavern’d Hawthorn-
den.

Seem’d all on fire that chapel proud,
Where Roslin’s chiefs uncoffin’d lie,
Each Baron, for a sable shroud,
Sheathed in his iron panoply.

Seem’d all on fire, within, around,
Deep sacristy and altar’s pale,
Shone every pillar foliage-bound,
And glimmer’d all the dead men’s
mail.

Blazed battlement and pinnet high,
Blazed every rose-carved buttress
fair—

So still they blaze, when fate is nigh
The lordly-line of high St. Clair.

There are twenty of Roslin’s barons
bold

Lie buried within that proud cha-
pelle;

Each one the holy vault doth hold—
But the sea holds lovely Rosabelle!

And each St. Clair was buried there,
With candle, with book, and with
knell;

But the sea-caves rung, and the wild
winds sung,
The dirge of lovely Rosabelle.

HYMN FOR THE DEAD.

[*Lay of the Last Minstrel*, Canto vi.]

XXXI.

THAT day of wrath, that dreadful day,
When heaven and earth shall pass away,
What power shall be the sinner’s stay?
How shall he meet that dreadful day?

When, shriveling like a parched scroll,
The flaming heavens together roll;

When louder yet, and yet more dread,
Swell the high trump that wakes the
dead,

Oh! on that day, that wrathful day,
When man to judgment wakes from
clay,
Be THOU the trembling sinner's stay,
Though heaven and earth shall pass
away.

HUSH'D is the harp—the Minstrel
gone.

And did he wander forth alone?
Alone, in indigence and age,
To linger out his pilgrimage?
No; close beneath proud Newark's
tower,

Arose the Minstrel's lowly bower;
A simple hut; but there was seen
The little garden hedged with green,
The cheerful hearth, and lattice clean.
There shelter'd wanderers, by the blaze,
Oft heard the tale of other days;
For much he loved to ope his door,
And give the aid he begg'd before.
So pass'd the winter's day; but still,
When summer smiled on sweet Bowhill,
And July's eve, with balmy breath,
Waved the blue-bells on Newark heath;
When throstles sung in Harehead-shaw,
And corn was green on Carterhaugh,
And flourish'd, broad, Blackandro's oak,
The aged Harper's soul awoke!
Then would he sing achievements high,
And circumstance of chivalry,
Till the rapt traveller would stay,
Forgetful of the closing day;
And noble youths, the strain to hear,
Forsook the hunting of the deer;
And Yarrow, as he roll'd along,
Bore burden to the Minstrel's song.

THE CASTLE OF NORHAM.

[*Marmion*, Canto i.]

I.

DAY set on Norham's castled steep,
And Tweed's fair river, broad and deep,
And Cheviot's mountains lone:

The battled towers, the donjon keep,
The loophole grates, where captives
weep,

The flanking walls that round it sweep,
In yellow lustre shone.

The warriors on the turrets high,
Moving athwart the evening sky,
Seem'd forms of giant height:
Their armor, as it caught the rays,
Flash'd back again the western blaze,
In lines of dazzling light.

II.

Saint George's banner, broad and gay,
Now faded, as the fading ray
Less bright, and less, was flung;
The evening gale had scarce the power
To wave it on the Donjon Tower,
So heavily it hung.

The scouts had parted on their search,
The Castle gates were barr'd;
Above the gloomy portal arch,
Timing his footsteps to a march,
The Warder kept his guard;
Low humming, as he paced along,
Some ancient Border gathering song.

III.

A distant trampling sound he hears;
He looks abroad, and soon appears,
O'er Hornclyff-hill a plump of spears,
Beneath a pennon gay;
A horseman, darting from the crowd,
Like lightning from a summer cloud,
Spurs on his mettled courser proud,
Before the dark array.
Beneath the sable palisade,
That closed the Castle barricade,
His bugle-horn he blew;
The warder hasted from the wall,
And warn'd the Captain in the hall,
For well the blast he knew;
And joyfully that knight did call,
To sewer, squire, and seneschal.

THE HOSTEL, OR INN.

[*Marmion*, Canto iii.]

I.

THE lifelong day Lord Marmion rode:
The mountain path the Palmer show'd,

By glen and streamlet winded still,
Where stunted birches hid the rill.
They might not choose the lowland
road,

For the Merse forayers were abroad,
Who, fired with hate and thirst of prey,
Had scarcely fail'd to bar their way.
Oft on the trampling band, from crown
Of some tall cliff, the deer look'd down;
On wing of jet, from his repose
In the deep heath, the black-cock rose;
Sprung from the gorse the timid roe,
Nor waited for the bending bow;
And when the stony path began,
By which the naked peak they wan,
Up flew the snowy ptarmigan.
The noon had long been pass'd before
They gain'd the height of Lammermoor;
Thence winding down the northern way
Before them, at the close of day,
Old Gifford's towers and hamlet lay.

II.

No summons calls them to the tower,
To spend the hospitable hour.
To Scotland's camp the Lord was gone;
His cautious dame, in bower alone,
Dreaded her castle to uncloze,
So late, to unknown friends or foes.
On through the hamlet as they paced,
Before a porch, whose front was graced
With bush and flagon trimly placed,
Lord Marmion drew his rein:
The village inn seem'd large, though
rude;

Its cheerful fire and hearty food
Might well relieve his train.
Down from their seats the horsemen
sprung,
With jingling spurs the court-yard rung;
They bind their horses to the stall,
For forage, food, and firing call,
And various clamor fills the hall:
Weighing the labor with the cost,
Toils everywhere the bustling host.

III.

Soon, by the chimney's merry blaze,
Through the rude hostel might you
gaze;
Might see, where, in dark nook aloof,

The rafters of the sooty roof
Bore wealth of winter cheer;
Of sea-fowl dried, and solands store,
And gammons of the tusky boar,
And savory haunch of deer.
The chimney arch projected wide;
Above, around it, and beside,
Were tools for housewives' hand;
Nor wanted, in that martial day,
The implements of Scottish fray,
The buckler, lance, and brand.
Beneath its shade, the place of state,
On oaken settle Marmion sate,
And view'd around the blazing hearth.
His followers mix in noisy mirth;
Whom with brown ale, in jolly tide,
From ancient vessels ranged aside,
Full actively their host supplied.

IV.

Theirs was the glee of martial breast,
And laughter theirs at little jest;
And oft Lord Marmion deign'd to aid,
And mingle in the mirth they made;
For though, with men of high degree,
The proudest of the proud was he,
Yet, train'd in camps, he knew the art
To win the soldier's hardy heart.
They love a captain to obey,
Boisterous as March, yet fresh as May;
With open hand, and brow as free,
Lover of wine and minstrelsy;
Ever the first to scale a tower,
As venturous in a lady's bower: —
Such buxom chief shall lead his host
From India's fires to Zembla's frost.

V.

Resting upon his pilgrim staff,
Right opposite the Palmer stood;
His thin dark visage seen but half,
Half hidden by his hood.
Still fix'd on Marmion was his look,
Which he, who ill such gaze could
brook,
Strove by a frown to quell;
But not for that, though more than
once
Full met their stern encountering
glance,
The Palmer's visage fell.

LOCHINVAR.

LADY HERON'S SONG.

[*Marmion*, Canto v.]

O, YOUNG Lochinvar is come out of the west,
Through all the wide Border his steed
was the best;
And save his good broadsword he
weapons had none,
He rode all unarm'd, and he rode all
alone.

So faithful in love, and so dauntless in
war,
There never was knight like the young
Lochinvar.

He staid not for brake, and he stopp'd
not for stone,
He swam the Eske river where ford
there was none;
But ere he alighted at Netherby gate,
The bride had consented, the gallant
came late:

For a laggard in love, and a dastard in
war,
Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave
Lochinvar.

So boldly he enter'd the Netherby Hall,
Among bride's-men, and kinsmen, and
brothers, and all:

Then spoke the bride's father, his hand
on his sword,
(For the poor craven bridegroom said
never a word,)

"O come ye in peace here, or come ye
in war,
Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord
Lochinvar?" —

"I long woo'd your daughter, my suit
you denied; —

Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs
like its tide —

And now am I come, with this lost love
of mine,
To lead but one measure, drink one cup
of wine.

There are maidens in Scotland more
lovely by far,

That would gladly be bride to the young
Lochinvar."

The bride kiss'd the goblet: the knight
took it up,
He quaff'd off the wine, and he threw
down the cup.

She look'd down to blush, and she
look'd up to sigh,
With a smile on her lips, and a tear in
her eye.

He took her soft hand, ere her mother
could bar, —

"Now tread we a measure!" said young
Lochinvar.

So stately his form, and so lovely her
face,

That never a hall such a galliard did
grace;

While her mother did fret, and her
father did fume,

And the bridegroom stood dangling his
bonnet and plume;

And the bride-maidens whisper'd,
"Twere better by far,

To have match'd our fair cousin with
young Lochinvar."

One touch to her hand, and one word
in her ear,

When they reach'd the hall-door, and
the charger stood near;

So light to the croupe the fair lady he
swung,

So light to the saddle before her he
sprung!

"She is won! we are gone, over bank,
bush, and scaur;

They'll have fleet steeds that follow,"
quoth young Lochinvar.

There was mounting 'mong Græmes of
the Netherby clan;

Forsters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves,
they rode and they ran;

There was racing and chasing, on Can-
nobie Lee,

But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did
they see.

So daring in love, and so dauntless in
war,

Have ye e'er heard of gallant like
young Lochinvar?

MARMION AND DOUGLAS.

[*Marmion*, Canto vi.]

XIII.

Nor far advanced was morning day,
 When Marmion did his troop array
 To Surrey's camp to ride;
 He had safe conduct for his band,
 Beneath the royal seal and hand,
 And Douglas gave a guide:
 The ancient Earl, with stately grace,
 Would Clara on her palfrey place,
 And whisper'd in an under tone,
 "Let the hawk stoop, his prey is
 flown." —

The train from out the castle drew,
 But Marmion stopp'd to bid adieu: —
 "Though something I might plain,"
 he said,

"Of cold respect to stranger guest,
 Sent hither by your King's behest,
 While in Tantallon's towers I staid;
 Part we in friendship from your land,
 And, noble Earl, receive my hand." —
 But Douglas round him drew his cloak,
 Folded his arms, and thus he spoke: —
 "My manors, halls, and bowers, shall
 still

Be open, at my Sovereign's will,
 To each one whom he lists, howe'er
 Unmeet to be the owner's peer.
 My castles are my King's alone,
 From turret to foundation-stone —
 The hand of Douglas is his own;
 And never shall in friendly grasp
 The hand of such as Marmion clasp." —

XIV.

Burn'd Marmion's swarthy cheek like
 fire,

And shook his very frame for ire,
 And — "This to me!" he said, —
 "An 'twere not for thy hoary beard,
 Such hand as Marmion's had not spared
 To cleave the Douglas' head!

And, first, I tell thee, haughty Peer,
 He who does England's message here,
 Although the meanest in her state,
 May well, proud Angus, be thy mate:
 And, Douglas, more I tell thee here,

Even in thy pitch of pride,
 Here in thy hold, thy vassals near,

(Nay, never look upon your lord,
 And lay your hands upon your sword,)
 I tell thee thou'rt defied!

And if thou said'st I am not peer
 To any lord in Scotland here,
 Lowland or Highland, far or near,
 Lord Angus, thou hast lied!"

On the Earl's cheek the flush of rage
 O'ercame the ashen hue of age:
 Fierce he broke forth, — "And darest
 thou, then,

To beard the lion in his den,

The Douglas in his hall?

And hopest thou hence unscathed to
 go? —

No, by Saint Bride of Bothwell, no!
 Up drawbridge, grooms — what, Warder,
 ho!

Let the portcullis fall."

Lord Marmion turn'd, — well was his
 need,

And dash'd the rowels in his steed,
 Like arrow through the archway sprung
 The ponderous grate behind him rung:
 To pass there was such scanty room,
 The bars, descending, razed his plume.

XV.

The steed along the drawbridge flies,
 Just as it trembled on the rise;
 Nor lighter does the swallow skim
 Along the smooth lake's level brim:
 And when Lord Marmion reach'd his
 band,

He halts, and turn'd with clench'd hand,
 And shout of loud defiance pours,
 And shook his gauntlet at the towers.
 "Horse! horse!" the Douglas cried,
 "and chase!"

But soon he rein'd his fury's pace:

"A royal messenger he came,
 Though most unworthy of the name. —
 A letter forged! Saint Jude to speed!
 Did ever knight so foul a deed!

'At first in heart it liked me ill,
 When the King praised his clerkly
 skill.

Thanks to Saint Bothan, son of mine,
 Save Gawain, ne'er could pen a line.
 So swore I, and I swear it still,
 Let my boy-bishop fret his fill. —

Saint Mary mend my fiery mood!
 Old age ne'er cools the Douglas blood,
 I thought to slay him where he stood.
 'Tis pity of him too," he cried:
 "Bold can he speak, and fairly ride,
 I warrant him a warrior tried."
 With this his mandate he recalls,
 And slowly seeks his castle halls.

DEATH OF MARMION.

[*Marmion*, Canto vi.]

XXXII.

WITH fruitless labor, Clara bound,
 And strove to stanch the gushing
 wound;

The Monk, with unavailing cares,
 Exhausted all the Church's prayers.
 Ever, he said, that, close and near,
 A lady's voice was in his ear,
 And that, the priest he could not hear,

For that she ever sung,

"In the lost battle, borne down by the
 flying,
 Where mingles war's rattle with groans
 of the dying!"

So the notes rung: —

"Avoid thee, Fiend! — with cruel hand,
 Shake not the dying sinner's sand! —
 O, look, my son, upon yon sign
 Of the Redeemer's grace divine;

O, think on faith and bliss! —

By many a death-bed I have been,
 And many a sinner's parting seen,

But never aught like this." —

The war, that for a space did fail,
 Now trebly thundering swell'd the
 gale,

And — STANLEY! was the cry;

A light on Marmion's visage spread,

And fired his glazing eye;

With dying hand, above his head,

He shook the fragment of his blade,

And shouted "Victory! —

Charge, Chester, charge! On, Stanley,
 on!"

Were the last words of Marmion.

THE CHASE.

[*Lady of the Lake*, Canto i.]

v.

THE noble stag was pausing now,
 Upon the mountain's southern brow,
 Where broad extended, far beneath,
 The varied realms of fair Menteith.
 With anxious eye he wander'd o'er
 Mountain and meadow, moss and moor
 And ponder'd refuge from his toil,
 By far Lochard or Aberfoyle.
 But nearer was the copsewood gray,
 That waved and wept on Loch-Achray.
 And mingled with the pine-trees blue
 On the bold cliffs of Benvenue.
 Fresh vigor with the hope return'd,
 With flying foot the heath he spurn'd,
 Held westward with unwearied race,
 And left behind the panting chase.

VIII.

The Hunter mark'd that mountain high,
 The lone lake's western boundary,
 And deem'd the stag must turn to bay,
 Where that huge rampart barr'd the
 way.

Already glorying in the prize,
 Measured his antlers with his eyes;
 For the death-wound and death-halloo,
 Muster'd his breath, his whinyard drew;
 But thundering as he came prepared,
 With ready arm and weapon bared,
 The wily quarry shunn'd the shock,
 And turn'd him from the opposing
 rock;

Then, dashing down a darksome glen,
 Soon lost to hound and hunter's ken,
 In the deep Trosach's wildest nook
 His solitary refuge took.
 There, while close couch'd, the thicket
 shed

Cold dews and wild-flowers on his head,
 He heard the baffled dogs in vain
 Rave through the hollow pass amain,
 Chiding the rocks that yell'd again.

IX.

Close on the hounds the Hunter came,
 To cheer them on the vanish'd game;
 But, stumbling in the rugged dell,
 The gallant horse exhausted fell.

The impatient rider strove in vain
 To rouse him with the spur and rein,
 For the good steed, his labors o'er,
 Stretch'd his stiff limbs to rise no more;
 Then, touch'd with pity and remorse,
 He sorrow'd o'er the expiring horse.
 "I little thought, when first thy rein
 I slack'd upon the banks of Seine,
 That Highland eagle e'er should feed
 On thy fleet limbs, my matchless steed.
 Woe worth the chase, woe worth the
 day,
 That costs thy life, my gallant gray!"

X.

Then through the dell his horn resounds,
 From vain pursuit to call the hounds.
 Back limp'd, with slow and crippled
 pace,
 The sulky leaders of the chase;
 Close to their master's side they press'd,
 With drooping tail and humbled crest;
 But still the dingle's hollow throat
 Prolong'd the swelling bugle-note.
 The owlets started from their dream,
 The eagles answer'd with their scream,
 Round and around the sounds were
 cast,
 Till echo seem'd an answering blast;
 And on the Hunter hied his way,
 To join some comrades of the day;
 Yet often paused, so strange the road,
 So wondrous were the scenes it show'd.

XVII.

But scarce again his horn he wound,
 When lo! forth starting at the sound,
 From underneath an aged oak,
 That slanted from the islet rock,
 A damsel guider of its way,
 A little skiff shot to the bay,
 That round the promontory steep
 Led its deep line in graceful sweep,
 Eddying in almost viewless wave,
 The weeping willow-twigg to lave,
 And kiss, with whispering sound and
 slow,
 The beach of pebbles bright as snow.
 The boat had touch'd this silver strand,
 Just as the Hunter left his stand,
 And stood conceal'd amid the brake,

To view this Lady of the Lake.
 The maiden paused, as if again
 She thought to catch the distant strain.
 With head up-raised, and look intent,
 And eye and ear attentive bent,
 And locks flung back, and lips apart,
 Like monument of Grecian art,
 In listening mood, she seem'd to stand.
 The guardian Naiad of the strand.

XVIII.

And ne'er did Grecian chisel trace
 A Nymph, a Naiad, or a Grace,
 Of finer form, or lovelier face!
 What though the sun, with ardent frown,
 Had slightly tinged her cheek with
 brown,—
 The sportive toil, which, short and light,
 Had dyed her glowing hue so bright,
 Served too in hastier swell to show
 Short glimpses of a breast of snow:
 What though no rule of courtly grace
 To measured mood had train'd her
 pace,—
 A foot more light, a step more true,
 Ne'er from the heath-flower dash'd the
 dew;
 E'en the slight harebell raised its head,
 Elastic from her airy tread:
 What though upon her speech there
 hung
 The accents of the mountain tongue,—
 Those silver sounds, so soft, so dear,
 The listener held his breath to hear!

XIX.

A Chieftain's daughter seem'd the maid;
 Her satin snood,¹ her silken plaid,
 Her golden brooch, such birth betray'd.
 And seldom was a snood amid
 Such wild luxuriant ringlets hid,
 Whose glossy black to shame might
 bring
 The plumage of the raven's wing;
 And seldom o'er a breast so fair,
 Mantled a plaid with modest care,
 And never brooch the folds combined
 Above a heart more good and kind.
 Her kindness and her worth to spy,
 You need but gaze on Ellen's eye;

¹ *Snood*, the fillet worn round the hair of
 maidens.

Not Katrine, in her mirror blue,
 Gives back the shaggy banks more true,
 Than every free-born glance confess'd
 The guileless movements of her breast;
 Whether joy danced in her dark eye,
 Or woe or pity claim'd a sigh,
 Or filial love was glowing there,
 Or meek devotion pour'd a prayer,
 Or tale of injury call'd forth
 The indignant spirit of the North.
 One only passion unreveal'd,
 With maiden pride the maid conceal'd,
 Yet not less purely felt the flame; —
 O need I tell that passion's name!

BOAT SONG.

'Lady of the Lake, Canto ii.]

XIX.

HAIL to the Chief who in triumph ad-
 vances!
 Honor'd and bless'd be the ever-green
 Pine!
 Long may the tree, in his banner that
 glances,
 Flourish, the shelter and grace of our
 line!
 Heaven send it happy dew,
 Earth lend it sap anew,
 Gayly to bourgeon, and broadly to
 grow,
 While every Highland glen
 Sends our shout back agen,
 "Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho!
 ieroe!"

Ours is no sapling, chance-sown by the
 fountain,
 Blooming at Beltane, in winter to
 fade;
 When the whirlwind has stripp'd every
 leaf on the mountain,
 The more shall Clan-Alpine exult in
 her shade.
 Moor'd in the rifted rock,
 Proof to the tempest's shock,
 Firmer he roots him the ruder it blow;
 Menteith and Breadalbane, then,
 Echo his praise agen,
 "Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho!
 ieroe!"

XX.

Proudly our pibroch¹ has thrill'd in
 Glen Fruin,
 And Bannochar's groans to our slo-
 gan² replied;
 Glen Luss and Ross-dhu, they are smok-
 ing in ruin,
 And the best of Loch Lomond lie
 dead on her side.
 Widow and Saxon maid
 Long shall lament our raid,
 Think of Clan-Alpine with fear and
 with woe!
 Lennox and Leven-glen
 Shake when they hear agen,
 "Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho!
 ieroe!"

Row, vassals, row, for the pride of the
 Highlands!
 Stretch to your oars, for the ever-green
 Pine!
 O! that the rose-bud that graces yon
 islands,
 Were wreathed in a garland around
 him to twine!
 O that some seedling gem,
 Worthy such noble stem,
 Honor'd and bless'd in their shadow
 might grow!
 Loud should Clan-Alpine then
 Ring from the deepest glen,
 "Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho!
 ieroe!"

¹ Bagpipe air belonging to a clan.

² Slogan, a war-cry.

THE FIERY CROSS.

[Lady of the Lake, Canto iii.]

I.

TIME rolls his ceaseless course. The
 race of yore,
 Who danced our infancy upon their
 knee,
 And told our marvelling boyhood
 legends store,
 Of their strange ventures happ'd by
 land or sea,
 How are they blotted from the things
 that be!

How few, all weak, and wither'd of
 their force,
 Wait on the verge of dark eternity,
 Like stranded wrecks, the tide re-
 turning hoarse,
 To sweep them from our sight! Time
 rolls his ceaseless course.
 Yet live there still who can remember well,
 How, when a mountain chief his bu-
 gle blew,
 Both field and forest, dingle, cliff, and
 dell,
 And solitary heath, the signal knew;
 And fast the faithful clan around him
 drew,
 What time the warning note was
 keenly wound,
 What time aloft their kindred banner flew,
 While clam'rous warpipes yell'd the
 gathering sound,
 And while the Fiery Cross glanced like
 a meteor round.

VIII.

'Twas all prepared:—and from the
 rock,

A goat, the patriarch of the flock,
 Before the kindling pile was laid,
 And pierced by Roderick's ready blade.
 Patient the sickening victim eyed
 The life-blood ebb in crimson tide,
 Down his clogg'd beard and shaggy
 limb,

Till darkness glazed his eyeballs dim.
 The grisly priest, with murmuring
 prayer,

A slender crosslet form'd with care,
 A cubit's length in measure due;
 The shaft and limbs were rods of yew,
 Whose parents in Inch-Caillach wave
 Their shadows o'er Clan-Alpine's grave,
 And, answering Lomond's breezes deep,
 Sooth many a chieftain's endless sleep.
 The Cross, thus form'd, he held on high,
 With wasted hand, and haggard eye,
 And strange and mingled feelings woke,
 While his anathema he spoke.

IX.

"Woe to the clansman, who shall view
 This symbol of sepulchral yew,
 Forgetful that its branches grow

Where weep the heavens their holiest
 dew,

On Alpine's dwelling low!
 Deserter of his chieftain's trust,
 He ne'er shall mingle with their dust,
 But, from his sires and kindred thrust,
 Each clansman's execration just

Shall doom him wrath and woe!"
 He paused; the word the vassals took,
 With forward step and fiery look,
 On high their naked brands they shook,
 Their clattering targets wildly strook;

And first in murmur low,
 Then, like the billow in his course,
 That far to seaward finds his source,
 And flings to shore his muster'd force,
 Burst, with loud roar, their answer
 hoarse,

"Woe to the traitor, woe!"
 Ben-an's gray scalp the accents knew,
 The joyous wolf from covert drew,
 The exulting eagle scream'd afar,—
 They knew the voice of Alpine's war.

HYMN TO THE VIRGIN.

[*Lady of the Lake*, Canto iii.]

XXIX.

Ave Maria! maiden mild!

Listen to a maiden's prayer!
 Thou canst hear though from the wild,
 Thou canst save amid despair.
 Safe may we sleep beneath thy care,
 Though banish'd, outcast, and re-
 viled—

Maiden! hear a maiden's prayer;
 Mother, hear a suppliant child!

Ave Maria!

Ave Maria! undefiled!

The flinty couch we now must share
 Shall seem with down of eider piled,
 If thy protection hover there.
 The murky cavern's heavy air
 Shall breathe of balm if thou hast
 smiled;

Then, Maiden! hear a maiden's prayer;
 Mother, list a suppliant child!

Ave Maria!

Ave Maria! stainless styled!

Foul demons of the earth and air,
From this their wanton haunt exiled,
Shall flee before thy presence fair.
We bow us to our lot of care,
Beneath thy guidance reconciled;
Hear for a maid a maiden's prayer,
And for a father hear a child!

Ave Maria!

*FITZ-JAMES AND RODERICK
DHU.*

THE COMBAT.

[*Lady of the Lake*, Canto v.]

X.

FITZ-JAMES was brave : — Though to his
heart

The life-blood thrill'd with sudden start,
He mann'd himself with dauntless air,
Return'd the chief his haughty stare,
His back against a rock he bore,
And firmly placed his foot before : —

"Come one, come all! this rock shall fly
From its firm base as soon as I."

Sir Roderick mark'd — and in his eyes
Respect was mingled with surprise,
And the stern joy which warriors feel
In foemen worthy of their steel.

Short space he stood — then waved his
hand :

Down sunk the disappearing band;
Each warrior vanish'd where he stood,
In broom or bracken, heath or wood;
Sunk brand and spear and bended bow,
In osiers pale and copses low;
It seem'd as if their mother Earth
Had swallow'd up her warlike birth.
The wind's last breath had toss'd in air,
Pennon, and plaid, and plumage fair, —
The next but swept a lone hill-side,
Where heath and fern were waving wide
From spear and glaive, from targe and
jack, —

The next, all unreflected shone
On bracken green and cold gray stone.

XII.

The Chief in silence strode before,
And reach'd that torrent's sounding
shore,

Which, daughter of three mighty lakes,
From Vennachar in silver breaks,
Sweeps through the plain, and ceaseless
mines

On Bochastle the mouldering lines,
Where Rome, the Empress of the world,
Of yore her eagle wings unfurl'd.

And here his course the Chieftain staid,
Threw down his target and his plaid,
And to the Lowland warrior said : —
"Bold Saxon! to his promise just,
Vich-Alpine has discharged his trust.
This murderous Chief, this ruthless man,
This head of a rebellious clan,
Hath led thee safe through watch and
ward,

Far past Clan-Alpine's outmost guard.
Now, man to man, and steel to steel,
A chieftain's vengeance thou shalt feel.
See here, all vantageless I stand,
Arm'd, like thyself, with single brand :
For this is Coilantogle ford,
And thou must keep thee with thy
sword."

XIII.

The Saxon paused : — "I ne'er delay'd,
When foeman bade me draw my blade;
Nay, more, brave Chief, I vow'd thy
death :

Yet sure thy fair and generous faith,
And my deep debt for life preserved,
A better meed have well deserved :
Can nought but blood our feud atone?
Are there no means?" — "No, Stranger,
none!

And hear, — to fire thy flagging zeal, —
The Saxon cause rests on thy steel;
For thus spoke Fate, by prophet bred
Between the living and the dead :
'Who spills the foremost foeman's life,
His party conquers in the strife.' " —
"Then, by my word," the Saxon said,
"The riddle is already read.

Seek yonder brake beneath the cliff, —
There lies Red Murdoch, stark and stiff.
Thus Fate has solved her prophecy,
Then yield to Fate, and not to me.
To James, at Stirling, let us go,
When, if thou wilt be still his foe,
Or if the King shall not agree
To grant thee grace and favor free,
I plight mine honor, oath, and word,

That, to thy native strengths restored,
With each advantage shalt thou stand,
That aids thee now to guard thy land."

XV.

Ill fared it then with Roderick Dhu,
That on the field his targe he threw,
Whose brazen studs and tough bull-hide
Had death so often dash'd aside;
For, train'd abroad his arms to wield,
Fitz-James's blade was sword and shield.
He practised every pass and ward,
To thrust, to strike, to feint, to guard;
While less expert, though stronger far,
The Gael maintain'd unequal war.
Three times in closing strife they stood,
And thrice the Saxon's blade drank
blood;

No stinted draught, no scanty tide,
The gushing flood the tartans dyed.
Fierce Roderick felt the fatal drain,
And shower'd his blows like wintry rain;
And, as firm rock, or castle-roof,
Against the Winter shower is proof,
The foe, invulnerable still,
Foiled his wild rage by steady skill:
Till, at advantage ta'en, his brand
Forced Roderick's weapon from his
hand,

And backward borne upon the lea,
Brought the proud chieftain to his knee.

XVI.

"Now, yield thee, or by Him who made
The world, thy heart's blood dyes my
blade!"

"Thy threats, thy mercy, I defy!
Let recreant yield, who fears to die."
— Like adder darting from his coil,
Like wolf that dashes through the toil,
Like mountain-cat who guards her
young,

Full at Fitz-James's throat he sprung;
Received, but reck'd not of a wound,
And lock'd his arms his foeman round.—
Now, gallant Saxon, hold thine own!
No maiden's hand is round thee thrown!
That desperate grasp thy frame might
feel,

Through bars of brass and triple steel!—
They tug, they strain! down, down they
go,

The Gael above, Fitz-James below:
The Chieftain's gripe his throat com-
press'd,

His knee was planted on his breast;
His clotted locks he backward threw,
Across his brow his hand he drew,
From blood and mist to clear his sight,
Then gleam'd aloft his dagger bright!—
— But hate and fury ill supplied
The stream of life's exhausted tide,
And all too late the advantage came,
To turn the odds of deadly game;
For, while the dagger gleam'd on high,
Reel'd soul and sense, reel'd brain and
eye,

Down came the blow! but in the heath
The erring blade found bloodless sheath.
The struggling foe may now unclasp
The fainting Chief's relaxing grasp;
Unwounded from the dreadful close,
But breathless all, Fitz-James arose.

LAY OF THE IMPRISONED HUNTSMAN.

[*Lady of the Lake*, Canto vi.]

XXIV.

"My hawk is tired of perch and hood,
My idle greyhound loathes his food,
My horse is weary of his stall,
And I am sick of captive thrall.
I wish I were, as I have been,
Hunting the hart in forest green,
With bended bow and bloodhound free,
For that's the life is meet for me.
I hate to learn the ebb of time,
From yon dull steeple's drowsy chime,
Or mark it as the sunbeams crawl,
Inch after inch along the wall.
The lark was wont my matins ring,
The sable rook my vespers sing,
These towers, although a king's they be,
Have not a hall of joy for me.
No more at dawning morn I rise,
And sun myself in Ellen's eyes,
Drive the fleet deer the forest through,
And homeward wend with evening dew;
A blithesome welcome blithely meet,
And lay my trophies at her feet,
While fled the eve on wing of glee,—
That life is lost to love and me!"

THE BUCCANEER.

[From *Rokeby*, Canto i.]

[Bertram Risingham, the Buccaneer, brings the tidings of Marston Moor, and of his murder of Philip Morthan in the battle, to Oswald Wycliffe, his accomplice, then holding Barnard Castle for the Parliament.]

FAR town-ward sounds of distant tread,
And Oswald, starting from his bed,
Hath caught it, though no human ear,
Unsharpen'd by revenge and fear,
Could e'er distinguish horse's clank,
Until it reach'd the castle bank.
Now nigh and plain the sound appears,
The warder's challenge now he hears,
Then clanking chains and levers tell,
That o'er the moat the drawbridge fell,
And, in the castle court below,
Voices are heard, and torches glow,
As marshalling the stranger's way,
Straight to the room where Oswald lay;
The cry was,—“Tidings from the host,
Of weight—a messenger comes post.”
Stifling the tumult of his breast,
His answer Oswald thus express'd—
“Bring food and wine, and trim the
fire;
Admit the stranger, and retire.”

The stranger came with heavy stride;
The morion's plumes his visage hide,
And the buff-coat, an ample fold,
Mantles his form's gigantic mould.
Full slender answer deigned he
To Oswald's anxious courtesy;
But mark'd, by a disdainful smile,
He saw and scorn'd the petty wile,
When Oswald changed the torch's
place,
Anxious that on the soldier's face
Its partial lustre might be thrown,
To show his looks, yet hide his own.
His guest, the while, laid low aside
The ponderous cloak of tough bull's
hide,
And to the torch glanced broad and
clear
The corselet of a cuirassier;
Then from his brows the casque he
drew,
And from the dank plume dash'd the
dew,

From gloves of mail relieved his hands,
And spread them to the kindling brands,
And, turning to the genial board,
Without a health, or pledge, or word
Of meet and social reverence said,
Deeply he drank, and fiercely fed;
As free from ceremony's sway,
As famish'd wolf that tears his prey.

With deep impatience, tinged with fear,
His host beheld him gorge his cheer,
And quaff the full carouse, that lent
His brow a fiercer hardiment.
Now Oswald stood a space aside,
Now paced the room with hasty stride,
In feverish agony to learn
Tidings of deep and dread concern,
Cursing each moment that his guest
Protracted o'er his ruffian feast.
Yet, viewing with alarm, at last,
The end of that uncouth repast,
Almost he seem'd their haste to rue,
As, at his sign, his train withdrew,
And left him with the stranger, free
To question of his mystery.
Then did his silence long proclaim
A struggle between fear and shame.
Much in the stranger's mien appears,
To justify suspicious fears.
On his dark face a scorching clime,
And toil, had done the work of time,
Roughen'd the brow, the temples bared,
And sable hairs with silver shared,
Yet left—what age alone could tame—
The lip of pride, the eye of flame;
The full-drawn lip that upward curl'd,
The eye that seem'd to scorn the world.
That lip had terror never blench'd;
Ne'er in that eye had tear-drop quench'd
The flash severe of swarthy glow,
That mock'd at pain, and knew not woe.
Inured to danger's direst form,
Tornade and earthquake, flood and
storm,
Death had he seen by sudden blow,
By wasting plague, by tortures slow,
By mine or breach, by steel or ball,
Knew all his shapes, and scorn'd them all.

But yet, though Bertram's hardened look,
Unmoved, could blood and danger
brook,

Still worse than apathy had place
On his swart brow and callous face;
For evil passions, cherish'd long,
Had plough'd them with impressions
strong.

All that gives gloss to sin, all gay
Light folly, past with youth away,
But rooted stood, in manhood's hour,
The weeds of vice without their flower,
And yet the soil in which they grew,
Had it been tamed when life was new,
Had depth and vigor to bring forth
The harder fruits of virtuous worth.
Not that, e'en then, his heart had known
The gentler feelings' kindly tone;
But lavish waste had been refined
To bounty in his chaster'd mind,
And lust of gold, that waste to feed,
Been lost in love of glory's meed,
And, frantic then no more, his pride
Had ta'en fair virtue for its guide.
Even now, by conscience unrestrain'd,
Clogg'd by gross vice, by slaughter stain'd,
Still knew his daring soul to soar,
And mastery o'er the mind he bore;
For meaner guilt, or heart less hard,
Quail'd beneath Bertram's bold regard.
And this felt Oswald, while in vain
He strove, by many a winding train,
To lure his sullen guest to show,
Unask'd, the news he long'd to know,
While on far other subjects hung
His heart, than falter'd from his tongue.
Yet nought for that his guest did deign
To note or spare his secret pain,
But still, in stern and stubborn sort,
Return'd him answer dark and short,
Or started from the theme, to range
In loose digression wild and strange,
And forced the embarrass'd host to buy,
By query close, direct reply.

THE OUTLAW.

[From *Rokeby*, Canto iii.]

O BRIGNALL banks are wild and fair,
And Greta woods are green,
And you may gather garlands there
Would grace a summer-queen.
And as I rode by Dalton-Hall
Beneath the turrets high,

A Maiden on the castle-wall
Was singing merrily:
"O Brignall banks are fresh and fair,
And Greta woods are green;
I'd rather rove with Edmund there
Than reign our English queen."

"If, Maiden, thou would'st wend with
me,
To leave both tower and town,
Thou first must guess what life lead we
That dwell by dale and down.
And if thou canst that riddle read,
As read full well you may,
Then to the greenwood shalt thou speed
As blithe as Queen of May."
Yet sung she "Brignall banks are fair,
And Greta woods are green;
I'd rather rove with Edmund there
Than reign our English queen."

"I read you by your bugle-horn
And by your palfrey good,
I read you for a ranger sworn
To keep the king's greenwood."
"A Ranger, lady, winds his horn,
And 'tis at peep of light;
His blast is heard at merry morn,
And mine at dead of night."
Yet sung she "Brignall banks are fair,
And Greta woods are gay;
I would I were with Edmund there
To reign his Queen of May!"

"With burnish'd brand and musketoon
So gallantly you come,
I read you for a bold Dragoon
That lists the tuck of drum."
"I list no more the tuck of drum,
No more the trumpet hear;
But when the beetle sounds his hum
My comrades take the spear.
And O! though Brignall banks be fair
And Greta woods be gay,
Yet mickle must the maiden dare
Would reign my Queen of May!"

"Maiden! a nameless life I lead,
A nameless death I'll die!
The fiend whose lantern lights the mead
Were better mate than I!
And when I'm with my comrades met,

Beneath the greenwood bough
What once we were we all forget,
Nor think what we are now."

Chorus.

Yet Brignall banks are fresh and fair,
And Greta woods are green,
And you may gather garlands there
Would grace a summer-queen.

LAKE CORISKIN.

[From *The Lord of the Isles*, Canto iii.]

A WHILE their route they silent made,
As men who stalk for mountain-deer,
Till the good Bruce to Ronald said, —

"Saint Mary! what a scene is here!
I've traversed many a mountain-strand,
Abroad and in my native land,
And it has been my lot to tread
Where safety more than pleasure led;
Thus, many a waste I've wandered o'er,
Clombe many a crag, cross'd many a
moor,

But, by my halidome,
A scene so rude, so wild as this,
Yet so sublime in barrenness,
Ne'er did my wandering footsteps press,
Where'er I happ'd to roam."

No marvel thus the Monarch spake;

For rarely human eye has known
A scene so stern as that dread lake,
With its dark ledge of barren stone.

Seems that primeval earthquake's sway
Hath rent a strange and shatter'd way

Through the rude bosom of the hill,
And that each naked precipice,
Sable ravine, and dark abyss,

Tells of the outrage still.

The wildest glen, but this, can show
Some touch of Nature's genial glow;
On high Benmore green mosses grow,
And heath-bells bud in deep Glencroe,

And copse on Cruchan-Ben;
But here, — above, around, below,

On mountain or in glen,
Nor tree, nor shrub, nor plant, nor flower,
Nor aught of vegetative power,

The weary eye may ken.

For all is rocks at random thrown,
Black waves, bare crags, and banks of
stone,

As if were here denied
The summer sun, the spring's sweet dew,
That clothe with many a varied hue
The bleakest mountain-side.

And wilder, forward as they wound,
Were the proud cliffs and lake profound.
Huge terraces of granite black
Afforded rude and cumber'd track;

For from the mountain hoar,
Hurl'd headlong in some night of fear,
When yell'd the wolf, and fled the deer,
Loose crags had toppled o'er;
And some, chance-poised and balanced,
lay

So that a stripling arm might sway
A mass no host could raise,
In Nature's rage at random thrown,
Yet trembling like the Druid's stone

On its precarious base.
The evening mists, with ceaseless
change,

Now clothed the mountains' lofty range,

Now left their foreheads bare,
And round the skirts their mantle furl'd,
Or on the sable waters curl'd,
Or on the eddying breezes whirl'd,

Dispersed in middle air.
And oft, condensed, at once they lower,
When, brief and fierce, the mountain
shower

Pours like a torrent down,
And when return the sun's glad beams,
Whiten'd with foam a thousand streams
Leap from the mountain's crown.

"This lake," said Bruce, "whose bar-
riers drear

Are precipices sharp and sheer,
Yielding no track for goat or deer,

Save the black shelves we tread,
How term you its dark waves? and how
Yon northern mountain's pathless brow,

And yonder peak of dread,
That to the evening sun uplifts
The grisly gulfs and slaty rifts,

Which seam its shiver'd head?" —

"Coriskin call the dark lake's name,
Coolin the ridge, as bards proclaim,

From old Cuchullin, chief of fame.
But bards, familiar in our isles
Rather with Nature's frowns than smiles,
Full oft their careless humors please
By sportive names from scenes like
these.

I would old Torquil were to show
His maidens with their breasts of snow,
Or that my noble Liege were nigh
To hear his Nurse sing lullaby!

(The Maids — tall cliffs with breakers
white,

The Nurse — a torrent's roaring might,)
Or that your eye could see the mood
Of Corryvreckin's whirlpool rude,
When dons the Hag her whiten'd
hood —

'Tis thus our islesmen's fancy frames,
For scenes so stern, fantastic names."

THE BATTLE OF BANNOCK- BURN.

[*Lord of the Isles*, Canto vi.]

X.

THE King had deem'd the maiden
bright

Should reach him long before the fight,
But storms and fate her course delay:
It was on eve of battle-day:

When o'er the Gillie's hill she rode,
The landscape like a furnace glow'd,
And far as e'er the eye was borne,
The lances waved like autumn-corn.
In battles four beneath their eye,
The forces of King Robert lie.

And one below the hill was laid,
Reserved for rescue and for aid;
And three, advanced, form'd vaward-
line,

'Twixt Bannock's brook and Ninian's
shrine.

Detach'd was each, yet each so nigh
As well might mutual aid supply.
Beyond, the Southern host appears,
A boundless wilderness of spears,
Whose verge or rear the anxious eye
Strove far, but strove in vain, to spy.
Thick flashing in the evening beam,
Glaives, lances, bills, and banners
gleam;

And where the heaven join'd with the
hill,

Was distant armor flashing still,
So wide, so far, the boundless host
Seem'd in the blue horizon lost.

XI.

Down from the hill the maiden pass'd,
At the wild show of war aghast;
And traversed first the rearward host,
Reserved for aid where needed most.
The men of Carrick and of Ayr,
Lennox and Lanark, too, were there,
And all the western land;
With these the valiant of the Isles
Beneath their chieftains rank'd their
files,

In many a plaided band.
There, in the centre, proudly raised,
The Bruce's royal standard blazed,
And there Lord Ronald's banner bore
A galley driven by sail and oar.
A wild, yet pleasing contrast, made
Warriors in mail and plate array'd,
With the plumed bonnet and the plaid
By these Hebrideans worn;
But O! unseen for three long years,
Dear was the garb of mountaineers
To the fair Maid of Lorn!
For one she look'd — but he was far
Busied amid the ranks of war —
Yet with affection's troubled eye
She mark'd his banner boldly fly,
Gave on the countless foe a glance,
And thought on battle's desperate
chance.

XIV.

O gay, yet fearful to behold,
Flashing with steel and rough with gold,
And bristled o'er with bills and spears,
With plumes and pennons waving fair,
Was that bright battle-front! for there
Rode England's King and peers:
And who, that saw that monarch ride,
His kingdom battled by his side,
Could then his direful doom foretell! —
Fair was his seat in knightly selle,
And in his sprightly eye was set
Some spark of the Plantagenet.
Though light and wandering was his
glance,

It flash'd at sight of shield and lance.
 "Know'st thou," he said, "De Argentine,

Yon knight who marshals thus their line?" —

"The tokens on his helmet tell
 The Bruce, my Liege: I know him well." —

"And shall the audacious traitor brave
 The presence where our banners wave?" —

"So please my liege," said Argentine,
 "Were he but horsed on steed like mine,

To give him fair and knightly chance,
 I would adventure forth my lance." —

"In battle-day," the King replied,
 "Nice tourney rules are set aside.

— Still must the rebel dare our wrath?
 Set on him — sweep him from our path!" —

And, at King Edward's signal, soon
 Dash'd from the ranks Sir Henry Boune.

XV.

Of Hereford's high blood he came,
 A race renown'd for knightly fame.
 He burn'd before his Monarch's eye
 To do some deed of chivalry.
 He spurr'd his steed, he couch'd his lance,

And darted on the Bruce at once.
 — As motionless as rocks, that bide
 The wrath of the advancing tide,
 The Bruce stood fast. — Each breast
 beat high,

And dazzled was each gazing eye —
 The heart had hardly time to think,
 The eyelid scarce had time to wink,
 While on the King, like flash of flame,
 Spurr'd to full speed the war-horse
 came!

The partridge may the falcon mock,
 If that slight palfrey stand the shock —
 But, swerving from the knight's career,
 Just as they met, Bruce shunn'd the
 spear,

Onward the baffled warrior bore
 His course — but soon his course was
 o'er! —

High in his stirrups stood the King,

And gave his battle-axe the swing.
 Right on De Boune, the whiles he
 pass'd,

Fell that stern dint — the first — the
 last! —

Such strength upon the blow was put,
 The helmet crash'd like hazel-nut;
 The axe-shaft, with its brazen clasp,
 Was shiver'd to the gauntlet grasp.
 Springs from the blow the startled horse,
 Drops to the plain the lifeless corse;
 — First of that fatal field, how soon,
 How sudden, fell the fierce De Boune!

XXI.

Now onward, and in open view,
 The countless ranks of England drew,
 Dark rolling like the ocean-tide,
 When the rough west hath chafed his
 pride,

And his deep roar sends challenge wide
 To all that bars his way!

In front the gallant archers trode,
 The men-at-arms behind them rode,
 And midmost of the phalanx broad
 The Monarch held his sway.

Beside him many a war-horse fumes,
 Around him waves a sea of plumes,
 Where many a knight in battle known,
 And some who spurs had first braced
 on,

And deem'd that fight should see them
 won,

King Edward's hests obey.
 De Argentine attends his side,
 With stout De Valence, Pembroke's
 pride,

Selected champions from the train,
 To wait upon his bridle-rein.

Upon the Scottish foe he gazed —
 — At once, before his sight amazed,
 Sunk banner, spear, and shield;

Each weapon-point is downward sent,
 Each warrior to the ground is bent.
 "The rebels, Argentine, repent!

For pardon they have kneel'd." —
 "Aye! — but they bend to other
 powers,

And other pardon sue than ours!
 See where yon bare-foot Abbot stands,
 And blesses them with lifted hands:

Upon the spot where they have kneel'd,
These men will die or win the field." —
— "Then prove we if they die or win!
Bid Gloster's Earl the fight begin."

XXIII.

Then spurs were dash'd in chargers'
flanks,

They rush'd among the archer ranks,
No spears were there the shock to let,
No stakes to turn the charge was set,
And how shall yeoman's armor slight,
Stand the long lance and mace of
might?

Or what may their short swords avail,
'Gainst barbed horse and shirt of mail?
Amid their ranks the chargers sprung,
High o'er their heads the weapons
swung,

And shriek and groan and vengeful
shout

Give note of triumph and of rout!
Awhile, with stubborn hardihood,
Their English hearts the strife made
good.

Borne down at length on every side,
Compell'd to flight, they scatter wide. —
Let stags of Sherwood leap for glee,
And bound the deer of Dallom-Lee!
The broken bows of Bannock's shore
Shall in the greenwood ring no more!
Round Wakefield's merry May-pole

now,

The maids may twine the summer
bough,

May northward look with longing
glance,

For those that wont to lead the dance,
For the blithe archers look in vain!
Broken, dispersed, in flight o'erta'en,
Pierced through, trode down, by thou-
sands slain,

They cumber Bannock's bloody plain.

XXVI.

Unflinching foot 'gainst foot was set,
Unceasing blow by blow was met;

The groans of those who fell
Were drown'd amid the shriller clang
That from the blades and harness rang,
And in the battle-yell.

Yet fast they fell, unheard, forgot,

Both Southern fierce and hardy Scot;
And O! amid that waste of life,
What various motives fired the strife!
The aspiring Noble bled for fame,
The Patriot for his country's claim;
This Knight his youthful strength to
prove,

And that to win his lady's love;
Some fought from ruffian thirst of
blood,

From habit some, or hardihood.

But ruffian stern, and soldier good,

The noble and the slave,
From various cause the same wild road,
On the same bloody morning, trode,
To that dark inn, the grave!

XXVIII.

Bruce, with the pilot's wary eye,
The slackening of the storm could spy.

"One effort more, and Scotland's free!

Lord of the Isles, my trust in thee

Is firm as Ailsa Rock;

Rush on with Highland sword and
targe,

I with my Carrick spearmen charge;
Now, forward to the shock!"

At once the spears were forward
thrown,

Against the sun the broadswords
shone;

The pibroch lent its maddening tone,
And loud King Robert's voice was
known —

"Carrick, press on — they fail, they
fail!

Press on, brave sons of Innisgail,

The foe is fainting fast!

Each strike for parent, child, and
wife,

For Scotland, liberty, and life, —
The battle cannot last!"

XXXI.

Already scatter'd o'er the plain,
Reproof, command, and counsel vain,
The rearward squadrons fled amain,

Or made but doubtful stay;

But when they mark'd the seeming
show

Of fresh and fierce and marshall'd foe,
The boldest broke array.

O give their hapless prince his due !
In vain the royal Edward threw

His person 'mid the spears,
Cried, "Fight!" to terror and despair,
Menaced, and wept, and tore his hair,

And cursed their caitiff fears;
Till Pembroke turn'd his bridle rein,
And forced him from the fatal plain
With them rode Argentine, until
They gain'd the summit of the hill,

But quitted there the train : —

"In yonder field a gage I left, —

I must not live of fame bereft;

I needs must turn again.

Speed hence, my Liege, for on your
trace

The fiery Douglas takes the chase,

I know his banner well.

God send my Sovereign joy and bliss,
And many a happier field than this! —

Once more, my Liege, farewell."

HUNTING SONG.

WAKEN, lords and ladies gay,
On the mountain dawns the day,
All the jolly chase is here,
With hawk, and horse, and hunting-
spear!

Hounds are in their couples yelling,
Hawks are whistling, horns are knell-
ing,

Merrily, merrily, mingle they,
"Waken, lords and ladies gay."

Waken, lords and ladies gay,
The mist has left the mountain gray,
Sprinklets in the dawn are steaming,
Diamonds on the brake are gleaming:
And foresters have busy been,
To track the buck in thickets green;
Now we come to chant our lay,
"Waken, lords and ladies gay."

Waken, lords and ladies gay,
To the green-wood haste away;
We can show you where he lies,
Fleet of foot, and tall of size;
We can show the marks he made,
When, 'gainst the oak his antlers fray'd;

You shall see him brought to bay,
"Waken, lords and ladies gay."

Louder, louder chant the lay,
Waken, lords and ladies gay!
Tell them youth, and mirth, and glee,
Run a course as well as we;
Time, stern huntsman! who can baulk,
Staunch as hound, and fleet as hawk:
Think of this, and rise with day,
Gentle lords and ladies gay.

THE PALMER.

"O OPEN the door, some pity to show,
Keen blows the northern wind!
The glen is white with the drifted snow,
And the path is hard to find.

"No outlaw seeks your castle gate,
From chasing the King's deer,
Though even an outlaw's wretched
state
Might claim compassion here.

"A weary Palmer, worn and weak,
I wander for my sin;
O open, for Our Lady's sake!
A pilgrim's blessing win!

"I'll give you pardons from the Pope,
And reliques from o'er the sea; —
Or if for these you will not ope,
Yet ope for charity.

"The hare is crouching in her form,
The hart beside the hind;
An aged man, amid the storm,
No shelter can I find.

"You hear the Ettrick's sullen roar,
Dark, deep, and strong is he,
And I must ford the Ettrick o'er,
Unless you pity me.

"The iron gate is bolted hard,
At which I knock in vain;
The owner's heart is closer barr'd,
Who hears me thus complain.

"Farewell, farewell! and Mary grant,
When old and frail you be,
You never may the shelter want,
That's now denied to me."

The Ranger on his couch lay warm,
And heard him plead in vain;
But oft amid December's storm,
He'll hear that voice again:

For low, when through the vapors dank,
Morn shone on Ettrick fair,
A corpse amid the alders rank,
The Palmer welter'd there.

THE MAID OF NEIDPATH.

[There is a tradition in Tweeddale, that, when Neidpath Castle, near Peebles, was inhabited by the Earls of March, a mutual passion subsisted between a daughter of that noble family, and a son of the Laird of Tushielaw, in Ettrick Forest. As the alliance was thought unsuitable by her parents, the young man went abroad. During his absence, the lady fell into a consumption; and at length, as the only means of saving her life, her father consented that her lover should be recalled. On the day when he was expected to pass through Peebles, on the road to Tushielaw, the young lady, though much exhausted, caused herself to be carried to the balcony of a house in Peebles, belonging to the family, that she might see him as he rode past. Her anxiety and eagerness gave such force to her organs, that she is said to have distinguished his horse's footsteps at an incredible distance. But Tushielaw, unprepared for the change in her appearance, and not expecting to see her in that place, rode on without recognizing her, or even slackening his pace. The lady was unable to support the shock; and, after a short struggle, died in the arms of her attendants. There is an incident similar to this traditional tale in Count Hamilton's "*Fleur d'Epine*."]]

O LOVERS' eyes are sharp to see,
And lovers' ears in hearing;
And love, in life's extremity,
Can lend an hour of cheering.
Disease had been in Mary's bower,
And slow decay from mourning,
Though now she sits on Neidpath's
tower,
To watch her love's returning.

All sunk and dim her eyes so bright,
Her form decay'd by pining,
Till through her wasted hand, at night,
You saw the taper shining;
By fits, a sultry hectic hue
Across her cheek was flying;
By fits, so ashly pale she grew,
Her maidens thought her dying.

Yet keenest powers to see and hear,
Seem'd in her frame residing;
Before the watch-dog prick'd his ear,
She heard her lover's riding;
Ere scarce a distant form was kenn'd,
She knew, and waved to greet him;
And o'er the battlement did bend,
As on the wing to meet him.

He came — he pass'd — a heedless gaze,
As o'er some stranger glancing;
Her welcome, spoke in faltering phrase,
Lost in his courser's prancing —
The castle arch, whose hollow tone
Returns each whisper spoken,
Could scarcely catch the feeble moan,
Which told her heart was broken.

REBECCA'S HYMN.

[From *Ivanhoe*.]

WHEN Israel, of the Lord beloved,
Out from the land of bondage came,
Her fathers' God before her moved,
An awful guide in smoke and flame.
By day, along the astonish'd lands
The clouded pillar glided slow;
By night Arabia's crimson'd sands
Return'd the fiery column's glow.

There rose the choral hymn of praise,
And trump and timbrel answer'd keen,
And Zion's daughters pour'd their lays,
With priest's and warrior's voice between.

No portents now our foes amaze,
Forsaken Israel wanders lone:
Our fathers would not know THY ways,
And THOU hast left them to their
own.

But present still, though now unseen !
 When brightly shines the prosperous
 day,
 Be thoughts of THEE a cloudy screen
 To temper the deceitful ray.
 And oh, when stoops on Judah's path
 In shade and storm the frequent
 night,
 Be THOU, long-suffering, slow to wrath,
 A burning and a shining light !

Our harps we left by Babel's streams,
 The tyrant's jest, the Gentile's scorn ;
 No censer round our altar beams,
 And mute are timbrel, harp, and
 horn.
 But THOU hast said, The blood of goat,
 The flesh of rams, I will not prize ;
 A contrite heart, a humble thought,
 Are mine accepted sacrifice.

SONG.—SOLDIER, WAKE.

[From *The Betrothed*.]

SOLDIER, wake — the day is peeping,
 Honor ne'er was won in sleeping,
 Never when the sunbeams still
 Lay unreflected on the hill :
 'Tis when they are glinted back
 From axe and armor, spear and jack,
 That they promise future story
 Many a page of deathless glory.
 Shields that are the foeman's terror,
 'E'er are the morning's mirror.

Arm and up — the morning beam
 Hath call'd the rustic to his team,
 Hath call'd the falc'ner to the lake,
 Hath call'd the huntsman to the break ;
 The early student ponders o'er
 His dusty tomes of ancient lore.
 Soldier, wake — thy harvest, fame ;
 Thy study, conquest ; war, thy game.
 Shield, that would be foeman's terror,
 Still should gleam the morning's mirror.

Poor hire repays the rustic's pain ;
 More paltry still the sportsman's gain ;
 Vainest of all, the student's theme

Ends in some metaphysic dream :
 Yet each is up, and each has toil'd
 Since first the peep of dawn has smiled ;
 And each is eagerer in his aim
 Than he who barters life for fame.
 Up, up, and arm thee, son of terror !
 Be thy bright shield the morning's
 mirror.

FAREWELL TO MACKENZIE.

HIGH CHIEF OF KINTAIL.

[From the *Gaelic*.]

[The original verses are arranged to a beautiful Gaelic air, of which the chorus is adapted to the double pull upon the oars of a galley, and which is therefore distinct from the ordinary jorrams, or boat-songs. They were composed by the Family Bard upon the departure of the Earl of Seaforth, who was obliged to take refuge in Spain, after an unsuccessful effort at insurrection in favor of the Stuart family, in the year 1718.]

FAREWELL to Mackenneth, great Earl
 of the North,
 The Lord of Lochcarron, Glenshiel,
 and Seaforth ;
 To the Chieftain this morning his course
 who began,
 Launching forth on the billows his bark
 like a swan.
 For a far foreign land he has hoisted
 his sail :
 Farewell to Mackenzie, High Chief of
 Kintail !

O swift be the galley, and hardy her
 crew,
 May her captain be skilful, her mari-
 ners true,
 In danger undaunted, unwearied by
 toil,
 Though the whirlwind should rise, and
 the ocean should boil :
 On the brave vessel's gunnel I drank
 his bonail,¹
 And farewell to Mackenzie, High Chief
 of Kintail !

¹ *Bonail*, or *Bonailies*, the old Scottish phrase for a feast at parting with a friend.

Awake in thy chamber, thou sweet
southland gale!
Like the sighs of his people, breathe
soft on his sail:
Be prolong'd as regret, that his vassals
must know,
Be fair as their faith, and sincere as
their woe:
Be so soft, and so fair, and so faithful,
sweet gale,
Wafting onward Mackenzie, High Chief
of Kintail!

Be his pilot experienced, and trusty,
and wise,
To measure the seas and to study the
skies:
May he hoist all his canvas from streamer
to deck,
But O! crowd it higher when wafting
him back—
Till the cliffs of Skooroora, and Conan's
glad vale,
Shall welcome Mackenzie, High Chief
of Kintail!

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

1772-1834.

[SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE was born at Ottery Saint Mary in the year 1772, was educated at Christ's Hospital and Jesus College, Cambridge, and died in 1834, at Highgate, in the house of Mr. Gillman, under whose friendly care he had passed the last eighteen years of his life, during which years he wrote but little. His first volume of poems was published at Bristol in 1796, and in 1798, Wordsworth's famous volume of *Lyrical Ballads*, to which Coleridge contributed *The Ancient Mariner*, together with some other pieces. *Christabel*, after lying long in manuscript, was printed in 1816, three editions of it appearing in one year; and in the next year Coleridge published a collection of his chief poems, under the title of *Sibylline Leaves*, "in allusion," as he says, "to the fragmentary and wildly-scattered state in which they had been long suffered to remain." A desultory writer both in prose and verse, he published the first really collective edition of his *Poetical and Dramatic Works* in the year 1828, in three volumes arranged by himself; a third and more complete issue of which, arranged by another hand, appeared in 1834, the year of his death. The latest reprint, with notes and an excellent memoir, and some poems not included in any earlier collection, is founded on that final edition of 1834.]

DEAD CALM IN THE TROPICS.

[*The Ancient Mariner.*]

THE fair breeze blew, the white foam
flew,
The furrow followed free;
We were the first that ever burst
Into that silent sea.

Down dropt the breeze, the sails dropt
down,
'Twas sad as sad could be;
And we did speak only to break
The silence of the sea!

All in a hot and copper sky,
The bloody Sun, at noon,

Right up above the mast did stand,
No bigger than the Moon.

Day after day, day after day,
We stuck, nor breath nor motion;
As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean.

Water, water, everywhere,
And all the boards did shrink;
Water, water, everywhere,
Nor any drop to drink.

The very deep did rot: O Christ!
That ever this should be!
Yea, slimy things did crawl with legs
Upon the slimy sea.

*THE ANCIENT MARINER AMONG
THE DEAD BODIES OF THE
SAILORS.*

ALONE, alone, all, all alone,
Alone on the wide wide sea!
And never a saint took pity on
My soul in agony.

The many men, so beautiful!
And they all dead did lie:
And a thousand thousand slimy things
Lived on; and so did I.

I looked upon the rotting sea,
And drew my eyes away;
I looked upon the rotting deck,
And there the dead men lay.

I looked to heaven, and tried to pray;
But or ever a prayer had gusht,
A wicked whisper came, and made
My heart as dry as dust.

I closed my eyes and kept them close,
And the balls like pulses beat;
For the sky and the sea, and the sea and
the sky,
Lay like a load on my weary eye,
And the dead were at my feet.

The cold sweat melted from their limbs,
Nor rot nor reck did they:
The look with which they looked on me
Had never passed away.

An orphan's curse would drag to hell
A spirit from on high;
But oh! more horrible than that
Is the curse in a dead man's eye!
Seven days, seven nights, I saw that
curse,
And yet I could not die.

*THE ANCIENT MARINER FINDS
A VOICE TO BLESS AND PRAY.*

BEYOND the shadow of the ship,
I watched the water-snakes:
They moved in tracks of shining white,
And when they reared, the elfish light
Fell off in hoary flakes.

Within the shadow of the ship
I watched their rich attire:
Blue, glossy green, and velvet black,
They coiled and swam; and every track
Was a flash of golden fire.

O happy living things! no tongue
Their beauty might declare:
A spring of love gushed from my heart,
And I blessed them unaware:
Sure my kind saint took pity on me,
And I blessed them unaware.

The selfsame moment I could pray;
And from my neck so free
The Albatross fell off, and sank
Like lead into the sea.

THE BREEZE AFTER THE CALM.

OH sleep! it is a gentle thing,
Beloved from pole to pole!
To Mary Queen the praise be given!
She sent the gentle sleep from Heaven,
That slid into my soul.

The silly buckets on the deck,
That had so long remained,
I dreamt that they were filled with dew;
And when I woke, it rained.

My lips were wet, my throat was cold,
My garments all were dank;
Sure I had drunken in my dreams,
And still my body drank.

I moved, and could not feel my limbs:
I was so light — almost
I thought that I had died in sleep,
And was a blessed ghost.

And soon I heard a roaring wind:
It did not come anear;
But with its sound it shook the sails,
That were so thin and sere.

The upper air burst into life!
And a hundred fire-flags sheen,
To and fro they were hurried about!
And to and fro, and in and out,
The wan stars danced between,

And the coming wind did roar more loud,
 And the sails did sigh like sedge;
 And the rain poured down from one
 black cloud;
 The Moon was at its edge.

The thick black cloud was cleft, and still
 The Moon was at its side:
 Like waters shot from some high crag,
 The lightning fell with never a jag,
 A river steep and wide.

THE BEST PRAYER.

He prayeth best, who loveth best
 All things both great and small;
 For the dear God who loveth us,
 He made and loveth all.

FIRST PART OF CHRISTABEL.

'Tis the middle of night by the castle
 clock,
 And the owls have awaken'd the crow-
 ing cock,
 Tu-whit! — Tu-whoo!
 And hark, again! the crowing cock,
 How drowsily it crew.

Sir Leoline, the Baron rich,
 Hath a toothless mastiff bitch;
 From her kennel beneath the rock
 She maketh answer to the clock,
 Four for the quarters, and twelve for
 the hour;
 Ever and aye, by shine and shower,
 Sixteen short howls, not over loud;
 Some say, she sees my lady's shroud.

Is the night chilly and dark?
 The night is chilly, but not dark.
 The thin gray cloud is spread on high,
 It covers but not hides the sky.
 The moon is behind, and at the full;
 And yet she looks both small and dull.
 The night is chill, the cloud is gray:
 'Tis a month before the month of May,
 And the Spring comes slowly up this
 way.

The lovely lady, Christabel,
 Whom her father loves so well,
 What makes her in the wood so late,
 A furlong from the castle gate?
 She had dreams all yesternight
 Of her own betrothed knight;
 Dreams that made her moan and leap
 As on her bed she lay in sleep;
 And she in the midnight wood will pray
 For the weal of her lover that's far
 away.

She stole along, she nothing spoke,
 The sighs she heaved were soft and
 low,
 And naught was green upon the oak
 But moss and rarest mistletoe:
 She kneels beneath the huge oak tree,
 And in silence prayeth she.

The lady sprang up suddenly,
 The lovely lady, Christabel!
 It moaned as near as near can be,
 But what it is she cannot tell. —
 On the other side it seems to be
 Of the huge, broad-breasted, old oak
 tree.

The night is chill; the forest bare;
 Is it the wind that moaneth bleak?
 There is not wind enough in the air
 To move away the ringlet curl
 From the lovely lady's cheek —
 There is not wind enough to twirl
 The one red leaf, the last of its clan,
 That dances as often as dance it can,
 Hanging so light, and hanging so high,
 On the topmost twig that looks up at
 the sky.

Hush, beating heart of Christabel!
 Jesu Maria, shield her well!
 She folded her arms beneath her cloak,
 And stole to the other side of the oak.
 What sees she there?

There she sees a damsel bright,
 Drest in a silken robe of white,
 That shadowy in the moonlight shone:
 The neck that made that white robe
 wan,
 Her stately neck and arms were bare;

Her blue-vein'd feet unsandal'd were,
And wildly glitter'd here and there
The gems entangled in her hair.
I guess, 'twas frightful there to see
A lady so richly clad as she —
Beautiful exceedingly!

"Mary mother, save me now!"
(Said Christabel,) "And who art
thou?"

The lady strange made answer meet,
And her voice was faint and sweet: —
"Have pity on my sore distress,
I scarce can speak for weariness:
Stretch forth thy hand, and have no
fear!"

Said Christabel, "How camest thou
here?"

And the lady, whose voice was faint
and sweet,

Did thus pursue her answer meet: —
"My sire is of a noble line,
And my name is Geraldine:
Five warriors seized me yesternorn,
Me, even me, a maid forlorn:
They choked my cries with force and
fright,

And tied me on a palfrey white.
The palfrey was as fleet as wind,
And they rode furiously behind.
They spurred amain, their steeds were
white:

And once we cross'd the shade of night.
As sure as Heaven shall rescue me,
I have no thought what men they be;
Nor do I know how long it is
(For I have lain entranced I wis)
Since one, the tallest of the five,
Took me from the palfrey's back,
A weary woman, scarce alive.

Some mutter'd words his comrades
spoke:

He placed me underneath this oak;
He swore they would return with haste;
Whither they went I cannot tell —
I thought I heard, some minutes past,
Sounds as of a castle bell.
Stretch forth thy hand" (thus ended
she),

"And help a wretched maid to flee."

Then Christabel stretch'd forth her hand
And comforted fair Geraldine:

"O well, bright dame! may you com-
mand

The service of Sir Leoline;
And gladly our stout chivalry
Will he send forth and friends withal
To guide and guard you safe and free
Home to your noble father's hall."

She rose: and forth with steps they
pass'd

That strove to be, and were not, fast.
Her gracious stars the lady blest,
And thus spake on sweet Christabel:
"All our household are at rest,
The hall as silent as the cell;
Sir Leoline is weak in health,
And may not well awaken'd be,
But we will move as if in stealth,
And I beseech your courtesy,
This night, to share your couch with
me."

They cross'd the moat, and Christabel
Took the key that fitted well;
A little door she open'd straight,
All in the middle of the gate;
The gate that was iron'd within and
without,

Where an army in battle array had
march'd out.

The lady sank, belike through pain,
And Christabel with might and main
Lifted her up, a weary weight,
Over the threshold of the gate:
Then the lady rose again,
And moved, as she were not in pain.

So free from danger, free from fear,
They cross'd the court: right glad they
were.

And Christabel devoutly cried
To the lady by her side:
"Praise we the Virgin all divine
Who hath rescued thee from thy dis-
tress!"

"Alas, alas!" said Geraldine,
"I cannot speak for weariness."
So free from danger, free from fear,
They crossed the court: right glad
they were.

Outside her kennel the mastiff old
Lay fast asleep, in moonshine cold.
The mastiff old did not awake,
Yet she an angry moan did make!
And what can ail the mastiff bitch?
Never till now she utter'd yell
Beneath the eye of Christabel.
Perhaps it is the owl's scritch:
For what can ail the mastiff bitch?

They pass'd the hall, that echoes still,
Pass as lightly as you will!
The brands were flat, the brands were
dying,
Amid their own white ashes lying;
But when the lady pass'd, there came
A tongue of light, a fit of flame;
And Christabel saw the lady's eye,
And nothing else saw she thereby,
Save the boss of the shield of Sir Leo-
line tall,
Which hung in a murky old niche in
the wall.
"O softly tread," said Christabel,
"My father seldom sleepeth well."

Sweet Christabel her feet doth bare,
And, jealous of the listening air,
They steal their way from stair to stair,
Now in glimmer, and now in gloom,
And now they pass the Baron's room,
And still as death, with stifled breath!
And now have reach'd her chamber
door;
And now doth Geraldine press down
The rushes of the chamber floor.

The moon shines dim in the open air,
And not a moonbeam enters here.
But they without its light can see
The chamber carved so curiously,
Carved with figures strange and sweet,
All made out of the carver's brain,
For a lady's chamber meet:
The lamp with twofold silver chain
Is fastened to an angel's feet.

The silver lamp burns dead and dim;
But Christabel the lamp will trim.
She trimm'd the lamp, and made it
bright,
And left it swinging to and fro,

While Geraldine, in wretched plight,
Sank down upon the floor below.

"O weary lady, Geraldine,
I pray you, drink this cordial wine!
It is a wine of virtuous powers;
My mother made it of wild flowers."

"And will your mother pity me,
Who am a maiden most forlorn?"
Christabel answered — "Woe is me!
She died the hour that I was born.
I have heard the gray-hair'd friar tell,
How on her death-bed she did say,
That she should hear the castle-bell
Strike twelve upon my wedding-day.
O mother dear! that thou wert here!"
"I would," said Geraldine, "she were!"

But soon with altered voice, said she —
"Off, wandering mother! Peak and
pine!

I have power to bid thee flee."
Alas! what ails poor Geraldine?
Why stares she with unsettled eye?
Can she the bodiless dead espy?
And why with hollow voice cries she,
"Off, woman, off! this hour is mine —
Though thou her guardian spirit be,
Off, woman, off! 'tis given to me."

Then Christabel knelt by the lady's side,
And raised to heaven her eyes so blue —
"Alas!" said she, "this ghastly ride —
Dear lady! it hath wilder'd you!"
The lady wiped her moist cold brow,
And faintly said, "'Tis over now!"

Again the wild-flower wine she drank;
Her fair large eyes 'gan glitter bright,
And from the floor whereon she sank,
The lofty lady stood upright:
She was most beautiful to see,
Like a lady of a far countrée.

And thus the lofty lady spake:
"All they who live in the upper sky,
Do love you, holy Christabel!
And you love them, and for their sake
And for the good which me befell,
Even I in my degree will try,
Fair maiden, to requite you well,

But now unrobe yourself; for I
Must pray, ere yet in bed I lie."

Quoth Christabel, "So let it be!"
And as the lady bade, did she.
Her gentle limbs did she undress,
And lay down in her loveliness.

But through her brain of weal and woe
So many thoughts moved to and fro,
That vain it were her lids to close;
So half-way from the bed she rose,
And on her elbow did recline
To look at the lady Geraldine.

Beneath the lamp the lady bow'd,
And slowly roll'd her eyes around;
Then drawing in her breath aloud
Like one that shudder'd, she unbound
The cincture from beneath her breast:
Her silken robe, and inner vest,
Dropt to her feet, and full in view,
Behold! her bosom and half her side —
A sight to dream of, not to tell!
O shield her! shield sweet Christabel!

Yet Geraldine nor speaks nor stirs;
Ah! what a stricken look was hers!
Deep from within she seems half-way
To lift some weight with sick assay,
And eyes the maid and seeks delay;
Then suddenly, as one defied,
Collects herself in scorn and pride,
And lay down by the maiden's side! —
And in her arms the maid she took,
Ah well-a-day!

And with low voice and doleful look
These words did say:
"In the touch of this bosom there
worketh a spell,
Which is lord of thy utterance, Christabel!

Thou knowest to-night, and wilt know
to-morrow,

This mark of my shame, this seal of my
sorrow;

But vainly thou warrest,

For this is alone in

Thy power to declare,

That in the dim forest

Thou heard'st a low moaning,

And found'st a bright lady, surpassingly
fair;

And didst bring her home with thee in
love and in charity,
To shield her and shelter her from the
damp air.

SEVERED FRIENDSHIP.

[*Christabel*, Part II.]

ALAS! they had been friends in youth;
But whispering tongues can poison truth;
And constancy lives in realms above;
And life is thorn; and youth is vain;
And to be wroth with one we love,
Doth work like madness in the brain.
And thus it chanced, as I divine,
With Roland and Sir Leoline.
Each spake words of high disdain
And insult to his heart's best brother:
They parted — ne'er to meet again!
But never either found another
To free the hollow heart from paining —
They stood aloof, the scars remaining,
Like cliffs which had been rent asunder;
A dreary sea now flows between; —
But neither heat, nor frost, nor thunder,
Shall wholly do away, I ween,
The marks of that which once hath been

YOUTH AND AGE.

VERSE, a breeze 'mid blossoms straying,
Where Hope clung feeding, like a bee —
Both were mine! Life went a-maying
With Nature, Hope, and Poesy,
When I was young!
When I was young? — Ah, woeful when!
Ah! for the change 'twixt Now and
Then!

This breathing house not built with
hands,

This body that does me grievous wrong,
O'er airy cliffs and glittering sands,

How lightly then it flashed along: —

Like those trim skiffs, unknown of yore

On winding lakes and rivers wide,

That ask no aid of sail or oar,

That fear no spite of wind or tide!

Nought cared this body for wind or
weather,
When Youth and I lived in't together.

Flowers are lovely; love is flower-like;
Friendship is a sheltering tree;
O! the joys that came down shower-like
Of Friendship, Love, and Liberty,
Ere I was old!

Ere I was old? Ah woeful ere,
Which tells me, Youth's no longer here!
O Youth! for years so many and sweet,
'Tis known that thou and I were one;
I'll think it but a fond conceit —
It cannot be that thou art gone!
Thy vesper-bell hath not yet tolled:
And thou wert aye a masker bold!
What strange disguise hast now put on,
To make believe that thou art gone?
I see these locks in silvery slips,
This drooping gait, this altered size:
But spring-tide blossoms on thy lips,
And tears take sunshine from thine eyes!
Life is but thought: so think I will
That Youth and I are house-mates still.

Dew-drops are the gems of morning,
But the tears of mournful eve!
Where no hope is, life's a warning
That only serves to make us grieve,
When we are old:
That only serves to make us grieve
With oft and tedious taking leave,
Like some poor nigh-related guest,
That may not rudely be dismissed,
Yet hath outstayed his welcome while,
And tells the jest without the smile.

*HYMN BEFORE SUN-RISE, IN
THE VALE OF CHAMOUNI.*

HAST thou a charm to stay the morning
star.
In his steep course? So long he seems
to pause
On thy bald awful head, O sovran Blanc!
The Arvé and Arveiron at thy base
Rave ceaselessly; but thou, most awful
Form!
Risest from forth thy silent sea of pines,
How silently! Around thee and above

Deep is the air, and dark, substantial,
black,

An ebon mass: methinks thou piercest it
As with a wedge! But when I look
again,
It is thine own calm home, thy crystal
shrine,

Thy habitation from eternity!
O dread and silent Mount! I gazed upon
thee,

Till thou, still present to the bodily sense,
Didst vanish from my thought: entranced
in prayer

I worshipped the Invisible alone.

Yet, like some sweet beguiling melody,
So sweet, we know not we are listening
to it,

Thou, the meanwhile, wert blending
with my thought,

Yea, with my life and life's own secret
joy,

Till the dilating Soul, enrapt, transfused,
Into mighty vision passing — there,
As in her natural form, swelled vast to
Heaven!

Awake my soul! not only passive
praise

Thou owest! not alone these swelling
tears,

Mute thanks, and secret ecstasy! Awake,
Voice of sweet song! Awake, my heart,
awake!

Green vales and icy cliffs, all join my
Hymn.

Thou first and chief, sole sovran of the
Vale!

Oh, struggling with the darkness all the
night,

And visited all night by troops of stars,
Or when they climb the sky, or when they
sink:

Companion of the morning star at dawn,
Thyself Earth's rosy star, and of the
dawn

Co-herald: wake, oh wake, and utter
praise!

Who sank thy sunless pillars deep in
earth?

Who filled thy countenance with rosy
light?

Who made thee parent of perpetual
streams?

And you, ye five wild torrents, fiercely glad!
 Who called you forth from night and utter death,
 From dark and icy caverns called you forth,
 Down those precipitous, black, jagged rocks,
 For ever shattered and the same for ever?
 Who gave you your invulnerable life,
 Your strength, your speed, your fury, and your joy,
 Unceasing thunder and eternal foam?
 And who commanded (and the silence came),
 Here let the billows stiffen and have rest?

Ye ice-falls! ye that from the mountain's brow
 Adown enormous ravines slope amain —
 Torrents, methinks, that heard a mighty voice,
 And stopped at once amid their maddest plunge!
 Motionless torrents! silent cataracts!
 Who made you glorious as the gates of Heaven
 Beneath the keen full moon? Who bade the sun
 Clothe you with rainbows? Who, with living flowers
 Of loveliest blue, spread garlands at your feet? —

God! let the torrents, like a shout of nations,
 Answer! and let the ice-plains echo, God!
 God! sing, ye meadow-streams, with gladsome voice!
 Ye pine-groves, with your soft and soul-like sounds!
 And they too have a voice, yon piles of snow,
 And in their perilous fall shall thunder, God!

Ye living flowers that skirt the eternal frost!
 Ye wild goats sporting round the eagle's nest!
 Ye eagles, playmates of the mountain-storm!

Ye lightnings, the dread arrows of the clouds!

Ye signs and wonders of the element!
 Utter forth God, and fill the hills with praise!

Thou, too, hoar Mount! with thy sky-pointing peaks;
 Oft from whose feet the avalanche, unheard,
 Shoots downward, glittering through the pure serene,
 Into the depth of clouds that veil thy breast —
 Thou too again, stupendous Mountain! thou

That as I raise my head, awhile bowed low

In adoration, upward from thy base
 Slow travelling with dim eyes suffused with tears,

Solemnly seemest like a vapory cloud
 To rise before me. — Rise, oh, ever rise,
 Rise like a cloud of incense from the Earth!

Thou kingly Spirit throned among the hills,

Thou dread ambassador from Earth to Heaven,

Great hierarch! tell thou the silent sky,
 And tell the stars, and tell yon rising sun,

Earth, with her thousand voices, praises God.

DOMESTIC PEACE.

TELL me, on what holy ground
 May Domestic Peace be found?
 Halcyon Daughter of the skies,
 Far on fearful wings she flies,
 From the pomp of sceptred state,
 From the rebel's noisy hate.
 In a cottaged vale she dwells,
 Listening to the Sabbath bells!
 Still around her steps are seen
 Spotless Honor's meeker mien,
 Love, the sire of pleasing fears,
 Sorrow smiling through her tears,
 And, conscious of the past employ,
 Memory, bosom-spring of joy.

GENEVIEVE.

MAID of my love, sweet Genevieve!
 In beauty's light you glide along:
 Your eye is like the star of eve,
 And sweet your voice as seraph's song.
 Yet not your heavenly beauty gives
 This heart with passion soft to glow:
 Within your soul a voice there lives!
 It bids you hear the tale of woe:
 When sinking low, the sufferer wan
 Beholds no hand outstretched to save,
 Fair as the bosom of the swan
 That rises graceful o'er the wave,
 I've seen your breast with pity heave,
 And therefore love I you, sweet Genevieve!

A DAY-DREAM.

MY eyes make pictures when they're
 shut:—

I see a fountain large and fair,
 A willow and a ruined hut,
 And thee, and me, and Mary there.
 O Mary! make thy gentle lap our pillow!
 Bend o'er us like a bower, my beautiful
 green willow!

A wild rose roofs the ruined shed,
 And that and summer will agree;
 And lo! where Mary leans her head
 Two dear names carved upon the tree!
 And Mary's tears, they are not tears of
 sorrow:
 Our sister and our friends will both be
 here to-morrow.

'Twas day! But now, few, large, and
 bright,
 The stars are round the crescent moon!
 And now it is a dark, warm night,
 The balmiest of the month of June.
 A glow-worm fallen, and on the marge
 remounting
 Shines, and its shadow shines, fit stars
 for our sweet fountain!

Oh, ever, ever be thou blest!
 For dearly, Nora, love I thee!
 This brooding warmth across my breast,

This depth of tranquil bliss—ah, me!
 Fount, tree, and shed are gone—I know
 not whither;
 But in one quiet room, we three are still
 together.

The shadows dance upon the wall,
 By the still-dancing fire-flames made;
 And now they slumber, moveless all!
 And now they melt to one deep shade!
 But not from me shall this mild darkness
 steal thee:
 I dream thee with mine eyes, and at my
 heart I feel thee.

Thine eyelash on my cheek doth play;
 'Tis Mary's hand upon my brow!
 But let me check this tender lay,
 Which none may hear but she and
 thou!
 Like the still hive at quiet midnight
 humming,
 Murmur it to yourselves, ye two beloved
 women!

THE HAPPY HUSBAND.

OFT, oft methinks, the while with thee
 I breath, as from the heart, thy dear
 And dedicated name, I hear
 A promise and a mystery,
 A pledge of more than passing life,
 Yea, in that very name of wife!

A pulse of love, that ne'er can sleep!
 A feeling that upbraids the heart
 With happiness beyond desert,
 That gladness half requests to weep!
 Nor bless I not the keener sense
 And unalarming turbulence

Of transient joys that ask no sting
 From jealous fears, or coy denying;
 But born beneath love's brooding wing
 And into tenderness soon dying,
 Wheel out their giddy moment, then
 Resign the soul to love again.

A more precipitated vein
 Of notes, that eddy in the flow
 Of smoothest song, they come, they go
 And leave their sweeter under-strain
 Its own sweet self — a love of thee
 That seems, yet cannot greater be !

*KUBLA KHAN; OR, A VISION IN
 A DREAM.*

A FRAGMENT.

[In the summer of the year 1797, the author, then in ill health, had retired to a lonely farmhouse between Porlock and Linton, on the Exmoor confines of Somerset and Devonshire. In consequence of a slight indisposition an anodyne had been prescribed, from the effect of which he fell asleep in his chair at the moment he was reading the following sentence, or words of the same substance, in "Purchas's Pilgrimage": — "Here the Khan Kubla commanded a palace to be built, and a stately garden thereunto: and thus ten miles of fertile ground were inclosed with a wall." The author continued for about three hours in a profound sleep, at least of the external senses, during which time he has the most vivid confidence that he could not have composed less than from two to three hundred lines; if that indeed can be called composition in which all the images rose up before him as things, with a parallel production of the correspondent expressions, without any sensation or consciousness of effort. On awaking he appeared to himself to have a distinct recollection of the whole, and taking his pen, ink, and paper, instantly and eagerly wrote down the lines that are here preserved. At this moment he was unfortunately called out by a person on business from Porlock, and detained by him above an hour, and on his return to his room, found, to his no small surprise and mortification, that though he still retained some vague and dim recollection of the general purport of the vision, yet, with the exception of some eight or ten scattered lines and images, all the rest had passed away like the images on the surface of a stream into which a stone had been cast, but, alas! without the after restoration of the latter.

Then all the charm
 Is broken — all that phantom-world so fair
 Vanishes, and a thousand circlets spread,
 And each mis-shape the other. Stay awhile,
 Poor youth! who scarcely dar'st lift up thine
 eyes —

The stream will soon renew its smoothness, soon
 The visions will return! And lo! he stays,
 And soon the fragments dim of lovely forms
 Come trembling back, unite, and now once more
 The pool becomes a mirror.

Yet, from the still-surviving recollections in his mind, the author has frequently purposed to finish for himself what had been originally, as it were, given to him. *Ἀὐριον ἄδιον ἄσσω*: but the to-morrow is yet to come.]

In Xanadu did Kubla Khan
 A stately pleasure-dome decree:
 Where Alph, the sacred river, ran
 Through caverns measureless to man
 Down to a sunless sea.

So twice five miles of fertile ground
 With walls and towers were girdled
 round:
 And there were gardens bright with
 sinuous rills
 Where blossomed many an incense-bearing
 tree;
 And here were forests ancient as the hills,
 Enfolding sunny spots of greenery.

But oh! that deep romantic chasm which
 slanted
 Down the green hill athwart a cedarn
 cover!

A savage place! as holy and enchanted
 As e'er beneath a waning moon was
 haunted

By woman wailing for her demon-lover!
 And from this chasm, with ceaseless
 turmoil seething,

As if this earth in fast thick pants were
 breathing,

A mighty fountain momentarily was forced;
 Amid whose swift half-intermitted burst
 Huge fragments vaulted like rebounding
 hail,

Or chaffy grain beneath the thresher's
 flail:

And 'mid these dancing rocks at once
 and ever

It flung up momentarily the sacred river.
 Five miles meandering with a mazy
 motion

Through wood and dale the sacred river
 ran,

Then reached the caverns measureless
 to man,

And sank in tumult to a lifeless ocean:
 And 'mid this tumult Kubla heard from
 far

Ancestral voices prophesying war!

The shadow of the dome of pleasure
 Floated midway on the waves;

Where was heard the mingled measure
 From the fountain and the caves,

It was a miracle of rare device,
 A sunny pleasure-dome with caves of ice!

A damsel with a dulcimer
 In a vision once I saw:
 It was an Abyssinian maid,
 And on her dulcimer she played,
 Singing of Mount Abora.
 Could I revive within me
 Her symphony and song,
 To such a deep delight 'twould win me,

That with music loud and long,
 I would build that dome in air,
 That sunny dome! those caves of ice!

And all who heard should see them there,

And all should cry, Beware! Beware!
 His flashing eyes, his floating hair!
 Weave a circle round him thrice,
 And close your eyes with holy dread,
 For he on honey-dew hath fed,
 And drunk the milk of Paradise.

TIME, REAL AND IMAGINARY.

AN ALLEGORY.

ON the wide level of a mountain's head,
 (I knew not where, but 'twas some
 faery place)

Their pinions, ostrich-like, for sails out-
 spread,

Two lovely children run an endless race,
 A sister and a brother!

That far outstripped the other;
 Yet ever runs she with reverted face,
 And looks and listens for the boy be-
 hind:

For he, alas! is blind!

O'er rough and smooth with even step
 he passed,
 And knows not whether he be first or
 last.

LOVE.

ALL thoughts, all passions, all delights,
 Whatever stirs this mortal frame,
 All are but ministers of Love,
 And feed his sacred flame.

Oft in my waking dreams do I
 Live o'er again that happy hour,
 When midway on the mount I lay,
 Beside the ruined tower.

The moonshine, stealing o'er the scene,
 Had blended with the lights of eve;
 And she was there, my hope, my joy,
 My own dear Genevieve!

She leaned against the armed man,
 The statue of the armed knight;
 She stood and listened to my lay,
 Amid the lingering light.

Few sorrows hath she of her own,
 My hope! my joy! my Genevieve!
 She loves me best, whene'er I sing
 The songs that make her grieve.

I played a soft and doleful air,
 I sang an old and moving story —
 An old rude song, that suited well
 That ruin wild and hoary.

She listened with a flitting blush,
 With downcast eyes and modest grace;
 For well she knew, I could not choose
 But gaze upon her face.

I told her of the Knight that wore
 Upon his shield a burning brand;
 And that for ten long years he wooed
 The Lady of the Land.

I told her how he pined; and ah!
 The deep, the low, the pleading tone
 With which I sang another's love,
 Interpreted my own.

She listened with a flitting blush,
 With downcast eyes, and modest grace;
 And she forgave me, that I gazed
 Too fondly on her face!

But when I told the cruel scorn
That crazed that bold and lovely Knight,
And that he crossed the mountain-
woods,
Nor rested day nor night;

That sometimes from the savage den,
And sometimes from the darksome
shade,
And sometimes starting up at once
In green and sunny glade, —

There came and looked him in the face
An angel beautiful and bright;
And that he knew it was a Fiend,
This miserable Knight!

And that unknowing what he did,
He leaped amid a murderous band,
And saved from outrage worse than
death
The Lady of the Land; —

And how she wept, and clasped his
knees;
And how she tended him in vain —
And ever strove to expiate
The scorn that crazed his brain; —

And that she nursed him in a cave;
And how his madness went away,
When on the yellow forest leaves
A dying man he lay; —

His dying words — but when I reached
That tenderest strain of all the ditty,
My faltering voice and pausing harp
Disturbed her soul with pity!

All impulses of soul and sense
Had thrilled my guileless Genevieve;
The music, and the doleful tale,
The rich and balmy eve;

And hopes, and fears that kindle hope,
An undistinguishable throng,
And gentle wishes, long subdued,
Subdued and cherished long!

She wept with pity and delight,
She blushed with love, and virgin
shame;

And like the murmur of a dream,
I heard her breathe my name.

Her bosom heaved — she stepped aside,
As conscious of my look she stepped —
Then suddenly, with timorous eye
She fled to me and wept.

She half enclosed me with her arms,
She pressed me with a meek embrace;
And bending back her head, looked up,
And gazed upon my face.

'Twas partly love, and partly fear,
And partly 'twas a bashful art,
That I might rather feel, than see,
The swelling of her heart.

I calmed her fears, and she was calm,
And told her love with virgin-pride;
And so I won my Genevieve,
My bright and beauteous Bride.

SONNET.

As when far off the warbled strains are
heard,
That soar on Morning's wing the vales
among,
Within his cage the imprisoned matin
bird
Swells the full chorus with a generous
song:
He bathes no pinion in the dewy light,
No father's joy, no lover's bliss he
shares,
Yet still the rising radiance cheers his
sight;
His fellows' freedom soothes the cap-
tive's cares!
Thou, Fayette! who didst wake with
startling voice
Life's better sun from that long wintry
night,
Thus in thy country's triumphs shalt re-
joice,
And mock with raptures high the dun-
geon's might:
For lo! the morning struggles into day,
And Slavery's spectres shriek and van-
ish from the ray!

THE EOLIAN HARP.

[Composed at Clevedon, Somersetshire.]

My pensive Sara! thy soft cheek reclined
 Thus on mine arm, most soothing sweet
 it is
 To sit beside our cot, our cot o'ergrown
 With white-flowered jasmin, and the
 broad-leaved myrtle,
 (Meet emblems they of Innocence and
 Love!)

And watch the clouds, that late were
 rich with light,
 Slow saddening round, and mark the
 star of eve
 Serenely brilliant (such should wisdom
 be)
 Shine opposite! How exquisite the
 scents
 Snatched from yon bean-field! and the
 world so hushed!

The stilly murmur o' the distant sea
 Tells us of silence. And that simplest
 lute,
 Placed length-ways in the clasping case-
 ment, hark!

How by the desultory breeze caressed,
 Like some coy maid half-yielding to
 her lover,
 It pours such sweet upbraiding, as
 must needs
 Tempt to repeat the wrong! and now,
 its strings
 Boldlier swept, the long sequacious
 notes
 Over delicious surges sink and rise,
 Such a soft floating witchery of sound
 As twilight Elfin's make, when they at
 eve
 Voyage on gentle gales from Fairy-
 Land,
 Where melodies round honey-dropping
 flowers,
 Footless and wild, like birds of Para-
 dise,
 Nor pause, nor perch, hovering on
 untamed wing!

O! the one life, within us and abroad,
 Which meets all motion, and becomes
 its soul,

A light in sound, a sound-like power in
 light,
 Rhythm in all thought, and joyance
 everywhere.
 Methinks, it should have been impossi-
 ble
 Not to love all things in a world so
 filled,
 Where the breeze warbles and the
 mute still air
 Is Music slumbering on her instrument!
 And thus, my love! as on the mid-
 way slope
 Of yonder hill I stretch my limbs at
 noon,
 Whilst through my half-closed eye-
 lids I behold
 The sunbeams dance, like diamonds, on
 the main,
 And tranquil muse upon tranquillity;
 Full many a thought uncalled and un-
 detained,
 And many idle flitting phantasies,
 Traverse my indolent and passive
 brain,
 As wild and various as the random
 gales
 That swell and flutter on this subject
 lute!

And what if all of animated nature
 Be but organic harps diversely framed,
 That tremble into thought, as o'er
 them sweeps
 Plastic and vast, one intellectual
 breeze,
 At once the Soul of each, and God of
 all?

But thy more serious eye a mild re-
 proof
 Darts, O beloved woman! nor such
 thoughts
 Dim and unhallowed dost thou not re-
 ject,
 And biddest me walk humbly with my
 God.
 Meek daughter in the family of Christ!
 Well hast thou said and holily dis-
 praised
 These shapings of the unregenerate
 mind,
 Bubbles that glitter as they rise and
 break

On vain Philosophy's aye-babbling
spring.
For never guiltless may I speak of Him,
The Incomprehensible! save when
with awe
I praise Him, and with faith that inly
feels;

Who with His saving mercies healed
me,
A sinful and most miserable man,
Wildered and dark, and gave me to pos-
sess
Peace, and this cot, and thee, heart-
honored Maid!



ROBERT TANNAHILL.

1774-1810.

[A LYRICAL poet whose songs rival all but the best of Burns in popularity. Born at Paisley, June 3, 1774. His education was limited, but he was a diligent student and reader. He followed the trade of a weaver in his native town till his twenty-sixth year, when he removed to Lancashire, where he remained for two years, until the declining state of his father's health induced him to return. In 1807 he published a volume of poems and songs, the first edition of which sold in a few weeks, and became immensely popular with all classes of his countrymen. He afterwards fell into a state of morbid despondency, aggravated by bodily weakness, which at length resulted in mental derangement, and he committed suicide by drowning, May 17, 1810.]

THE BRAES O' BALQUHITHER.

LET us go, lassie, go,
To the braes o' Balquhither,
Where the blae-berries grow
'Mang the bonnie Highland heather;
Where the deer and the roe,
Lightly bounding together,
Sport the lang summer day
On the braes o' Balquhither.

I will twine thee a bower
By the clear siller fountain,
And I'll cover it o'er
Wi' the flowers of the mountain;
I will range through the wilds,
And the deep glens sae drearier,
And return wi' the spoils
To the bower o' my dearie.

When the rude wintry win'
Idly raves round our dwelling,
And the roar of the linn
On the night breeze is swelling,
So merrily we'll sing,
As the storm rattles o'er us,
Till the dear shieling ring
Wi' the light lilting chorus.

Now the summer's in prime
Wi' the flowers richly blooming,
And the wild mountain thyme
A' the moorlands perfuming:
To our dear native scenes
Let us journey together,
Where glad innocence reigns
'Mang the braes o' Balquhither.

THE FLOWER O' DUMBLANE.

THE sun has gane down o'er the lofty
Benlomond,
And left the red clouds to preside o'er
the scene,
While lanely I stray in the calm summer
gloamin,
To muse on sweet Jessie, the flower
o' Dumblane.
How sweet is the brier, wi' its saft fauldin'
blossom!
And sweet is the birk, wi' its mantle
o' green;
Yet sweeter and fairer, and dear to this
bosom,

Is lovely young Jessie, the flower o'
Dumblane.

She's modest as ony, and blithe as she's
bonnie;

For guileless simplicity marks her its
ain:

And far be the villain, divested of feeling,
Wha'd blight in its bloom the sweet
flower o' Dumblane.

Sing on, thou sweet mavis, thy hymn to
the e'ening;

Thou'r't dear to the echoes of Calder-
wood glen:

Sae dear to this bosom, sae artless and
winning,

Is charming young Jessie, the flower
o' Dumblane.

How lost were my days till I met wi'
my Jessie!

The sports o' the city seem'd foolish
and vain;

I ne'er saw a nymph I would ca' my
dear lassie,

Till charm'd wi' sweet Jessie, the
flower o' Dumblane.

Though mine were the station o' loftiest
grandeur, [pain,

Amidst its profusion I'd languish in
And reckon as naething the height o'
its splendor,

If wanting sweet Jessie, the flower o'
Dumblane.

THE MIDGES DANCE ABOON THE BURN.

THE midges dance aboon the burn;
The dews begin to fa';

The pairtricks down the rushy holm
Set up their e'ening ca'.

Now loud and clear the blackbird's
sang

Rings through the briery shaw,
While flitting gay the swallows play
Around the castle wa'.

Beneath the golden gloamin' sky
The mavis mends her lay;

The redbreast pours his sweetest strains,
To charm the ling'ring day;

While weary yaldrins seem to wail
Their little nestlings torn,

The merry wren, frae den to den,
Gaes jinking through the thorn.

The roses fauld their silken leaves,
The foxglove shuts its bell;

The honeysuckle and the birk
Spread fragrance through the dell.

Let others crowd the giddy court
Of mirth and revelry,

The simple joys that Nature yields
Are dearer far to me.

MRS. MARY TIGHE.

1774-1810.

[THE daughter of William Blatchford of the county of Wicklow, Ireland. Her history is but little known to the public. Mrs. Tighe is chiefly known by her poem of *Psyche* in six cantos, founded on the classic fable of Apuleius, of the lives of Cupid and Psyche, or the allegory of Love and the Soul. Some of her minor pieces are also scarcely exceeded for beauty and pathos by anything of the kind in the language.]

PSYCHE GAZING ON CUPID.

[From *The Marriage of Cupid and Psyche*.]

ALLOW'D to settle on celestial eyes,
Soft sleep, exulting, now exerts his
sway,

From Psyche's anxious pillow gladly
flies

To veil those orbs, whose pure and lam-
bent ray

The powers of heaven submissively
obey.

Trembling and breathless then she
softly rose,

And seized the lamp, where it ob-
scurely lay,

With hand too rashly daring to disclose
The sacred veil which hung mysterious
o'er her woes.

Twice, as with agitated step she went,
The lamp expiring shone with doubtful
gleam,
As though it warn'd her from her rash
intent:
And twice she paused, and on its trem-
bling beam
Gazed with suspended breath, while
voices seem
With murmuring sound along the roof
to sigh;
As one just waking from a troublous
dream,
With palpitating heart and straining eye,
Still fix'd with fear remains, still thinks
the danger nigh.

Oh, daring Muse! wilt thou indeed
essay
To paint the wonders which that lamp
could show?
And canst thou hope in living words to
say
The dazzling glories of that heavenly
view?
Ah! well I ween, that if with pencil true
That splendid vision could be well ex-
press'd,
The fearful awe imprudent Psyche knew
Would seize with rapture every wonder-
ing breast,
When Love's all-potent charms divinely
stood confess'd.

All imperceptible to human touch,
His wings display celestial essence
light;
The clear effulgence of the blaze is
such,
The brilliant plumage shines so heav-
enly bright,
That mortal eyes turn dazzled from the
sight;
A youth he seems, in manhood's fresh-
est years;
Round his fair neck, as clinging with
delight,
Each golden curl resplendently appears,

Or shades his darker brow, which **grace**
majestic wears:

Or o'er his guileless front the ringlets
bright
Their rays of sunny lustre seem to
throw,
That front than polished ivory more
white!
His blooming cheeks with deeper
blushes glow
Than roses scatter'd o'er a bed of snow:
While on his lips, distill'd in balmy dews
(Those lips divine, that even in silence
know
The heart to touch), persuasion to in-
fuse,
Still hangs a rosy charm that never
vainly sues.

The friendly curtain of indulgent sleep
Disclosed not yet his eyes' resistless sway,
But from their silky veil there seem'd
to peep
Some brilliant glances with a softened
ray,
Which o'er his features exquisitely play,
And all his polish'd limbs suffuse with
light.
Thus through some narrow space the
azure day,
Sudden its cheerful rays diffusing bright,
Wide darts its lucid beams, to gild the
brow of night.

His fatal arrows and celestial bow
Beside the couch were negligently
thrown,
Nor needs the god his dazzling arms to
show
His glorious birth; such beauty round
him shone
As sure could spring from Beauty's self
alone;
The bloom which glow'd o'er all of
soft desire
Could well proclaim him Beauty's cher-
ish'd son:
And Beauty's self will oft those charms
admire,
And steal his witching smile, his glance's
living fire.

Speechless with awe, in transport
strangely lost,
Long Psyche stood with fix'd adoring
eye;
Her limbs immovable, her senses toss'd
Between amazement, fear, and ecstasy,
She hangs enamor'd o'er the deity.
Till from her trembling hand extin-
guish'd falls
The fatal lamp — he starts — and sud-
denly
Tremendous thunders echo through the
halls,
While ruin's hideous crash bursts o'er
th' affrighted walls.

Dread horror seizes on her sinking
heart,
A mortal chillness shudders at her
breast,
Her soul shrinks fainting from death's
icy dart,
The groan scarce utter'd dies but half
express'd,
And down she sinks in deadly swoon
oppress'd;
But when at length, awaking from her
trance,
The terrors of her fate stand all con-
fess'd,
In vain she casts around her timid
glance;
The rudely frowning scenes her former
joys enhance.

No traces of those joys, alas, remain!
A desert solitude alone appears;
No verdant shade relieves the sandy
plain,
The wide-spread waste no gentle foun-
tain cheers;
One barren face the dreary prospect
wears;
Nought through the vast horizon meets
her eye
To calm the dismal tumult of her fears;
No trace of human habitation nigh:
A sandy wild beneath, above a threat-
ening sky.

THE LILY.

How withered, perish'd seems the form
Of yon obscure unsightly root!
Yet from the blight of wintry storm,
It hides secure the precious fruit.

The careless eye can find no grace,
No beauty in the scaly folds,
Nor see within the dark embrace
What latent loveliness it holds.

Yet in that bulb, those sapless scales,
The lily wraps her silver vest,
Till vernal suns and vernal gales
Shall kiss once more her fragrant
breast.

Yes, hide beneath the mouldering heap
The undelighting slighted thing;
There in the cold earth buried deep,
In silence let it wait the spring.

Oh! many a stormy night shall close
In gloom upon the barren earth,
While still, in undisturbed repose,
Uninjured lies the future birth;

And Ignorance with sceptic eye,
Hope's patient smile shall wonder-
ing view:
Or mock her fond credulity,
As her soft tears the spot bedew.

Sweet smile of hope, delicious tear!
The sun, the shower indeed shall
come;
The promis'd verdant shoot appear,
And nature bid her blossoms bloom.

And thou, O virgin queen of spring!
Shalt, from thy dark and lowly bed,
Bursting thy green sheath's silken
string,
Unveil thy charms and perfume shed;

Unfold thy robes of purest white,
Unsullied from their darksome grave,
And thy soft petals' silvery light
In the mild breeze unfettered wave.

So Faith shall seek the lowly dust
Where humble Sorrow loves to lie,
And bid her thus her hopes intrust,
And watch with patient, cheerful eye;

And bear the long, cold wintry night,
And bear her own degraded doom;
And wait till Heaven's reviving light,
Eternal spring! shall burst the gloom.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

1774-1843.

[ROBERT SOUTHEY was born at Bristol on Aug. 12, 1774. He was educated at Westminster School and at Balliol College, Oxford; and after some years of wandering and unsettlement he went to live, in 1803, at Greta Hall, near Keswick, which remained his home till his death in 1843. In 1813 he was made poet laureate. Besides his countless prose works, his volumes of verse were very numerous; the chief of them are:—*Poems by Robert Lovell and Robert Southey, of Balliol College, Oxford*, 2 vols., 1795-9; *Joan of Arc*, 1796; *Poems*, 1797; *Thalaba the Destroyer*, 1801; *Madoc*, 1805; *Metrical Tales and other Poems*, 1805; *The Curse of Kehama*, 1810; *Roderick, the last of the Goths*, 1814; *A Vision of Judgment*, 1821.]

FROM "RODERICK."

[The King is in disguise on his final mission to exterminate the Moors.]

ON foot they came,
Chieftains and men alike; the Oaken
Cross,
Triumphant borne on high, precedes
their march,
And broad and bright the argent banner
shone.
Roderick, who dealing death from side
to side,
Had through the Moorish army now
made way,
Beheld it flash, and judging well what
aid
Approach'd, with sudden impulse that
way rode,
To tell of what had pass'd, . . . lest in
the strife
They should engage with Julian's men,
and mar
The mighty consummation. One ran
on
To meet him fleet of foot, and having
given
His tale to this swift messenger, the
Goth
Halted awhile to let Orelia breathe.

Siverian, quoth Pelayo, if mine eyes
Deceive me not, yon horse, whose reeking
sides
Are red with slaughter, is the same on
whom
The Apostate Orpas in his vauntery
Wont to parade the streets of Cordoba.
But thou shouldst know him best; regard
him well:
Is't not Orelia?
Either it is he,
The old man replied, or one so like to
him,
Whom all thought matchless, that similitude
Would be the greater wonder. But
behold,
What man is he who in that disarray
Doth with such power and majesty bestride
The noble steed, as if he felt himself
In his own proper seat? Look how he
leans
To cherish him; and how the gallant
horse
Curves up his stately neck, and bends
his head,
As if again to court that gentle touch.
And answer to the voice which praises
him.

Can it be Maccabee? rejoin'd the King,
 Or are the secret wishes of my soul
 Indeed fulfill'd, and hath the grave
 given up
 Its dead? . . . So saying, on the old
 man he turn'd
 Eyes full of wide astonishment, which
 told
 The incipient thought that for incredible
 He spake no farther. But enough had
 past;
 For old Siverian started at the words
 Like one who sees a spectre, and ex-
 claim'd,
 Blind that I was to know him not till
 now!
 My Master, O my Master!
 He meantime
 With easy pace moved on to meet their
 march.
 King, to Pelayo he began, this day
 By means scarce less than miracle, thy
 throne
 Is stablish'd, and the wrongs of Spain
 revenged.
 Orpas the accursed, upon yonder field
 Lies ready for the ravens. By the
 Moors
 Treacherously slain, Count Julian will
 be found
 Before Saint Peter's altar; unto him
 Grace was vouchsafed; and by that
 holy power
 Which at Visonia from the Primate's
 hand
 Of his own proper act to me was given,
 Unworthy as I am, . . . yet sure I think
 Not without mystery, as the event hath
 shown, . . .
 Did I accept Count Julian's penitence,
 And reconcile the dying man to Heaven.
 Beside him hath his daughter fallen
 asleep;
 Deal honorably with his remains, and
 let
 One grave with Christian rites receive
 them both.
 Is it not written that as falls the Tree
 So it shall lie?
 In this and all things else,
 Pelayo answered, looking wistfully

Upon the Goth, thy pleasure shall be
 done.
 Then Roderick saw that he was known
 and turn'd
 His head away in silence. But the old
 man
 Laid hold upon his bridle, and look'd
 up
 In his master's face, weeping and si-
 lently.
 Thereat the Goth with fervent pressure
 took
 His hand, and bending down toward
 him, said,
 My good Siverian, go not thou this day
 To war! I charge thee keep thyself
 from harm!
 Thou art past the age for battles, and
 with whom
 Hereafter should thy mistress talk of
 me
 If thou wert gone? . . . Thou seest!
 am unarm'd;
 Thus disarray'd as thou beholdest me,
 Clean through yon miscreant army have
 I cut
 My way unhurt; but being once by
 Heaven
 Preserved, I would not perish with the
 guilt
 Of having wilfully provoked my death.
 Give me thy helmet and thy cuirass! . . .
 nay, . . .
 Thou wert not wont to let me ask in
 vain,
 Nor to gainsay me when my will was
 known!
 To thee methinks I should be still the
 King. . . .

O who could tell what deeds were
 wrought that day,
 Or who endure to hear the tale of rage,
 Hatred, and madness, and despair, and
 fear,
 Horror, and wounds, and agony, and
 death,
 The cries, the blasphemies, the shrieks,
 and groans,
 And prayers, which mingled with the
 din of arms
 In one wild uproar of terrific sounds;

While over all predominant was heard,
 Reiterate from the conquerors o'er the
 field,
 Roderick the Goth! Roderick and Vic-
 tory!
 Roderick and Vengeance! . . .

The evening darken'd, but the aveng-
 ing sword
 Turned not away its edge till night had
 closed
 Upon the field of blood. The Chief-
 tains then
 Blew the recall, and from their perfect
 work
 Return'd rejoicing, all but he for whom
 All look'd with most expectance. He
 full sure
 Had thought upon that field to find his
 end
 Desired, and with Florinda in the grave
 Rest, in indissoluble union joined.
 But still where through the press of war
 he went
 Half-arm'd, and like a lover seeking
 death,
 The arrows past him by to right and
 left,
 The spear-point pierced him not, the
 scymitar
 Glanced from his helmet; he, when he
 beheld
 The rout complete, saw that the shield
 of Heaven
 Had been extended over him once
 more,
 And bowed before its will. Upon the
 banks
 Of Sella was Orelia found, his legs
 And flanks incarnadined, his poitral
 smeared
 With froth and foam and gore, his sil-
 ver mane
 Sprinkled with blood, which hung on
 every hair,
 Aspersed like dewdrops; trembling
 there he stood
 From the toil of battle, and at times
 sent forth
 His tremulous voice far echoing loud
 and shrill,

A frequent anxious cry, with which he
 seem'd
 To call the master whom he loved so
 well,
 And who had thus again forsaken him.
 Siverian's helm and cuirass on the grass
 Lay near; and Julian's sword, its hilt
 and chain
 Clotted with blood; but where was he
 whose hand
 Had wielded it so well that glorious
 day? . . .

Days, months, and years, and gener-
 ations pass'd,
 And centuries held their course, before,
 far off
 Within a hermitage near Viseu's walls
 A humble tomb was found, which bore
 inscribed
 In ancient characters King Roderick's
 name.

FROM "THALABA."

HE found a Woman in the cave,
 A solitary Woman,
 Who by the fire was spinning,
 And singing as she spun.
 The pine boughs were cheerfully blaz-
 ing,
 And her face was bright with the flame;
 Her face was as a Damsel's face,
 And yet her hair was gray.
 She bade him welcome with a smile,
 And still continued spinning,
 And singing as she spun. . . .
 The thread she spun it gleam'd like
 gold
 In the light of the odorous fire,
 Yet 'twas it so wonderfully thin,
 That, save when it shone in the light,
 You might look for it closely in vain.
 The youth sat watching it,
 And she observed his wonder,
 And then again she spake,
 And still her speech was song;
 "Now twine it round thy hands I say,
 Now twine it round thy hands I pray;
 My thread is small, my thread is fine,

But he must be
A stronger than thee,
Who can break this thread of mine ! ”

And up she raised her bright blue eyes,
And sweetly she smiled on him,
And he conceived no ill;
And round and round his right hand,
And round and round his left,
He wound the thread so fine.
And then again the Woman spake,
And still her speech was song,
“ Now thy strength, O Stranger, strain !
Now then break the slender chain.”

Thalaba strove, but the thread
By magic hands was spun,
And in his cheek the flush of shame
Arose, commixt with fear.
She beheld and laugh'd at him,
And then again she sung,
“ My thread is small, my thread is fine,
But he must be
A stronger than thee,
Who can break this thread of mine ! ”

And up she raised her bright blue eyes,
And fiercely she smiled on him :
“ I thank thee, I thank thee, Hodei-
rah's son !
I thank thee for doing what can't be
undone,
For binding thyself in the chain I have
spun ! ”

Then from his head she wrench'd
A lock of his raven hair,
And cast it in the fire,
And cried aloud as it burnt,
“ Sister ! Sister ! hear my voice !
“ Sister ! Sister ! come and rejoice !
The thread is spun,
The prize is won,
The work is done,
For I have made captive Hodeirah's
Son.”

FROM “KEHAMA.”

O FORCE of faith ! O strength of virtu-
ous will !
Behold him in his endless martyr-
dom,

Triumphant still !
The Curse still burning in his heart and
brain,
And yet doth he remain
Patient the while, and tranquil, and con-
tent !
The pious soul hath framed unto itself
A second nature, to exist in pain
As in its own allotted element.

Such strength the will reveal'd had
given
This holy pair, such influxes of grace,
That to their solitary resting place
They brought the peace of Heaven.
Yea, all around was hallow'd ! Danger,
Fear,
Nor thought of evil ever enter'd here.
A charm was on the Leopard when he
came
Within the circle of that mystic glade ;
Submit he crouch'd before the heavenly
maid,
And offer'd to her touch his speckled
side ;
Or with arch'd back erect, and bend-
ing head,
And eyes half-closed for pleasure, would
he stand
Courting the pressure of her gentle
hand.
Trampling his path through wood and
brake,
And canes which crackling fall before his
way,
And tassel-grass, whose silvery feathers
play
O'ertopping the young trees,
On comes the Elephant, to slake
His thirst at noon in yon pellucid
springs.
Lo ! from his trunk upturn'd, aloft he
flings
The grateful shower ; and now
Plucking the broad-leaved bough
Of yonder plane, with wavey motion
slow,
Fanning the languid air,
He moves it to and fro.
But when that form of beauty meets his
sight,
The trunk its undulating motion stops,

From his forgetful hold the plane-branch
drops,
Reverent he kneels, and lifts his rational
eyes

To her as if in prayer;
And when she pours her angel voice
in song
Entranced he listens to the thrilling
notes,
Till his strong temples, bathed with
sudden dews,
Their fragrance of delight and love
diffuse.

Lo! as the voice melodious floats
around,
The Antelope draws near,
The Tigress leaves her toothless cubs
to hear;
The Snake comes gliding from the secret
brake,

Himself in fascination forced along
By that enchanting song;
The antic Monkeys, whose wild gam-
bols late,
When not a breeze waved the tall jun-
gle grass,
Shook the whole wood, are hush'd, and
silently

Hang on the cluster'd tree.
All things in wonder and delight are
still;
Only at times the Nightingale is heard,
Not that in emulous skill that sweetest
bird

Her rival strain would try,
A mighty songster, with the Maid to vie;
She only bore her part in powerful
sympathy.
Well might they thus adore that heavenly
Maid!

For never Nymph of Mountain,
Or Grove, or Lake, or Fountain,
With a diviner presence fill'd the shade.
No idle ornaments deface
Her natural grace,
Musk-spot, nor sandal-streak, nor scar-
let stain,
Ear-drop nor chain, nor arm nor ankle-
ring,
Nor trinketry on front, or neck, or
breast,

Marring the perfect form: she seem'd a
thing
Of Heaven's prime uncorrupted work, a
child

Of early nature undefiled,
A daughter of the years of inno-
cence.
And therefore all things loved her.
When she stood
Beside the glassy pool, the fish, that
flies
Quick as an arrow from all other
eyes,
Hover'd to gaze on her. The mother
bird,
When Kailyal's step she heard,
Sought not to tempt her from her se-
cret nest,
But hastening to the dear retreat,
would fly
To meet and welcome her benignant
eye.

LOVE'S IMMORTALITY.

[From *Kehama*.]

THEY sin who tell us love can die:
With life all other passions fly,
All others are but vanity.
In Heaven ambition cannot dwell,
Nor avarice in the vaults of Hell:
Earthly these passions, as of Earth,
They perish where they have their
birth.

But Love is indestructible;
Its holy flame for ever burneth,
From Heaven it came, to Heaven re-
turneth.

Too oft on Earth a troubled guest,
At times deceived, at times oppress;
It here is tried and purified,
And hath in Heaven its perfect rest.
It soweth here with toil and care,
But the harvest-time of Love is there.
Oh! when a mother meets on high
The babe she lost in infancy,
Hath she not then for pains and fear,
The day of woe, the anxious night,
For all her sorrow, all her tears,
An over-payment of delight?

*STANZAS WRITTEN IN HIS
LIBRARY.*

My days among the dead are pass'd;
Around me I behold,
Where'er these casual eyes are cast,
The mighty minds of old;
My never-failing friends are they
With whom I converse night and day.

With them I take delight in weal,
And seek relief in woe;
And while I understand and feel
How much to them I owe,
My cheeks have often been bedew'd
With tears of thoughtful gratitude.

My thoughts are with the dead: with
them
I live in long past years,
Their virtues love, their faults condemn,
Partake their griefs and fears;
And from their sober lessons find
Instruction with a humble mind.

My hopes are with the dead: anon
With them my place will be;
And I with them shall travel on
Through all futurity;
Yet leaving here a name, I trust,
Which will not perish in the dust.

THE HOLLY TREE.

OH Reader! hast thou ever stood to see
The Holly Tree?
The eye that contemplates it well per-
ceives
Its glossy leaves,
Order'd by an Intelligence so wise,
As might confound the Atheist's sophis-
tries.

Below, a circling fence, its leaves are
seen
Wrinkled and keen;
No grazing cattle through their prickly
round
Can reach to wound;

But, as they grow where nothing is to
fear,
Smooth and unarm'd the pointless
leaves appear.

I love to view these things with curious
eyes,
And moralize;
And in this wisdom of the Holly Tree
Can emblems see,
Wherewith perchance to make a pleas-
ant rhyme,
One which may profit in the after-time.

Thus, though abroad perchance I might
appear
Harsh and austere;
To those, who on my leisure would in-
trude,
Reserved and rude; —
Gentle at home amid my friends I'd be,
Like the high leaves upon the Holly
Tree.

And should my youth, as youth is apt I
know,
Some harshness show,
All vain asperities I day by day
Would wear away,
Till the smooth temper of my age
should be
Like the high leaves upon the Holly
Tree.

And as when all the summer trees are
seen
So bright and green,
The Holly leaves a sober hue display
Less bright than they;
But when the bare and wintry woods
we see,
What then so cheerful as the Holly
Tree?

So serious should my youth appear
among
The thoughtless throng;
So would I seem amid the young and
gay
More grave than they;
That in my age as cheerful I might be
As the green winter of the Holly Tree.

*HOW THE WATER COMES
DOWN AT LODORE.*

HERE it comes sparkling,
And there it lies darkling.
Here smoking and frothing,
Its tumult and wrath in,
It hastens along conflicting strong;
Now striking and raging,
As if a war waging,
Its caverns and rocks among.
Rising and leaping,
Sinking and creeping,
Swelling and flinging,
Showering and springing,
Eddying and whisking,
Spouting and frisking,
Turning and twisting
 Around and around;
Collecting, disjecting,
 With endless rebound;
 Smiting and fighting,
 A sight to delight in,
 Confounding, astounding,
Dizzying and deafening the ear with its
 sound.

Receding and speeding,
And shocking and rocking,
And darting and parting,
And threading and spreading,
And whizzing and hissing,
And dripping and skipping,
And brightening and whitening,
And quivering and shivering,
And hitting and splitting,
And shining and twining,
And rattling and battling,
And shaking and quaking,
And pouring and roaring,
And waving and raving,
And tossing and crossing,
And flowing and growing,
And running and stunning,
And hurrying and skurrying,
And glittering and fluttering,
And gathering and feathering,
And dinnig and spinning,
And foaming and roaming,
And dropping and hopping,
And working and jerking,
And guggling and struggling,
And heaving and cleaving,

And thundering and floundering,
And falling and crawling and sprawling,
 ing,
And driving and riving and striving,
And sprinkling and twinkling and
 wrinkling,
And sounding and bounding and
 rounding,
And bubbling and troubling and
 doubling,
Dividing and gliding and sliding,
And grumbling and rumbling and
 tumbling,
And clattering and battering and
 shattering,
And gleaming and streaming and
 steaming and beaming,
And rushing and flushing and brushing
 and gushing,
And flapping and rapping and clapping
 and slapping,
And curling and whirling and purling
 and twirling,
Retreating and meeting and beating
 and sheeting,
Delaying and straying and playing and
 spraying,
Advancing and prancing and glancing
 and dancing,
Recoiling, turmoiling, and toiling and
 boiling,
And thumping and plumping and
 bumping and jumping,
And dashing and flashing and splash-
 ing and clashing,
And so never ending but always de-
 scending,
Sounds and motions for ever and ever
 are blending;
All at once, and all o'er, with a mighty
 uproar,
And in this way the water comes down
 at Lodore.

*THE OLD MAN'S COMFORTS,
AND HOW HE GAINED THEM.*

You are old, Father William, the young
 man cried,
 The few locks that are left you are
 gray;

You are hale, Father William, a hearty
old man,
Now tell me the reason, I pray.

In the days of my youth, Father William
replied,
I remember'd that youth would fly
fast,
And abused not my health and my
vigor at first,
That I never might need them at
last.

You are old, Father William, the young
man cried,
And pleasures with youth pass away,
And yet you lament not the days that
are gone,
Now tell me the reason, I pray.

In the days of my youth, Father Wil-
liam replied,
I remember'd that youth could not
last;
I thought of the future, whatever I did,
That I never might grieve for the
past.

You are old, Father William, the young
man cried,
And life must be hastening away;
You are cheerful, and love to converse
upon death!
Now tell me the reason, I pray.

I am cheerful, young man, Father Wil-
liam replied;
Let the cause thy attention engage;
In the days of my youth I remember'd
my God!
And He hath not forgotten my age.

THE BATTLE OF BLENHEIM.

I.

It was a summer evening,
Old Kaspar's work was done;
And he before his cottage door
Was sitting in the sun,
And by him sported on the green
His little grandchild Wilhelmine.

II.

She saw her brother Peterkin
Roll something large and round,
That he beside the rivulet,
In playing there, had found;
He came to ask what he had found,
That was so large, and smooth, and
round.

III.

Old Kaspar took it from the boy,
Who stood expectant by;
And then the old man shook his head,
And with a natural sigh,
'Tis some poor fellow's skull, said he,
Who fell in the great victory.

IV.

I find them in the garden, for
There's many here about,
And often when I go to plough,
The ploughshare turns them out;
For many thousand men, said he,
Were slain in the great victory.

V.

Now tell us what 'twas all about,
Young Peterkin he cries,
And little Wilhelmine looks up
With wonder-waiting eyes;
Now tell us all about the war,
And what they kill'd each other for.

VI.

It was the English, Kaspar cried,
That put the French to rout;
But what they kill'd each other for,
I could not well make out.
But everybody said, quoth he,
That 'twas a famous victory.

VII.

My father lived at Blenheim then,
Yon little stream hard by;
They burnt his dwelling to the ground,
And he was forced to fly:
So with his wife and child he fled,
Nor had he where to rest his head.

VIII.

With fire and sword the country round
 Was wasted far and wide,
 And many a childing mother then,
 And new-born infant, died.
 But things like that, you know, must be
 At every famous victory.

IX.

They say it was a shocking sight,
 After the field was won,
 For many thousand bodies here
 Lay rotting in the sun;
 But things like that, you know, must be
 After a famous victory.

X.

Great praise the Duke of Marlbro' won,
 And our good Prince Eugene. —
 Why, 'twas a very wicked thing!
 Said little Wilhelmine. —
 Nay — nay — my little girl, quoth he,
 It was a famous victory.

XI.

And everybody praised the Duke
 Who such a fight did win. —
 But what good came of it at last?
 Quoth little Peterkin. —
 Why that I cannot tell, said he,
 But 'twas a famous victory.

THE VOYAGE OF THALABA
 AND THE DAMSEL.

THEN did the damsel speak again,
 "Wilt thou go on with me?
 The moon is bright, the sea is calm,
 And I know well the ocean paths;
 Wilt thou go on with me? —
 Deliverer! yes! thou dost not fear!
 Thou wilt go on with me!"
 "Sail on, sail on!" quoth Thalaba,
 "Sail on, in Allah's name!"

The moon is bright, the sea is calm,
 The little boat rides rapidly
 Across the ocean waves;
 The line of moonlight on the deep

Still follows as they voyage on;
 The winds are motionless;
 The gentle waters gently part
 In murmurs round the prow.
 He looks above, he looks around,
 The boundless heaven, the boundless
 sea,
 The crescent moon, the little boat,
 Nought else above, below.

The moon is sunk, a dusky gray
 Spreads o'er the eastern sky,
 The stars grow pale and paler; —
 Oh beautiful! the godlike sun
 Is rising o'er the sea!
 Without an oar, without a sail,
 The little boat rides rapidly; —
 Is that a cloud that skirts the sea?
 There is no cloud in heaven!
 And nearer now, and darker now —
 It is — it is — the land!
 For yonder are the rocks that rise
 Dark in the reddening morn,
 For loud around their hollow base
 The surges rage and roar.

The little boat rides rapidly,
 And now with shorter toss it heaves
 Upon the heavier swell;
 And now so near, they see
 The shelves and shadows of the cliff,
 And the low-lurking rocks,
 O'er whose black summits, hidden
 half,
 The shivering billows burst; —
 And nearer now they feel the breaker's
 spray.
 Then spake the damsel, "Yonder is
 our path,
 Beneath the cavern arch.
 Now is the ebb, and till the ocean-flow,
 We cannot over-ride the rocks.
 Go thou, and on the shore
 Perform thy last ablutions, and with
 prayer
 Strengthen thy heart. — I too have
 need to pray."

She held the helm with steady hand
 Amid the stronger waves;
 Through surge and surf she drove,
 The adventurer leap'd to land.

THE INCHCAPE ROCK.

No stir in the air, no stir in the sea,
The ship was as still as she could be,
Her sails from heaven received no
motion,
Her keel was steady in the ocean.

Without either sign or sound of their
shock
The waves flow'd over the Inchcape
Rock;
So little they rose, so little they fell,
They did not move the Inchcape Bell.

The good old Abbot of Aberbrothok
Had placed that bell on the Inchcape
Rock;
On a buoy in the storm it floated and
swung,
And over the waves its warning rung.

When the rock was hid by the surges'
swell,
The Mariners heard the warning bell;
And then they knew the perilous Rock,
And blest the Abbot of Aberbrothok.

The sun in heaven was shining gay,
All things were joyful on that day;
The sea-birds scream'd as they wheel'd
round,
And there was joyance in their sound.

The buoy of the Inchcape Bell was seen
A darker speck on the ocean green;
Sir Ralph the Rover walk'd his deck,
And he fix'd his eye on the darker speck.

He felt the cheering power of spring,
It made him whistle, it made him sing;
His heart was mirthful to excess,
But the Rover's nirth was wickedness.

His eye was on the Inchcape float;
Quoth he, "My men, put out the boat,
And row me to the Inchcape Rock,
And I'll plague the priest of Aberbro-
thok."

The boat is lower'd, the boatmen row,
And to the Inchcape Rock they go;
Sir Ralph bent over from the boat,

And he cut the bell from the Inchcape
float.

Down sank the bell, with a gurgling
sound,
The bubbles rose and burst around;
Quoth Sir Ralph, "The next who comes
to the Rock
Won't bless the Abbot of Aberbrothok."

Sir Ralph the Rover sail'd away,
He scour'd the seas for many a day;
And now grown rich with plunder'd store,
He steers his course for Scotland's shore.

So thick a haze o'erspreads the sky
They cannot see the sun on high;
The wind hath blown a gale all day,
At evening it hath died away.

On the deck the Rover takes his stand,
So dark it is they see no land.
Quoth Sir Ralph, "It will be lighter
soon,
For there is the dawn of the rising
moon."

"Can'st hear," said one, "the breakers
roar?
For methinks we should be near the
shore;
Now where we are I cannot tell,
But I wish I could hear the Inchcape
Bell."

They hear no sound, the swell is
strong;
Though the wind hath fallen, they drift
along,
Till the vessel strikes with a shivering
shock:
Cried they, "It is the Inchcape Rock!"

Sir Ralph the Rover tore his hair,
He curst himself in his despair;
The waves rush in on every side,
The ship is sinking beneath the tide,

But even in his dying fear
One dreadful sound could the Rover hear,
A sound as if with the Inchcape Bell,
The fiends below were ringing his
knell.

CAROLINE BOWLES

(MRS. SOUTHEY).

1786-1854.

[MRS. SOUTHEY, a popular poetess, and wife of the Poet Laureate, was the only child of Captain Charles Bowles of Buchland, near Lymington. For more than twenty years her writings were published anonymously. Among the friends who had been attracted to her by her genius, were the poets Southey and Bowles, the former of whom became her husband in 1839. On his death, Mrs. Southey was given a pension of £200 a year. Her principal works are *Ellen Fitz Arthur*, a Poem; *The Widow's Tale*, and other poems; *Solitary Hours*, prose and verse; *Chapters on Churchyards*; *Tales of the Factories*; and *Robin Hood*, with other poems.]

TO A DYING INFANT.

SLEEP, little baby, sleep!
Not in thy cradle bed,
Not on thy mother's breast
Henceforth shall be thy rest,
But with the quiet dead!

Yes! with the quiet dead,
Baby, thy rest shall be!
Oh! many a weary wight,
Weary of life and light,
Would fain lie down with thee.

Flee, little tender nursling!
Flee to thy grassy nest;
There the first flowers shall blow;
The first pure flake of snow
Shall fall upon thy breast.

Peace! peace! the little bosom
Labors with shortening breath:—
Peace! peace! that tremulous sigh
Speaks his departure nigh!
Those are the damps of death.

I've seen thee in thy beauty,
A thing all health and glee;
But never then wert thou
So beautiful as now,
Baby, thou seem'st to me!

Thine upturn'd eyes glazed o'er,
Like harebells wet with dew;
Already veiled and hid
By the convulsed lid,
Their pupils, darkly blue.

Thy little mouth half open—
Thy soft lip quivering,
As if like summer-air,
Ruffling the rose-leaves, there,
Thy soul was fluttering.

Mount up, immortal essence!
Young spirit, haste, depart!—
And is this death?—Dread thing!
If such thy visiting,
How beautiful thou art!

Oh! I could gaze for ever
Upon thy waxen face;
So passionless, so pure!
The little shrine was sure,
An angel's dwelling-place.

Thou weepest, childless Mother!
Aye, weep—'twill ease thine heart;—
He was thy first-born son,
Thy first, thine only one,
'Tis hard from him to part.

'Tis hard to lay thy darling
Deep in the damp cold earth,
His early crib to see,
His silent nursery,
Once gladsome with his mirth.

To meet again in slumber,
His small mouth's rosy kiss;
Then, waken'd with a start,
By thine own throbbing heart,
His twining arms to miss!

To feel (half conscious why)
A dull, heart-sinking weight,

Till memory on the soul
Flashes the painful whole,
That thou art desolate!

And then, to lie and weep,
And think the live-long night
(Feeding thine own distress
With accurate greediness)
Of every past delight;

Of all his winning ways,
His pretty playful smiles,
His joy at sight of thee,
His tricks, his mimicry,
And all his little wiles!

Oh! these are recollections
Round mothers' hearts that cling, —
That mingle with the tears
And smiles of after years,
With oft awakening.

But thou wilt then, fond Mother!
In after years look back,
(Time brings such wondrous easing),
With sadness not unpleasing,
E'en on this gloomy track.

Thou'lt say, "My first-born blessing,
It almost broke my heart,
When thou wert forced to go!
And yet for thee, I know,
'Twas better to depart.

"God took thee in his mercy,
A lamb, untask'd, untried:
He fought the fight for thee,
He won the victory,
And thou art sanctified!

"I look around, and see
The evil ways of men;
And oh! beloved child!
I'm more than reconciled
To thy departure then.

"The little arms that clasp'd me;
The innocent lips that press'd —
Would they have been as pure
'Till now, as when of yore
I lull'd thee on my breast?

"Now, like a dew-drop shrined
Within a crystal stone,
Thou'rt safe in Heaven, my dove!
Safe with the Source of Love,
The Everlasting One!

"And when the hour arrives,
From flesh that sets me free,
Thy spirit may await,
The first at Heaven's gate,
To meet and welcome me!"

THE PAUPER'S DEATHBED.

TREAD softly! bow the head —
In reverent silence bow!
No passing bell doth toll;
Yet an immortal soul
Is passing now.

Stranger, however great,
With lowly reverence bow!
There's one in that poor shed —
One by that paltry bed —
Greater than thou.

Beneath that beggar's roof,
Lo! Death doth keep his state!
Enter! — no crowds attend —
Enter! — no guards defend
This palace gate.

That pavement damp and cold
No smiling courtiers tread;
One silent woman stands,
Lifting with meagre hands
A dying head.

No mingling voices sound —
An infant wail alone;
A sob suppress'd — again
That short deep gasp — and then
The parting groan!

O! change — O! wondrous change!
Burst are the prison bars!
This moment there, so low,
So agonized — and now
Beyond the stars!

O! change — stupendous change!
 There lies the soulless clod!
 The sun eternal breaks;
 The new immortal wakes —
 Wakes with his God.

MARINER'S HYMN.

LAUNCH thy bark, mariner!
 Christian, God speed thee!
 Let loose the rudder-bands —
 Good angels lead thee!
 Set thy sails warily,
 Tempests will come;
 Steer thy course steadily;
 Christian, steer home!

Look to the weather-bow,
 Breakers are round thee;
 Let fall the plummet now,
 Shallows may ground thee.
 Reef in the foresail, there!
 Hold the helm fast!
 So — let the vessel wear —
 There swept the blast.

"What of the night, watchman?
 What of the night?"
 "Cloudy — all quiet —
 No land yet — all's right."
 Be wakeful, be vigilant —
 Danger may be
 At an hour when all seemeth
 Securest to thee.

How! gains the leak so fast?
 Clean out the hold —
 Hoist up thy merchandise,
 Heave out thy gold;
 There — let the ingots go —
 Now the ship rights;
 Hurra! the harbor's near —
 Lo! the red lights!

Slacken not sail yet
 At inlet or island;
 Straight for the beacon steer,
 Straight for the high land;
 Crowd all thy canvas on,
 Cut through the foam —
 Christian! cast anchor now —
 Heaven is thy home.

JOSEPH BLANCO WHITE.

1775-1841.

[BORN at Seville, Spain, July 11, 1775; of an Irish Catholic family; ordained a priest, 1799; came to England in 1810; left the Catholic Church, and became a tutor in the family of Lord Holland; resided in London as a man of letters, contributing to leading reviews and periodicals, and producing several works in Spanish and English. Among his works were, *Letters from Spain*, 1822; *Practical and Internal Evidence Against Catholicism*, 1825; *Second Travels of an Irish Gentleman in Search of a Religion*, 1833. Died at Liverpool, May 20, 1841. His *Sonnet to Night* was called by Coleridge the finest in the language.]

NIGHT AND DEATH.

MYSTERIOUS Night! when our first
 parent knew
 Thee from report divine, and heard
 thy name,
 Did he not tremble for this lovely
 frame,
 This glorious canopy of light and
 blue?
 Yet 'neath a curtain of translucent dew,
 Bathed in the rays of the great set-
 ting flame,
 Hesperus with the host of heaven came,

And lo! creation widened in man's
 view.
 Who could have thought such darkness
 lay concealed
 Within thy beams, O sun! or who
 could find,
 Whilst fly, and leaf, and insect stood re-
 vealed,
 That to such countless orbs thou
 mad'st us blind!
 Why do we then shun Death with
 anxious strife?
 If light can thus deceive, wherefore
 not life?

CHARLES LAMB.

1775-1834.

[BORN in the Temple, London, February 10, 1775; was educated at Christ's Hospital, with Coleridge for a school-fellow; became clerk in the India House, 1792; retired on a pension, 1825; died December 27, 1834. His poetry is as follows:—*Poems by S. T. Coleridge, second Edition, to which are now added poems by Charles Lamb and Charles Lloyd, 1797. Blank Verse, by Charles Lloyd and Charles Lamb, 1798. Poetry for Children, entirely original; by the Author of Mrs. Leicester's School, 1800. Poems in The Works of Charles Lamb, 1818. Album Verses, with a few others, by Charles Lamb, 1830.*]

THE OLD FAMILIAR FACES.

I HAVE had playmates, I have had companions,
In my days of childhood, in my joyful school-days;
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I have been laughing, I have been carousing,
Drinking late, sitting late, with my bosom cronies;
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I loved a love once, fairest among women;
Closed are her doors on me, I must not see her—
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I have a friend, a kinder friend has no man;
Like an ingrate, I left my friend abruptly;
Left him, to muse on the old familiar faces.

Ghost-like I paced round the haunts of my childhood,
Earth seemed a desert I was bound to traverse,
Seeking to find the old familiar faces.

Friend of my bosom, thou more than a brother,
Why wert not thou born in my father's dwelling?
So might we talk of the old familiar faces—

How some they have died, and some they have left me,
And some are taken from me; all are departed;
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

THE GRANDAME.

ON the green hill top,
Hard by the house of prayer, a modest roof,
And not distinguished from its neighbor-barn,
Save by a slender-tapering length of spire,
The Grandame sleeps. A plain stone barely tells
The name and date to the chance passenger.
For lowly born was she, and long had eat,
Well-earned, the bread of service:—
hers was else
A mounting spirit, one that entertained
Scorn of base action, deed dishonorable,
Or aught unseemly. I remember well
Her reverend image: I remember, too,
With what a zeal she served her master's house:
And how the prattling tongue of garrulous age
Delighted to recount the oft-told tale
Or anecdote domestic. Wise she was,
And wondrous skilled in genealogies,
And could in apt and voluble terms discourse
Of births, of titles, and alliances;

Of marriages, and intermarriages;
 Relationship remote, or near of kin;
 Of friends offended, family disgraced —
 Maiden high-born, but wayward, disobeying
 Parental strict injunction, and regardless
 Of unmixed blood, and ancestry remote,
 Stooping to wed with one of low degree.
 But these are not thy praises; and I wrong
 Thy honored memory, recording chiefly
 Things light or trivial. Better 'twere to tell,
 How with a nobler zeal, and warmer love,

She served her heavenly master. I have seen
 That reverend form bent down with age and pain,
 And rankling malady. Yet not for this
 Ceased she to praise her Maker, or withdrew
 Her trust in him, her faith, and humble hope —
 So meekly had she learned to bear her cross —
 For she had studied patience in the school
 Of Christ, much comfort she had thence derived,
 And was a follower of the Nazarene.



WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

1775-1864.

[WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR was born at Warwick, Jan. 30, 1775; died at Florence, Dec. 17, 1864. He resided in Italy almost continuously from 1815 to 1835, and afterwards twenty-one years in Bath. His writings, the dates of which range from 1795 to almost the year of his death, were first collected by himself in two large volumes (1846), and afterwards (1876), with his Life, by Mr. John Forster, in eight vols. 8vo.]

THE SHELL.

[From *Gebir*, Book I.]

I AM not daunted, no; I will engage.
 But first, said she, what wager will you lay?
 A sheep, I answered, add whate'er you will.
 I cannot, she replied, make that return:
 Our hidèd vessels in their pitchy round
 Seldom, unless from rapine, hold a sheep.
 But I have sinuous shells of pearly hue
 Within, and they that lustre have imbibed
 In the Sun's palace-porch, where when unyoked
 His chariot-wheel stands midway in the wave:
 Shake one and it awakens, then apply

Its polishèd lips to your attentive ear
 And it remembers its august abodes,
 And murmurs as the ocean murmurs there.

PRAYERS.

[From Book V.]

YE men of Gades, armed with brazen shields,
 And ye of near Tartessus, where the shore
 Stoops to receive the tribute which all owe
 To Baetis and his banks for their attire,
 Ye too whom Durius bore on level meads,
 Inherent in your hearts is bravery:
 For Earth contains no nation where
 abounds

The generous horse and not the warlike
man.
But neither soldier now nor steed avails:
Nor steed nor soldier can oppose the
Gods:
Nor is there aught above like Jove him-
self,
Nor weighs against his purpose, when
once fixt,
Aught but, with supplicating knee, the
Prayers.
Swifter than light are they, and every
face,
Tho' different, glows with beauty; at
the throne
Of mercy, when clouds shut it from
mankind,
They fall bare-bosom'd, and indignant
Jove
Drops at the soothing sweetness of their
voice
The thunder from his hand: let us
arise
On these high places daily, beat our
breast,
Prostrate ourselves and deprecate his
wrath.

TAMAR AND THE NYMPH.

[From Book VI.]

"OH seek not destin'd evils to divine,
Found out at last too soon! cease here
the search,
'Tis vain, 'tis impious, 'tis no gift of
mine;
I will impart far better, will impart
What makes, when Winter comes, the
Sun to rest
So soon on Ocean's bed his paler brow,
And Night to tarry so at Spring's return.
And I will tell sometimes the fate of
men
Who loos'd from drooping neck the
restless arm
Adventurous, ere long nights had satis-
fied
The sweet and honest avarice of love;
How whirlpools have absorb'd them,
storms o'erwhelm'd,
And how amid their struggles and their
prayers

The big wave blacken'd o'er the mouth
supine:
Then, when my Tamar trembles at the
tale,
Kissing his lips half open with surprise,
Glance from the gloomy story, and with
glee
Light on the fairer fables of the Gods.
— Thus we may sport at leisure when
we go
Where, loved by Neptune and the
Naiad, loved
By pensive Dryad pale, and Oread
The sprightly nymph whom constant
Zephyr woos,
Rhine rolls his beryl-color'd wave; than
Rhine
What river from the mountains ever
came
More stately? most the simple crown
adorns
Of rushes and of willows intertwined
With here and there a flower: his lofty
brow
Shaded with vines and mistletoe and oak
He rears, and mystic bards his fame re-
sound.
Or gliding opposite, th' Illyrian gulf
Will harbor us from ill." While thus
she spake,
She toucht his eyelashes with libant lip,
And breath'd ambrosial odors, o'er his
cheek
Celestial warmth suffusing: grief dis-
persed,
And strength and pleasure beam'd upon
his brow.
Then pointed she before him: first arose
To his astonisht and delighted view
The sacred ile that shrines the queen of
love.
It stood so near him, so acute each
sense,
That not the symphony of lutes alone
Or coo serene or billing strife of doves,
But murmurs, whispers, nay the very
sighs
Which he himself had utter'd once, he
heard.
Next, but long after and far off, appear
The cloudlike cliffs and thousand towers
of Crete,

And further to the right, the Cyclades:
 Phoebus had rais'd and fixt them, to
 surround
 His native Delos and aerial fane.
 He saw the land of Pelops, host of
 Gods,
 Saw the steep ridge where Corinth after
 stood
 Beckoning the serious with the smiling
 Arts
 Into the sunbright bay; unborn the
 maid
 That to assure the bent-up hand un-
 skilled
 Lookt oft, but oftener fearing who might
 wake.
 He heard the voice of rivers; he des-
 cried
 Pindan Peneus and the slender nymphs
 That tread his banks but fear the thun-
 dering tide;
 These, and Amphrysos and Apidanus
 And poplar-crown'd Spercheus, and re-
 clined
 On restless rocks Enipeus, where the
 winds
 Scatter'd above the weeds his hoary
 hair.
 Then, with Pirene and with Panope
 Evenus, troubled from paternal tears,
 And last was Achelous, king of iles.
 Zacynthus here, above rose Ithaca,
 Like a blue bubble floating in the
 bay.
 Far onward to the left a glimm'ring
 light
 Glanced out oblique, nor vanisht; he
 inquired
 Whence that arose, his consort thus re-
 plied,
 "Behold the vast Eridanus! ere long
 We may again behold him and rejoice.
 Of noble rivers none with mightier force
 Rolls his unwearied torrent to the main."
 And now Sicanian Etna rose to view:
 Darkness with light more horrid she
 confounds,
 Baffles the breath and dims the sight of
 day.
 Tamar grew giddy with astonishment
 And, looking up, held fast the bridal
 vest;

He heard the roar above him, heard the
 roar
 Beneath, and felt it too, as he beheld,
 Hurl, from Earth's base, rocks, moun-
 tains, to the skies.

TO TACÆA.

TO-MORROW, brightest-eyed of Avon's
 train,
 To-morrow thou art slavelike bound and
 sold,
 Another's and another's; haste away,
 Winde through the willows, dart along
 the path,
 It nought avails thee, nought our plaint
 avails.
 O happy those before me, who could
 say,
 "Short though thy period, sweet Tacæa,
 short
 Ere thou art destined to the depths be-
 low,
 Thou passest half thy sunny hours with
 me."
 I mourn not, envy not, what others
 gain,
 Thee, and thy venerable elms I mourn,
 Thy old protectors, ruthless was the
 pride,
 And gaunt the need that bade their
 heads lie low.
 I see the meadow's tender grass start
 back,
 See from their prostrate trunks the
 gory glare.
 Ah! pleasant was it once to watch thy
 waves
 Swelling o'er pliant beds of glossy weed;
 Pleasant to watch them dip amid the
 stones,
 Chirp, and spring over, glance and
 gleam along,
 And tripping light their wanton way
 pursue.
 Methinks they now with mellow mourn-
 fulness
 Bid their faint breezes chide my fond
 delay,
 Nor suffer on the bridge nor on the knee

My poor irregularly pencilled page.
 Alas, Tacæa, thou art sore deceived!
 Here are no foren words, no fatal seal,
 But thou and all who hear me shall
 avow
 The simple notes of sorrow's song are
 here.

RÆSULAN IDYL.

HERE, when precipitate Spring with
 one light bound
 Into hot Summer's lusty arms expires;
 And where go forth at morn, at eve, at
 night,
 Soft airs, that want the lute to play
 with them,
 And softer sighs, that know not what
 they want;
 Under a wall, beneath an orange tree
 Whose tallest flowers could tell the
 lowlier ones
 Of sights in Fiesole right up above,
 While I was gazing a few paces off
 At what they seemed to show me with
 their nods,
 Their frequent whispers and their
 pointing shoots,
 A gentle maid came down the garden
 steps
 And gathered the pure treasure in her
 lap.
 I heard the branches rustle, and stept
 forth
 To drive the ox away, or mule, or goat,
 (Such I believed it must be); for sweet
 scents
 Are the swift vehicles of still sweeter
 thoughts,
 And nurse and pillow the dull memory
 That would let drop without them her
 best stores.
 They bring me tales of youth and tones
 of love,
 And 'tis and ever was my wish and
 way
 To let all flowers live freely, and all
 die,
 Whene'er their Genius bids their souls
 depart,

Among their kindred in their native
 place.
 I never pluck the rose; the violet's
 head
 Hath shaken with my breath upon its
 bank
 And not reproacht me; the ever-sacred
 cup
 Of the pure lily hath between my hands
 Felt safe, unsoiled, nor lost one grain
 of gold.
 I saw the light that made the glossy
 leaves
 More glossy; the fair arm, the fairer
 cheek
 Warmed by the eye intent on its pur-
 suit;
 I saw the foot, that although half-erect
 From its gray slippers, could not lift
 her up
 To what she wanted; I held down a
 branch,
 And gathered her some blossoms, since
 their hour
 Was come, and bees had wounded
 them, and flies
 Of harder wing were working their
 way through
 And scattering them in fragments under
 foot.
 So crisp were some, they rattled un-
 evolved,
 Others, ere broken off, fell into shells,
 For such appear the petals when de-
 tacht,
 Unbending, brittle, lucid, white like
 snow,
 And like snow not seen through, by
 eye or sun;
 Yet every one her gown received from
 me
 Was fairer than the first; . . . I
 thought not so,
 But so she praised them to reward my
 care,
 I said: *you find the largest.*
 This indeed,
 Cried she, *is large and sweet.*
 She held one forth,
 Whether for me to look at or to take
 She knew not nor did I; but taking,
 it

Would best have solved (and this she
felt) her doubts,
I dared not touch it; for it seemed a
part
Of her own self; fresh, full, the most
mature
Of blossoms, yet a blossom; with a
touch
To fall, and yet unfallen.

She drew back
The boon she tendered, and then, find-
ing not
The ribbon at her waist to fix it in,
Dropt it, as loth to drop it, on the rest.

IPHIGENEIA AND AGAMEMNON.

IPHIGENEIA, when she heard her doom
At Aulis, and when all beside the
King

Had gone away, took his right hand,
and said,

"O father! I am young and very
happy.

I do not think the pious Calchas heard
Distinctly what the Goddess spake.

Old-age

Obscures the senses. If my nurse, who
knew

My voice so well, sometimes misunder-
stood

While I was resting on her knee both
arms

And hitting it to make her mind my
words,

And looking in her face, and she in
mine,

Might he not also hear one word amiss,
Spoken from so far off, even from
Olympus?"

The father placed his cheek upon her
head,

And tears dropt down it, but the king
of men

Replied not. Then the maiden spake
once more.

"O father! say'st thou nothing?
Hear'st thou not

Me, whom thou ever hast, until this
hour,

Listened to fondly, and awakened me
To hear my voice amid the voice of
birds,

When it was inarticulate as theirs,
And the down deadened it within the
nest?"

He moved her gently from him, silent
still,

And this, and this alone, brought tears
from her,

Although she saw fate nearer: then
with sighs,

"I thought to have laid down my hair
before

Benignant Artemis, and not have
dimmed

Her polisht altar with my virgin blood;
I thought to have selected the white
flowers

To please the Nymphs, and to have
asked of each

By name, and with no sorrowful re-
gret,

Whether, since both my parents willed
the change,

I might at Hymen's feet bend my clipt
brow;

And (after those who mind us girls
the most)

Adore our own Athena, that she would
Regard me mildly with her azure eyes.

But, father! to see you no more, and
see

Your love, O father! go ere I am
gone." . . .

Gently he moved her off, and drew her
back,

Bending his lofty head far over hers,
And the dark depths of nature heaved
and burst.

He turned away; not far, but silent
still.

She now first shuddered; for in him,
so nigh,

So long a silence seemed the approach
of death,

And like it. Once again she raised
her voice.

"O father! if the ships are now de-
tained,

And all your vows move not the Gods
above,

When the knife strikes me there will
 be one prayer
 The less to them: and purer can there
 be
 Any, or more fervent than the daugh-
 ter's prayer
 For her dear father's safety and suc-
 cess?"

A groan that shook him shook not his
 resolve.

An aged man now entered, and without
 One word, stepped slowly on, and took
 the wrist
 Of the pale maiden. She looked up,
 and saw
 The fillet of the priest and calm cold
 eyes.

Then turned she where her parent
 stood, and cried
 "O father! grieve no more: the ships
 can sail."

THE DEATH OF ARTEMIDORA.

"ARTEMIDORA! Gods invisible,
 While thou art lying faint along the
 couch,
 Have tied the sandal to thy slender
 feet
 And stand beside thee, ready to convey
 Thy weary steps where other rivers
 flow.
 Refreshing shades will waft thy
 weariness
 Away, and voices like thy own
 come near
 And nearer, and solicit an embrace."
 Artemidora sighed, and would have
 prest
 The hand now pressing hers, but was
 too weak.

Trio stood over her dark hair unseen
 While thus Elpenor spoke. He
 lookt into
 Eyes that had given light and life ere-
 while
 To those above them, but now dim
 with tears
 And wakefulness. Again he spake of
 joy

Eternal. At that word, that sad
 word, *joy*,
 Faithful and fond her bosom heaved
 once more;
 Her head fell back; and now a loud
 deep sob
 Swelled thro' the darkened chamber;
 'twas not hers.

CORINNA, FROM ATHENS, TO TANAGRA.

[From *Pericles and Aspasia*.]

I.

TANAGRA! think not I forget
 Thy beautifully-storied streets;
 Be sure my memory bathes yet
 In clear Thermodon, and yet greets
 The blythe and liberal shepherd boy,
 Whose sunny bosom swells with joy
 When we accept his matted rushes
 Upheaved with sylvan fruit; away he
 bounds, and blushes.

2.

I promise to bring back with me
 What thou with transport will receive,
 The only proper gift for thee,
 Of which no mortal shall bereave
 In later times thy mouldering walls,
 Until the last old turret falls;
 A crown, a crown from Athens won,
 A crown no god can wear, beside La-
 tona's son.

3.

There may be cities who refuse
 To their own child the honors due,
 And look ungently on the Muse;
 But ever shall those cities rue
 The dry, unyielding, niggard breast,
 Offering no nourishment, no rest,
 To that young head which soon shall
 rise
 Disdainfully, in might and glory, to the
 skies.

4.

Sweetly where caverned Dirce flows
 Do white-armed maidens chaunt my
 lay,

Flapping the while with laurel-rose

The honey-gathering tribes away;
And sweetly, sweetly, Attick tongues
Lisp your Corinna's early songs;
To her with feet more graceful come
The verses that have dwelt in kindred
breasts at home.

5.

Oh let thy children lean aslant
Against the tender mother's knee,
And gaze into her face, and want
To know what magic there can be
In words that urge some eyes to dance,
While others as in holy trance
Look up to heaven; be such my praise!
Why linger? I must haste, or lose the
Delphic bays.

CLEONE TO ASPASIA.

WE mind not how the sun in the mid-
sky

Is hastening on; but when the golden
orb
Strikes the extreme of earth, and when
the gulphs

Of air and ocean open to receive him,
Dampness and gloom invade us; then
we think

Ah! thus it is with youth. Too fast
his feet

Run on for sight; hour follows hour;
fair maid

Succeeds fair maid; bright eyes be-
star his couch;

The cheerful horn awakens him; the
feast,

The revel, the entangling dance,
allure,

And voices mellower than the Muse's
own

Heap up his buoyant bosom on their
wave.

A little while, and then . . . Ah
youth! youth! youth!

Listen not to my words . . . but stay
with me!

When thou art gone, Life may go too;
the sigh

That rises is for thee, and not for
Life.

THE MAID'S LAMENT.

[From the *Examination of Shakespeare.*]

I LOVED him not; and yet now he is gone
I feel I am alone.

I checked him while he spoke; yet
could he speak,

Alas, I would not check.

For reasons not to love him once I
sought

And wearied all my thought
To vex myself and him; I now would
give

My love, could he but live
Who lately lived for me, and when he
found

'Twas vain, in holy ground
He hid his face amid the shades of
death.

I waste for him my breath
Who wasted his for me; but mine re-
turns,

And this lorn bosom burns
With stifling heat, heaving it up in
sleep,

And waking me to weep
Tears that had melted his soft heart;
for years

Wept he as bitter tears.
"Merciful God!" such was his latest
prayer,

"These may she never share!"
Quieter is his breath, his breast more
cold

Than daisies in the mould,
Where children spell, athwart the
churchyard gate,

His name, and life's brief date.
Pray for him, gentle souls, whoe'er you
be,

And, O, pray too for me.

WHY, why repine, my pensive friend,
At pleasures slept away?

Some the stern Fates will never lend,
And all refuse to stay.

I see the rainbow in the sky,
The dew upon the grass;

I see them, and I ask not why
• They glimmer or they pass,

With folded arms I linger not
 To call them back — 'twere vain :
 In this, or in some other spot
 I know they'll shine again.

CHILDREN PLAYING IN A
 CHURCHYARD.

CHILDREN, keep up that harmless play,
 Your kindred angels plainly say
 By God's authority ye may.

Be prompt his Holy word to hear,
 It teaches you to banish fear;
 The lesson lies on all sides near.

Ten summers hence the sprightliest lad
 In Nature's face will look more sad,
 And ask where are those smiles she had?

Ere many days the last will close.
 Play on, play on, for then (who
 knows?)
 Ye who play here may here repose.



THOMAS CAMPBELL.

1777-1844.

[THOMAS CAMPBELL was born at Glasgow in 1777 of a good Scotch family. He was educated at the Glasgow Grammar School and University, and after one or two tutorships proceeded to Edinburgh to try his fortunes in literature. He published *The Pleasures of Hope* at the age of twenty-one, and from that date forward his career was one of literary success sufficient, with a pension of £200 from the Crown, to secure him from pecuniary anxiety. He contested successfully the Rectorship of his University with Sir Walter Scott in 1827, and was re-elected the two following years. He removed to London in 1840, but the last years of his life were spent at Boulogne, where he died in 1844. He was buried in Westminster Abbey.]

HOPE.

PRIMEVAL Hope, the Aonian Muses say,
 When Man and Nature mourned their
 first decay,
 When every form of Death and every woe
 Shot from malignant stars to Earth be-
 low,
 When Murder bared her arm, and ram-
 pant War
 Yoked the red dragons of her iron car;
 When Peace and Mercy, banished from
 the plain,
 Sprung on the viewless winds to Heaven
 again;
 All, all forsook the friendless guilty
 mind.
 But, Hope, the charmer, lingered still
 behind.

THE FINAL TRIUMPH OF HOPE.

ETERNAL Hope! when yonder spheres
 sublime
 Pealed their first notes to sound the
 march of time,

Their joyous youth began — but not to
 fade. —
 When all the sister planets have de-
 cayed;
 When rapt in fire the realms of ether
 glow,
 And Heaven's last thunder shakes the
 world below;
 Thou, undismayed, shalt o'er the ruins
 smile,
 And light thy torch at Nature's funeral
 pile!

THE LAST MAN.

ALL worldly shapes shall melt in gloom,
 The sun himself must die,
 Before this mortal shall assume
 Its immortality!
 I saw a vision in my sleep
 That gave my spirit strength to sweep
 Adown the gulf of Time!
 I saw the last of human mould,
 That shall creation's death behold,
 As Adam saw her prime!

The sun's eye had a sickly glare,
 The earth with age was wan,
 The skeletons of nations were
 Around that lonely man!
 Some had expired in fight, — the brands
 Still rusted in their bony hands;
 In plague and famine some!
 Earth's cities had no sound nor tread;
 And ships were drifting with the dead
 To shores where all was dumb!

Yet, prophet-like, that lone one stood,
 With dauntless words and high,
 That shook the sere leaves from the
 wood
 As if a storm passed by —
 Saying, We are twins in death, proud
 sun,
 Thy face is cold, thy race is run,
 'Tis mercy bids thee go;
 For thou ten thousand thousand years
 Hast seen the tide of human tears,
 That shall no longer flow.

What though beneath thee man put
 forth
 His pomp, his pride, his skill;
 And arts that made fire, flood, and
 earth,
 The vassals of his will; —
 Yet mourn I not thy parted sway,
 Thou dim disrowned king of day:
 For all those trophied arts
 And triumphs that beneath thee sprang,
 Healed not a passion or a pang
 Entailed on human hearts.

Go, let oblivion's curtain fall
 Upon the stage of men,
 Nor with thy rising beams recall
 Life's tragedy again.
 Its piteous pageants bring not back,
 Nor waken flesh upon the rack
 Of pain anew to writhe;
 Stretched in disease's shapes abhorred,
 Or mown in battle by the sword,
 Like grass beneath the scythe.

Even I am weary in yon skies
 To watch thy fading fire;
 Test of all sumless agonies,
 Behold not me expire.

My lips that speak thy dirge of death —
 Their rounded gasp and gurgling breath
 To see thou shalt not boast.
 The eclipse of nature spreads my pall, —
 The majesty of darkness shall
 Receive my parting ghost!

This spirit shall return to Him
 Who gave its heavenly spark;
 Yet think not, sun, it shall be dim,
 When thou thyself art dark!
 No! it shall live again, and shine
 In bliss unknown to beams of thine,
 By Him recalled to breath,
 Who captive led captivity,
 Who robbed the grave of victory, —
 And took the sting from death!

Go, sun, while mercy holds me up
 On nature's awful waste,
 To drink this last and bitter cup
 Of grief that man shall taste —
 Go, tell the night that hides thy face,
 Thou saw'st the last of Adam's race,
 On earth's sepulchral clod,
 The darkening universe defy
 To quench his immortality,
 Or shake his trust in God!

LORD ULLIN'S DAUGHTER.

A CHIEFTAIN to the Highlands bound,
 Cries, "Boatman, do not tarry!
 And I'll give thee a silver pound
 To row us o'er the ferry."

"Now, who be ye would cross Loch-
 gyle,
 This dark and stormy water?"
 "Oh! I'm the chief of Ulva's isle,
 And this Lord Ullin's daughter.

"And fast before her father's men
 Three days we've fled together;
 For, should he find us in the glen,
 My blood would stain the heather.

"His horsemen hard behind us ride;
 Should they our steps discover,
 Then who will cheer my bonny bride
 When they have slain her lover?"

Out spoke the hardy island wight,
 "I'll go, my chief—I'm ready:—
 It is not for your silver bright;
 But for your winsome lady:

"And by my word, the bonny bird
 In danger shall not tarry;
 So, though the waves are raging white,
 I'll row you o'er the ferry."

By this the storm grew loud apace,
 The water-wraith was shrieking;
 And in the scowl of heaven each face
 Grew dark as they were speaking.

But still as wilder blew the wind,
 And as the night grew drearer,
 Adown the glen rode armed men,
 Their trampling sounded nearer.

"Oh! haste thee, haste!" the lady
 cries,
 "Though tempests round us gather;
 I'll meet the raging of the skies,
 But not an angry father."

The boat has left a stormy land,
 A stormy sea before her,—
 When, oh! too strong for human hand,
 The tempest gathered o'er her.

And still they rowed amidst the roar
 Of waters fast prevailing;
 Lord Ullin reached that fatal shore,
 His wrath was changed to wailing.

For sore dismayed through storm and
 shade,
 His child he did discover:
 One lovely hand she stretched for aid,
 And one was round her lover.

"Come back! come back!" he cried
 in grief,
 "Across this stormy water;
 And I'll forgive your Highland chief,
 My daughter!—oh! my daughter!"

'Twas vain: the loud waves lashed the
 shore,
 Return or aid preventing;
 The waters wild went o'er his child,
 And he was left lamenting.

THE LAMENT OF OUTALISSI.

[*Gertrude of Wyoming.*]

"AND I could weep;" th' Oneyda chief
 His descendant wildly thus begun;
 "But that I may not stain with grief
 The death-song of my father's son!
 Or bow his head in woe;
 For by my wrongs, and by my wrath!
 To-morrow Areouski's breath
 (That fires yon heav'n with storms of
 death,) Shall light us to the foe:
 And we shall share, my Christian boy!
 The foeman's blood, the avenger's joy!"

"But thee, my flower, whose breath
 was given
 By milder genii o'er the deep,
 The spirits of the white man's heaven
 Forbid not thee to weep:
 Nor will the Christian host,
 Nor will thy father's spirit grieve
 To see thee, on the battle's eve,
 Lamenting take a mournful leave
 Of her who loved thee most:
 She was the rainbow to thy sight!
 Thy sun—thy heaven—of lost delight!"

"To-morrow let us do or die!
 But when the bolt of death is hurled,
 Ah! whither then with thee to fly,
 Shall Outalissi roam the world?
 Seek we thy once loved home?
 The hand is gone that cropt its flowers:
 Unheard their clock repeats its hours!
 Cold is the hearth within their bow'rs!
 And should we thither roam,
 Its echoes and its empty tread
 Would sound like voices from the dead!"

"Or shall we cross yon mountains blue,
 Whose streams my kindred nation
 quaffed;
 And by my side, in battle true,
 A thousand warriors drew the shaft?
 Ah! there, in desolation cold,
 The desert serpent dwells alone,
 Where grass o'ergrows each mouldering
 bone,
 And stones themselves to ruin grown,
 Like me, are death-like old."

Then seek we not their camp—for
there
The silence dwells of my despair!

"But hark, the tramp!—to-morrow
thou

In glory's fires shalt dry thy tears:
Even from the land of shadows now
My father's awful ghost appears,
Amidst the clouds that round us roll;
He bids my soul for battle thirst—
He bids me dry the last—the first—
The only tears that ever burst
From Outalissi's soul;
Because I may not stain with grief
The death-song of an Indian chief."

THE SOLDIER'S DREAM.

OUR bugles sang truce—for the night-
cloud had lowered

And the sentinel stars set their watch
in the sky;
And thousands had sunk on the ground
overpowered,
The weary to sleep, and the wounded
to die.

When reposing that night on my pallet
of straw,
By the wolf-scaring faggot that
guarded the slain,
At the dead of the night a sweet vision
I saw,
And thrice ere the morning I dreamt
it again.

Methought from the battle-field's dread-
ful array,
Far, far I had roamed on a desolate
track;
'Twas autumn—and sunshine arose on
the way
To the home of my fathers, that wel-
comed me back.

I flew to the pleasant fields traversed so
oft
In life's morning march, when my
bosom was young;

I heard my own mountain-goats bleat-
ing aloft,
And knew the sweet strain that the
corn-reapers sung.

Then pledged we the wine-cup, and
fondly I swore
From my home and my weeping
friends never to part;
My little ones kissed me a thousand
times o'er,
And my wife sobbed aloud in her full-
ness of heart.

Stay, stay with us—rest, thou art
weary and worn;
And fain was their war-broken sol-
dier to stay;
But sorrow returned with the dawning
of morn,
And the voice in my dreaming ear
melted away.

EXILE OF ERIN.

THEF came to the beach a poor Exile
of Erin,

The dew on his thin robe was heavy
and chill:

For his country he sighed, when at
twilight repairing

To wander alone by the wind-beaten
hill.

But the day-star attracted his eye's sad
devotion,

For it rose o'er his own native isle of
the ocean,

Where once, in the fire of his youthful
emotion,

He sang the bold anthem of Erin go-
bragh.

Sad is my fate! said the heart-broken
stranger,

The wild deer and wolf to a covert
can flee;

But I have no refuge from famine and
danger,

A home and a country remain not to
me.

Never again in the green sunny bowers,
Where my forefathers lived, shall I
 spend the sweet hours,
Or cover my harp with the wild woven
 flowers,
And strike to the numbers of Erin go
 bragh!

Erin my country! though sad and for-
 saken,
In dreams I revisit thy sea-beaten
 shore;
But alas! in a far foreign land I
 awaken,
And sigh for the friends who can
 meet me no more!
Oh cruel fate! wilt thou never replace
 me
In a mansion of peace — where no perils
 can chase me?
Never again, shall my brothers embrace
 me?
They died to defend me, or live to
 deplore!

Where is my cabin-door, fast by the
 wild wood?
Sisters and sire! did ye weep for its
 fall?
Where is the mother that looked on
 my childhood?
And where is the bosom friend, dearer
 than all?
Oh! my sad heart! long abandoned by
 pleasure,
Why did it dote on a fast-fading treas-
 ure!
Tears like the rain-drop, may fall with-
 out measure,
But rapture and beauty they cannot
 recall.

Yet all its sad recollection suppressing,
One dying wish my lone bosom can
 draw:
Erin! an exile bequeaths thee this bless-
 ing!
Land of my forefathers! Erin go
 bragh!
Buried and cold, when my heart stills
 her motion,

Green be thy fields — sweetest isle of
 the ocean!
And thy harp-striking bards sing aloud
 with devotion —
Erin mavournin! — Erin go bragh!

FIELD FLOWERS.

YE field flowers! the gardens eclipse
 you, 'tis true,
Yet, wildings of nature, I doat upon
 you;
For ye waft me to summers of old,
When the earth teemed around me with
 fairy delight,
And when daisies and buttercups glad-
 dened my sight,
Like treasures of silver and gold.

I love you for lulling me back into
 dreams
Of the blue Highland mountains and
 echoing streams,
And of birchen glades breathing
 their balm,
While the deer was seen glancing in
 sunshine remote,
And the deep mellow crush of the wood-
 pigeon's note
Made music that sweetened the
 calm.

Not a pastoral song has a pleasanter
 tune
Than ye speak to my heart, little wild-
 ings of June:
Of old ruinous castles ye tell,
Where I thought it delightful your
 beauties to find,
When the magic of Nature first breathed
 on my mind,
And your blossoms were part of her
 spell.

Even now what affections the violet
 awakes;
What loved little islands twice seen in
 their lakes,
Can the wild water-lily restore;
What landscapes I read in the prim-
 rose's looks,

And what pictures of pebbled and minnowy brooks
In the vetches that tangled their shore.

Earth's cultureless buds, to my heart ye were dear,
Ere the fever of passion or ague of fear
Had scathed my existence's bloom;
Once I welcome you more, in life's passionless stage,
With the visions of youth to revisit my age,
And I wish you to grow on my tomb.

YE MARINERS OF ENGLAND.

YE mariners of England,
That guard our native seas;
Whose flag has braved a thousand years
The battle and the breeze!
Your glorious standard launch again
To match another foe;
And sweep through the deep,
While the stormy winds do blow;
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow!

The spirits of your fathers
Shall start from every wave;
For the deck it was their field of fame
And Ocean was their grave:
Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell,
Your manly hearts shall glow,
As ye sweep through the deep,
While the stormy winds do blow;
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow!

Britannia needs no bulwarks,
No towers along the steep;
Her march is o'er the mountain wave,
Her home is on the deep.
With thunders from her native oak
She quells the floods below,
As they roar on the shore,

When the stormy winds do blow;
When the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow!

The meteor flag of England
Shall yet terrific burn,
Till danger's troubled night depart,
And the star of peace return;
Then, then, ye ocean warriors,
Our song and feast shall flow
To the fame of your name,
When the storm has ceased to blow;
When the fiery fight is heard no more,
And the storm has ceased to blow.

THE BATTLE OF THE BALTIC.

OF Nelson and the North
Sing the glorious day's renown,
When to battle fierce came forth
All the might of Denmark's crown,
And her arms along the deep proudly shone:
By each gun the lighted brand
In a bold, determined hand;
And the prince of all the land
Led them on.

Like leviathans afloat,
Lay their bulwarks on the brine,
While the sign of battle flew
O'er the lofty British line:
It was ten of April morn by the chime,
As they drifted on their path;
There was silence deep as death,
And the boldest held his breath
For a time.

But the might of England flushed,
To anticipate the scene;
And her van the fleetest rushed
O'er the deadly space between.
"Hearts of oak!" our captains cried;
when each gun
From its adamantine lips
Spread a death-shade round the ships,
Like the hurricane eclipse
Of the sun.

Again! again! again!
And the havoc did not slack,

Till a feeblér cheer the Dane
 To our cheering sent us back;
 Their shots along the deep slowly
 boom: —
 Then ceased, and all is wail,
 As they strike the shattered sail;
 Or, in conflagration pale,
 Light the gloom.

Out spoke the victor then,
 As he hailed them o'er the wave:
 "Ye are brothers! we are men!
 And we conquer but to save:
 So peace instead of death let us bring;
 But yield, proud foe, thy fleet,
 With the crews, at England's feet,
 And make submission meet
 To our king."

Then Denmark blessed our chief,
 That he gave her wounds repose;
 And the sounds of joy and grief
 From her people wildly rose,
 As death withdrew his shades from the
 day;
 While the sun looked smiling bright
 O'er a wide and woeful sight,
 Where the fires of funeral light
 Died away.

Now joy, Old England raise,
 For the tidings of thy might,
 By the festal cities' blaze,
 Whilst the wine-cup shines in light;
 And yet amidst that joy and uproar
 Let us think of them that sleep,
 Full many a fathom deep,
 By thy wild and stormy steep,
 Elsinore.

Brave hearts! to Britain's pride
 Once so faithful and so true,
 On the deck of fame that died,
 With the gallant good 'Riou:
 Soft sigh the winds of heaven o'er their
 grave;
 While the billow mournful rolls,
 And the mermaid's song condoes,
 Singing glory to the souls
 Of the brave.

HOHENLINDEN.

ON Linden when the sun was low,
 All bloodless lay the untrodden snow;
 And dark as winter was the flow
 Of Iser rolling rapidly.

But Linden saw another sight
 When the drum beat at dead of night,
 Commanding fires of death to light
 The darkness of her scenery.

By torch and trumpet fast arrayed,
 Each horseman drew his battle blade,
 And furious every charger neighed
 To join the dreadful revelry.

Then shook the hills, with thunder
 riven;
 Then rushed the steed, to battle driven;
 And louder than the bolts of Heaven
 Far flashed the red artillery.

But redder yet that light shall glow
 On Linden's hills of stained snow,
 And bloodier yet the torrent flow
 Of Iser rolling rapidly.

'Tis morn, but scarce yon level sun
 Can pierce the war-clouds, rolling dun,
 Where furious Frank and fiery Hun
 Shout in their sulph'rous canopy.

The combat deepens. On, ye brave,
 Who rush to glory or the grave!
 Wave, Munich, all thy banners wave,
 And charge with all thy chivalry.

Few, few shall part where many meet;
 The snow shall be their winding-sheet;
 And every turf beneath their feet
 Shall be a soldier's sepulchre.

THE MOTHER.

[*The Pleasures of Hope.*]

LO! at the couch where infant beauty
 sleeps,
 Her silent watch the mournful mother
 keeps;

She, while the lovely babe unconscious
 lies,
 Smiles on her slumbering child with
 pensive eyes,
 And weaves a song of melancholy joy —
 "Sleep, image of thy father, sleep, my
 boy:
 No lingering hour of sorrow shall be
 thine;
 No sigh that rends thy father's heart
 and mine;
 Bright as his manly sire the son shall
 be
 In form and soul; but ah! more blest
 than he!
 Thy fame, thy worth, thy filial love, at
 last,
 Shall soothe this aching heart for all the
 past —
 With many a smile my solitude repay,
 And chase the world's ungenerous scorn
 away.

"And say, when summoned from the
 world and thee,
 I lay my head beneath the willow-tree,
 Wilt thou, sweet mourner! at my stone
 appear,
 And soothe my parted spirit lingering
 near?
 Oh, wilt thou come, at evening hour, to
 shed
 The tears of memory o'er my narrow
 bed;
 With aching temples on thy hand re-
 clined,
 Muse on the last farewell I leave behind,
 Breathe a deep sigh to winds that mur-
 mur low,
 And think on all my love, and all my
 woe?"

So speaks affection, ere the infant eye
 Can look regard, or brighten in reply.
 But when the cherub lip hath learnt to
 claim
 A mother's ear by that endearing name;
 Soon as the playful innocent can prove
 A tear of pity, or a smile of love,
 Or cons his murmuring task beneath her
 care.

Or lisps, with holy look, his evening
 prayer,
 Or gazing, mutely pensive, sits to hear
 The mournful ballad warbled in his ear;
 How fondly looks admiring Hope the
 while,
 At every artless tear, and every smile!
 How glows the joyous parent to decry
 A guileless bosom, true to sympathy!

THE RIVER OF LIFE.

THE more we live, more brief appear
 Our life's succeeding stages:
 A day to childhood seems a year,
 And years like passing ages.
 The gladsome current of our youth
 Ere passion yet disorders,
 Steals lingering like a river smooth
 Along its grassy borders.

But as the careworn cheek grows wan,
 And sorrow's shafts fly thicker,
 Ye Stars, that measure life to man,
 Why seem your courses quicker?

When joys have lost their bloom and
 breath
 And life itself is vapid,
 Why, as we reach the Falls of Death,
 Feel we its tide more rapid?

It may be strange—yet who would
 change
 Time's course to slower speeding,
 When one by one our friends have gone
 And left our bosoms bleeding?

Heaven gives our years of fading strength
 Indemnifying fleetness;
 And those of youth, a seeming length.
 Proportion'd to their sweetness.

FREEDOM AND LOVE.

How delicious is the winning
 Of a kiss at love's beginning,
 When two mutual hearts are sighing
 For the knot there's no untying!

Yet remember, 'midst your wooing,
Love has bliss, but Love has ruing;
Other smiles may make you fickle,
Tears for other charms may trickle.

Love he comes, and Love he tarries,
Just as fate or fancy carries;
Longest stays, when sorest chidden;
Laughs and flies, when press'd and bidden.

Bind the sea to slumber stilly,
Bind its odor to the lily,

Bind the aspen ne'er to quiver,
Then bind Love to last for ever.

Love's a fire that needs renewal
Of fresh beauty for its fuel:
Love's wing moults when caged and
captured,
Only free, he soars enraptured.

Can you keep the bee from ranging
Or the ringdove's neck from changing?
No! nor fetter'd Love from dying
In the knot there's no untying.



THOMAS MOORE.

1779-1852.

[THOMAS MOORE was born at No. 12, Aungier Street, Dublin, on May 28, 1779. He began to print verses at the age of thirteen, and became popular in early youth as a precocious genius. He came to London in 1799, and was received into fashionable society. In 1803 he was made Admiralty Registrar at Bermuda, a post he soon resigned to a deputy, and returned to England after travelling in Canada and the United States. In 1819 he was involved in financial ruin by the embezzlements of his Bermuda agent, and left England in company with Lord John Russell. He came back to England in 1822. After a very quiet life, the end of which was saddened by the deaths of his five children, he died at Sloperton on Feb. 25, 1852. His chief poetical works are: *Odes of Anacreon*, 1800; *Little's Poems*, 1801; *Odes and Epistles*, 1806; *Irish Melodies*, 1807 to 1834; *Lalla Rookh*, 1817; *The Fudge Family in Paris*, 1818; *Rhymes on the Road*, 1819; *The Loves of the Angels*, 1823.]

PARADISE AND THE PERI.

[*Lalla Rookh*.]

ONE morn a Peri at the gate
Of Eden stood, disconsolate;
And as she listened to the Springs
Of Life within, like music flowing,
And caught the light upon her wings
Through the half-open portal glowing,
She wept to think her recreant race
Should e'er have lost that glorious
place!

"How happy!" exclaimed this child of
air,

"Are the holy spirits who wander there,
'Mid flowers that never shall fade or
fall;

Though mine are the gardens of earth
and sea,

And the stars themselves have flowers
for me,

One blossom of heaven outblossoms
them all!

Though sunny the Lake of cool Cash-
mere,

With its plane-tree isle reflected clear,

And sweetly the founts of that valley
fall:

Though bright are the waters of Sing-su-
hay,

And the golden floods, that thitherward
stray,

Yet—oh, 'tis only the blest can say
How the waters of heaven outshine
them all!

"Go, wing thy flight from star to star,
From world to luminous world, as far
As the universe spreads its flaming
wall;
Take all the pleasures of all the spheres,
And multiply each through endless years,
One moment of heaven is worth them
all!"

The glorious Angel, who was keeping
The gates of Light, beheld her weeping;
And, as he nearer drew and listened
To her sad song, a tear-drop glistened
Within his eyelids, like the spray
From Eden's fountain, when it lies
On the blue flower, which — Bramins
say —

Blooms nowhere but in paradise!
"Nymph of a fair, but erring line!"
Gently he said — "one hope is thine.
'Tis written in the Book of Fate,
*The Peri yet may be forgiven
Who brings to this Eternal Gate
The Gift that is most dear to Heaven!*
Go, seek it, and redeem thy sin; —
'Tis sweet to let the Pardoned in!"

Rapidly as comets run
To th' embraces of the sun: —
Fleeter than the starry brands,
Flung at night from angel hands
At those dark and daring sprites,
Who would climb th' empyreal heights,
Down the blue vault the Peri flies,

And, lighted earthward by a glance
That just then broke from morning's
eyes,

Hung hovering o'er our world's ex-
panse.

But whither shall the Spirit go
To find this gift for Heaven? — "I know
The wealth," she cries "of every urn,
In which unnumbered rubies burn,
Beneath the pillars of Chilminar; —
I know where the Isles of Perfume are
Many a fathom down in the sea,
To the south of sun-bright Araby; —
I know too where the Genii hid
The jewelled cup of their king Jamshid,
With life's elixir sparkling high —
But gifts like these are not for the sky.

Where was there ever a gem that shone
Like the steps of Allah's wonderful
throne?

And the Drops of Life — oh! what
would they be
In the boundless Deep of Eternity?"

DISAPPOINTED HOPES.

[*Lalla Rookh.*]

I KNEW, I knew it could not last —
'Twas bright, 'twas heavenly, but 'tis
past!

Oh! ever thus, from childhood's hour,
I've seen my fondest hopes decay;
I never loved a tree or flower,
But 'twas the first to fade away.
I never nursed a dear gazelle,
To glad me with its soft black eye,
But when it came to know me well,
And love me, it was sure to die!
Now too — the joy most like divine
Of all I ever dreamt or knew,
To see thee, hear thee, call thee mine, —
Oh, misery! must I lose that too?
Yet go — on peril's brink we meet; —
Those frightful rocks — that treacher-
ous sea —

No, never come again — though sweet,
Though heaven, it may be death to
thee.

Farewell — and blessings on thy way,
Where'er thou go'st, beloved stranger!
Better to sit and watch that ray,
And think thee safe, though far away,
Than have thee near me, and in
danger!

THE TEARS OF REPENTANCE.

[*Lalla Rookh.*]

BLEST tears of soul-felt penitence!
In whose benign, redeeming flow
Is felt the first, the only sense
Of guiltless joy that guilt can know.
"There's a drop," said the Peri, "that
down from the moon
Falls through the withering airs of June

Upon Egypt's land, of so healing a power,

So balmy a virtue, that e'en in the hour
That drop descends, contagion dies,
And health reanimates earth and
skies! —

Oh! is it not thus, thou man of sin,
The precious tears of repentance fall?
Though foul thy fiery plagues within,
One heavenly drop hath dispelled
them all!"

And now — behold him kneeling there
By the child's side, in humble prayer,
While the same sunbeam shines upon
The guilty and the guiltless one,
And hymns of joy proclaim through
heaven
The triumph of a soul forgiven!

'Twas when the golden orb had set,
While on their knees they lingered yet,
There fell a light, more lovely far
Than ever came from sun or star,
Upon the tear that, warm and meek,
Dewed that repentant sinner's cheek:
To mortal eye this light might seem
A northern flash or meteor beam —
But well th' enraptured Peri knew
'Twas a bright smile the Angel threw
From heaven's gate, to hail that tear
Her harbinger of glory near!

"Joy, joy for ever! my task is done —
The Gates are passed, and Heaven is
won!

Oh! am I not happy? I am, I am —
To thee, sweet Eden! how dark and
sad

Are the diamond turrets of Shadukiam,
And the fragrant bowers of Ambera-
bad!

"Farewell, ye odors of earth, that die,
Passing away like a lover's sigh! —
My feast is now of the tooba tree,
Whose scent is the breath of eternity!

"Farewell, ye vanishing flowers, that
shone

In my fairy-wreath, so bright and
brief, —

Oh! what are the brightest that e'er
have blown,

To the lote tree, springing by Allah's
Throne,

Whose flowers have a soul in every
leaf!

Joy, joy for ever! — my task is done —
The Gates are passed, and Heaven is
won!"

*HAVE YOU NOT SEEN THE
TIMID TEAR.*

HAVE you not seen the timid tear
Steal trembling from mine eye?
Have you not marked the flush of fear
Or caught the murmured sigh?
And can you think my love is chill,
Nor fixed on you alone?
And can you rend, by doubting still,
A heart so much your own?

To you my soul's affections move
Devoutly, warmly true;
My life has been a task of love,
One long, long thought of you.
If all your tender faith is o'er,
If still my truth you'll try;
Alas! I know but one proof more, —
I'll bless your name, and die!

WHEN TIME, WHO STEALS.

WHEN Time, who steals our years away
Shall steal our pleasures too,
The memory of the past will stay,
And half our joys renew.

Then, Chloe, when thy beauty's flower
Shall feel the wintry air,
Remembrance will recall the hour
When thou alone wert fair!

Then talk no more of future gloom;
Our joys shall always last;
For hope shall brighten days to come,
And memory gild the past!

Come, Chloe, fill the genial bowl,
I drink to Love and thee:

Thou never canst decay in soul,
Thou'lt still be young for me.

And as thy lips the tear-drops chase
Which on my cheek they find,
So hope shall steal away the trace
Which sorrow leaves behind!

Then fill the bowl — away the gloom!
Our joys shall always last;
For hope shall brighten days to come,
And memory gild the past!

But mark, at thought of future years
When love shall lose its soul,
My Chloe drops her timid tears,
They mingle with my bowl!

How like this bowl of wine, my fair,
Our loving life shall fleet;
Though tears may sometimes mingle
there,
The draught will still be sweet!

Then fill the bowl — away with gloom!
Our joys shall always last;
For hope will brighten days to come,
And memory gild the past!

A CANADIAN BOAT-SONG.

FAINTLY as tolls the evening chime,
Our voices keep tune and our oars keep
time.

Soon as the woods on shore look dim,
We'll sing at St. Ann's our parting hymn.
Row, brothers, row! the stream runs
fast,
The rapids are near, and the daylight's
past!

Why should we yet our sail unfurl?
There is not a breath the blue wave to
curl!

But, when the wind blows off the shore,
Oh! sweetly we'll rest our weary oar.
Blow, breezes, blow! the stream runs
fast,
The rapids are near, and the daylight's
past!

Ottawa's tide! this trembling moon
Shall see us float over thy surges soon.
Saint of this green isle! hear our pray-
ers,

Oh! grant us cool heavens and favoring
airs.

Blow, breezes, blow! the stream runs
fast,

The rapids are near, and the daylight's
past!

GO WHERE GLORY WAITS THEE.

Go where glory waits thee,
But while fame elates thee,
Oh! still remember me.
When the praise thou meetest
To thine ear is sweetest,
Oh! then remember me.
Other arms may press thee,
Dearer friends caress thee,
All the joys that bless thee
Sweeter far may be;
But when friends are nearest,
And when joys are dearest,
Oh! then remember me.

When at eve thou rovest
By the star thou lovest,
Oh! then remember me.
Think, when home returning,
Bright we've seen it burning.
Oh! thus remember me.
Oft as summer closes,
When thine eye reposes
On its lingering roses,
Once so loved by thee,
Think of her who wove them,
Her who made thee love them,
Oh! then remember me.

When, around thee dying,
Autumn leaves are lying,
Oh! then remember me.
And, at night, when gazing
On the gay hearth blazing,
Oh! still remember me.
Then, should music, stealing
All the soul of feeling,
To thy heart appealing,

Draw one tear from thee;
Then let memory bring thee
Strains I used to sing thee, —
Oh! then remember me.

MARY, I BELIEVED THEE TRUE.

MARY, I believed thee true,
And I was blest in thus believing;
But now I mourn that e'er I knew
A girl so fair and so deceiving!

Few have ever loved like me, —
Oh! I have loved thee too sincerely!
And few have e'er deceived like thee,
Alas! deceived me too severely!

Fare thee well! yet think awhile
On one whose bosom bleeds to doubt
thee;
Who now would rather trust that smile,
And die with thee than live without
thee!

Fare thee well! I'll think of thee,
Thou leav'st me many a bitter token;
For see, distracting woman! see,
My peace is gone, my heart is
broken! — Fare thee well!

WHY DOES AZURE DECK THE SKY?

WHY does azure deck the sky?
'Tis to be like thine eyes of blue;
Why is red the rose's dye?
Because it is thy blushes' hue.
All that's fair, by Love's decree,
Has been made resembling thee!

Why is falling snow so white,
But to be like thy bosom fair?
Why are solar beams so bright?
That they may seem thy golden hair!
All that's bright, by Love's decree,
Has been made resembling thee!

Why are Nature's beauties felt?
Oh! 'tis thine in her we see!
Why has music power to melt?

Oh! because it speaks like thee.
All that's sweet, by Love's decree,
Has been made resembling thee!

OH! BREATHE NOT HIS NAME.

OH! breathe not his name, let it sleep in
the shade,
Where cold and unhonored his relics
are laid;
Sad, silent, and dark be the tears that
we shed,
As the night-dew that falls on the grass
o'er his head.

But the night-dew that falls, though in
silence it weeps,
Shall brighten with verdure the grave
where he sleeps;
And the tear that we shed, though in
secret it rolls,
Shall long keep his memory green in
our souls.

WHEN HE WHO ADORES THEE.

WHEN he who adores thee has left but
the name
Of his fault and his sorrows behind,
Oh! say, wilt thou weep, when they
darken the fame
Of a life that for thee was resigned?
Yes, weep, and however my foes may
condemn,
Thy tears shall efface their decree;
For Heaven can witness, though guilty
to them,
I have been but too faithful to thee.

With thee were the dreams of my earli-
est love;
Every thought of my reason was thine;
In my last humble prayer to the Spirit
above,
Thy name shall be mingled with mine.
Oh! blest are the lovers and friends
who shall live
The days of thy glory to see;
But the next dearest blessing that
Heaven can give
Is the pride of thus dying for thee.

*THE HARP THAT ONCE
THROUGH TARA'S HALLS.*

THE harp that once through Tara's halls
The soul of music shed,
Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls
As if that soul were fled.
So sleeps the pride of former days,
So glory's thrill is o'er,
And hearts, that once beat high for
praise,
Now feel that pulse no more.

No more to chiefs and ladies bright
The harp of Tara swells:
The chord alone, that breaks at night,
Its tale of ruin tells.
Thus Freedom now so seldom wakes,
The only throb she gives
Is when some heart indignant breaks,
To show that still she lives.

FLY NOT YET.

FLY not yet; 'tis just the hour
When pleasure, like the midnight flower
That scorns the eye of vulgar light,
Begins to bloom for sons of night,
And maids who love the moon.
'Twas but to bless these hours of shade
That beauty and the moon were made;
'Tis then their soft attractions glowing
Set the tides and goblets flowing.
Oh! stay, — oh! stay, —
Joy so seldom weaves a chain
Like this to-night, that, oh! 'tis pain
To break its links so soon.

Fly not yet; the fount that played
In times of old through Ammon's shade,
Though icy cold by day it ran,
Yet still, like souls of mirth, began
To burn when night was near;
And thus should woman's heart and looks
At noon be cold as winter brooks,
Nor kindle till the night, returning,
Brings their genial hour for burning.
Oh! stay, — oh! stay, —
When did morning ever break,
And find such beaming eyes awake
As those that sparkle here?

*RICH AND RARE WERE THE
GEMS SHE WORE.*

RICH and rare were the gems she wore,
And a bright gold ring on her wand
she bore;
But, oh! her beauty was far beyond
Her sparkling gems or snow-white wand.

"Lady, dost thou not fear to stray,
So lone and lovely, through this bleak
way?
Are Erin's sons so good or so cold
As not to be tempted by woman or
gold?"

"Sir Knight! I feel not the least alarm,
No son of Erin will offer me harm:
For, though they love women and
golden store,
Sir Knight! they love honor and virtue
more."

On she went, and her maiden smile
In safety lighted her round the green
isle;
And blest for ever is she who relied
Upon Erin's honor and Erin's pride.

*AS A BEAM O'ER THE FACE OF
THE WATERS MAY GLOW.*

As a beam o'er the face of the waters
may glow,
While the tide runs in darkness and
coldness below,
So the cheek may be tinged with a
warm sunny smile,
Though the cold heart to ruin runs
darkly the while.

One fatal remembrance, one sorrow
that throws
Its bleak shade alike o'er our joys and
our woes,
To which life nothing darker or brighter
can bring,
For which joy has no balm and afflic-
tion no sting:

Oh! this thought in the midst of enjoy-
ment will stay,

Like a dead, leafless branch in the summer's bright ray,
The beams of the warm sun play round it in vain,
It may smile in his light, but it blooms not again.

THE MEETING OF THE WATERS.

THERE is not in the wide world a valley so sweet,
As that vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet;
Oh! the last rays of feeling and life must depart,
Ere the bloom of that valley shall fade from my heart.

Yet it was not that Nature had shed o'er the scene
Her purest of crystal and brightest of green:
'Twas not her soft magic of streamlet or hill,
Oh! no,—it was something more exquisite still.

'Twas that friends, the beloved of my bosom, were near,
Who made every dear scene of enchantment more dear,
And who felt how the best charms of Nature improve,
When we see them reflected from looks that we love.

I SAW THY FORM IN YOUTHFUL PRIME.

I SAW thy form in youthful prime,
Nor thought that pale decay
Would steal before the steps of Time,
And waste its bloom away, Mary!
Yet still thy features wore that light
Which fleets not with the breath;
And life ne'er looked more truly bright
Than in thy smile of death, Mary!

As streams that run o'er golden mines,
Yet humbly, calmly glide,

Nor seem to know the wealth that shines
Within their gentle tide, Mary!
So, veiled beneath the simplest guise,
Thy radiant genius shone,
And that which charmed all other eyes
Seemed worthless in thine own, Mary!

If souls could always dwell above,
Thou ne'er hadst left that sphere;
Or could we keep the souls we love,
We ne'er had lost thee here, Mary!
Though many a gifted mind we meet,
Though fairest forms we see,
To live with them is far less sweet
Than to remember thee, Mary!

SHE IS FAR FROM THE LAND.

SHE is far from the land where her young hero sleeps,
And lovers are round her sighing;
But coldly she turns from their gaze,
and weeps,
For her heart in his grave is lying.

She sings the wild songs of her dear native plains,
Every note which he loved awaking;—
Ah! little they think, who delight in her strains,
How the heart of the Minstrel is breaking.

He had lived for his love, for his country he died,
They were all that to life had entwined him;
Nor soon shall the tears of his country be dried,
Nor long will his love stay behind him.

Oh! make her a grave where the sunbeams rest
When they promise a glorious morrow;
They'll shine o'er her sleep, like a smile from the West,
From her own loved island of sorrow.

*BELIEVE ME, IF ALL THOSE
ENDEARING YOUNG CHARMS.*

BELIEVE me, if all those endearing
young charms,
Which I gaze on so fondly to-day,
Were to change by to-morrow, and fleet
in my arms,
Like fairy-gifts fading away,
Thou wouldst still be adored, as this
moment thou art,
Let thy loveliness fade as it will,
And around the dear ruin each wish of
my heart
Would entwine itself verdantly still.

It is not while beauty and youth are
thine own,
And thy cheeks unprofaned by a tear,
That the fervor and faith of a soul can
be known,
To which time will but make thee
more dear;
No, the heart that has truly loved never
forgets,
But as truly loves on to the close,
As the sun-flower turns on her god,
when he sets,
The same look which she turned
when he rose.

DRINK TO HER.

DRINK to her who long
Hath waked the poet's sigh,
The girl who gave to song
What gold could never buy.
Oh! woman's heart was made
For minstrel hands alone;
By other fingers played,
It yields not half the tone.
Then here's to her who long
Hath waked the poet's sigh,
The girl who gave to song
What gold could never buy.

At Beauty's door of glass
Where Wealth and Wit once stood,
They asked her, "which might pass?"
She answered, "he who could."
With golden key Wealth thought

To pass — but 'twould not do :
While Wit a diamond brought,
Which cut his bright way through.
So here's to her who long
Hath waked the poet's sigh,
The girl who gave to song
What gold could never buy.

The love that seeks a home
Where wealth and grandeur shines,
Is like the gloomy gnome
That dwells in dark gold mines.
But oh! the poet's love
Can boast a brighter sphere;
Its native home's above,
Though woman keeps it here.
Then drink to her who long
Hath waked the poet's sigh,
The girl who gave to song
What gold could never buy.

OH! BLAME NOT THE BARD.

OH! blame not the bard, if he fly to
the bowers
Where Pleasure lies, carelessly smiling
at Fame,
He was born for much more, and in
happier hours
His soul might have burned with a
holier flame;
The string that now languishes loose
o'er the lyre,
Might have bent a proud bow to the
warrior's dart;
And the lip, which now breathes but
the song of desire,
Might have poured the full tide of a
patriot's heart.

But, alas for his country! — her pride
has gone by,
And that spirit is broken, which never
would bend;
O'er the ruin her children in secret
must sigh,
For 'tis treason to love her, and death
to defend.
Unprized are her sons, till they've
learned to betray;

Undistinguished they live, if they
shame not their sires;
And the torch, that would light them
through dignity's way,
Must be caught from the pile where
their country expires.

Then blame not the bard, if in pleas-
ure's soft dream

He should try to forget what he
never can heal;

Oh! give but a hope — let a vista but
gleam

Through the gloom of his country,
and mark how he'll feel!

Every passion it nursed, every bliss it
adored,

That instant, his heart at her shrine
would lay down;

While the myrtle, now idly entwined
with his crown,

Like the wreath of Harmodius,
should cover his sword.

But though glory be gone, and though
hope fade away,

Thy name, loved Erin, shall live in
his songs;

Not even in the hour when his heart is
most gay

Will he lose the remembrance of
thee and thy wrongs.

The stranger shall hear thy lament on
his plains;

The sigh of thy heart shall be sent
o'er the deep,

Till thy masters themselves, as they
rivet thy chains,

Shall pause at the song of their cap-
tive, and weep!

LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM.

Oh! the days are gone, when Beauty
bright

My heart's chain wove;

When my dream of life from morn till
night

Was love, still love.

New hope may bloom,

And days may come

Of milder, calmer beam,
But there's nothing half so sweet in life
As love's young dream:
No, there's nothing half so sweet in life
As love's young dream.

Though the bard to purer fame may
soar,

When wild youth's past;

Though he wins the wise, who frowned
before,

To smile at last;

He'll never meet

A joy so sweet,

In all his noon of fame,

As when first he sung to woman's ear

His soul-felt flame,

And, at every close, she blushed to hear

The one loved name.

No — that hallowed form is ne'er for-
got

Which first love traced;

Still it lingering haunts the greenest spot

On memory's waste.

'Twas odor fled

As soon as shed;

'Twas morning's wingèd dream;

'Twas a light that ne'er can shine again

On life's dull stream:

Oh! 'twas light that ne'er can shine

again

On life's dull stream.

LESBIA HATH A BEAMING EYE.

LESBIA hath a beaming eye,

But no one knows for whom it
beameth;

Right and left its arrows fly,

But what they aim at no one dream-
eth.

Sweeter 'tis to gaze upon

My Nora's lid that seldom rises;

Few its looks, but every one,

Like unexpected light, surprises.

O my Nora Creina, dear,

My gentle, bashful Nora Creina,

Beauty lies

In many eyes,

But love in yours, my Nora Creina!

Lesbia wears a robe of gold,
 But all so close the nymph hath
 laced it,
 Not a charm of beauty's mould
 Presumes to stay where Nature placed
 it.

Oh, my Nora's gown for me,
 That floats as wild as mountain
 breezes,

Leaving every beauty free
 To sink or swell as Heaven pleases.
 Yes, my Nora Creina, dear,
 My simple, graceful Nora Creina,
 Nature's dress
 Is loveliness —
 The dress you wear, my Nora Creina.

Lesbia hath a wit refined,
 But when its points are gleaming
 round us,
 Who can tell if they're designed
 To dazzle merely, or to wound us?
 Pillowed on my Nora's heart
 In safer slumber Love reposes —
 Bed of peace! whose roughest part
 Is but the crumpling of the roses.
 O my Nora Creina, dear,
 My mild, my artless Nora Creina,
 Wit, though bright,
 Hath no such light
 As warms your eyes, my Nora Creina.

AT THE MID HOUR OF NIGHT.

AT the mid hour of night, when stars
 are weeping, I fly
 To the lone vale we loved, when life
 shone warm in thine eye;
 And I think oft, if spirits can steal
 from the regions of air,
 To revisit past scenes of delight, thou
 wilt come to me there,
 And tell me our love is remembered,
 even in the sky!

Then I sing the wild song 'twas once
 such pleasure to hear,
 When our voices, commingling,
 breathed, like one, on the ear;
 And, as Echo far off through the vale
 my sad orison rolls,

I think, O my love! 'tis thy voice,
 from the Kingdom of Souls,
 Faintly answering still the notes that
 once were so dear.

'TIS THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER.

'Tis the last rose of summer
 Left blooming alone;
 All her lovely companions
 Are faded and gone;
 No flower of her kindred,
 No rosebud is nigh,
 To reflect back her blushes,
 To give sigh for sigh.

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one,
 To pine on the stem;
 Since the lovely are sleeping,
 Go sleep thou with them.
 Thus kindly I scatter
 Thy leaves o'er the bed,
 Where thy mates of the garden
 Lie scentless and dead.

So soon may I follow,
 When friendships decay,
 And from Love's shining circle
 The gems drop away!
 When true hearts lie withered
 And fond ones are flown,
 Oh! who would inhabit
 This bleak world alone?

THE MINSTREL-BOY.

THE Minstrel-boy to the war is gone,
 In the ranks of death you'll find him;
 His father's sword he has girded on,
 And his wild harp slung behind
 him. —
 "Land of song!" said the warrior-bard,
 "Though all the world betrays thee,
 One sword, at least, thy rights shall
 guard,
 One faithful harp shall praise thee!"

The Minstrel fell! — but the foeman's chain

Could not bring his proud soul under;
The harp he loved ne'er spoke again,
For he tore its cords asunder:
And said, "No chains shall sully thee,
Thou soul of love and bravery!
Thy songs were made for the brave and free,
They shall never sound in slavery!"

*FAREWELL! — BUT WHENEVER
YOU WELCOME THE HOUR.*

FAREWELL! — but whenever you welcome the hour
That awakens the night-song of mirth
in your bower,
Then think of the friend who once welcomed it too,
And forgot his own griefs to be happy with you.
His griefs may return, not a hope may remain
Of the few that have brightened his pathway of pain,
But he ne'er will forget the short vision that threw
Its enchantment around him, while lingering with you.

And still on that evening when pleasure fills up
To the highest top sparkle each heart and each cup,
Where'er my path lies, be it gloomy or bright,
My soul, happy friends, shall be with you that night;
Shall join in your revels, your sports, and your wiles,
And return to me beaming all o'er with your smiles —
Too blest, if it tells me that, 'mid the gay cheer,
Some kind voice had murmured, "I wish he were here!"

Let Fate do her worst; there are relics of joy,

Bright dreams of the past, which she cannot destroy;
Which come in the night-time of sorrow and care,
And bring back the features that joy used to wear.
Long, long be my heart with such memories filled!
Like the vase in which roses have once been distilled —
You may break, you may shatter the vase if you will,
But the scent of the roses will hang round it still.

OH! DOUBT ME NOT.

OH! doubt me not — the season
Is o'er, when Folly made me rove,
And now the vestal, Reason,
Shall watch the fire awaked by Love.
Although this heart was early blown,
And fairest hands disturbed the tree,
They only-shook some blossoms down,
Its fruit has all been kept for thee.
Then doubt me not — the season
Is o'er when Folly made me rove,
And now the vestal, Reason,
Shall watch the fire awaked by Love.

And though my lute no longer
May sing of Passion's ardent spell,
Yet, trust me, all the stronger
I feel the bliss I do not tell.
The bee through many a garden roves,
And hums his lay of courtship o'er,
But, when he finds the flower he loves,
He settles there, and hums no more.
Then doubt me not — the season
Is o'er when Folly kept me free,
And now the vestal, Reason,
Shall guard the flame awaked by thee.

COME O'ER THE SEA.

COME o'er the sea,
 Maiden, with me,
 Mine through sunshine, storm, and
 snows;
 Seasons may roll,
 But the true soul
 Burns the same, where'er it goes.
 Let fate frown on, so we love and part
 not;
 'Tis life where thou art, 'tis death where
 thou art not.
 Then come o'er the sea,
 Maiden, with me,
 Come wherever the wild wind blows;
 Seasons may roll,
 But the true soul
 Burns the same, where'er it goes.

Was not the sea
 Made for the free,
 Land for courts and chains alone?
 Here we are slaves,
 But, on the waves,
 Love and liberty's all our own.
 No eye to watch, and no tongue to
 wound us,
 All earth forgot, and all heaven around
 us —
 Then come o'er the sea,
 Maiden, with me,
 Mine through sunshine, storm, and
 snows;
 Seasons may roll,
 But the true soul
 Burns the same where'er it goes.

YOU REMEMBER ELLEN.

YOU remember Ellen, our hamlet's
 pride,
 How meekly she blessed her humble
 lot,
 When the stranger, William, had made
 her his bride,
 And love was the light of their lowly
 cot.
 Together they toiled through winds and
 rains,

Till William at length in sadness
 said,
 "We must seek our fortune on other
 plains;" —
 Then, sighing, she left her lowly shed.

They roamed a long and a weary way,
 Nor much was the maiden's heart at
 ease,
 When now, at the close of one stormy
 day,
 They see a proud castle among the
 trees.
 "To-night," said the youth, "we'll
 shelter there;
 The wind blows cold, and the hour
 is late:"
 So he blew the horn with a chieftain's
 air,
 And the porter bowed as they passed
 the gate.
 "Now, welcome, lady," exclaimed the
 youth,
 "This castle is thine, and these dark
 woods all!"
 She believed him crazed, but his words
 were truth,
 For Ellen is Lady of Rosna Hall!
 And dearly the Lord of Rosna loves
 What William the stranger wooed
 and wed;
 And the light of bliss, in these lordly
 groves,
 Shines pure as it did in the lowly
 shed.

*HAS SORROW THY YOUNG
 DAYS SHADED.*

HAS sorrow thy young days shaded,
 As clouds o'er the morning fleet?
 Too fast have those young days faded,
 That, even in sorrow, were sweet?
 Does Time with his cold wing wither
 Each feeling that once was dear? —
 Then, child of misfortune, come hither,
 I'll weep with thee, tear for tear.

Has love to that soul, so tender,
 Been like our Lagenian mine,
 Where sparkles of golden splendor

All over the surface shine?
 But, if in pursuit we go deeper,
 Allured by the gleam that shone,
 Ah! false as the dream of the sleeper,
 Like Love, the bright ore is gone.

Has Hope, like the bird in the story,
 That flitted from tree to tree
 With the talisman's glittering glory —
 Has Hope been that bird to thee?
 On branch after branch alighting,
 The gem did she still display,
 And, when nearest and most inviting,
 Then waft the fair gem away?

If thus the young hours have fled,
 When sorrow itself looked bright;
 If thus the fair hope hath cheated,
 That led thee along so light;
 If thus the cold world now wither
 Each feeling that once was dear: —
 Come, child of misfortune, come hither,
 I'll weep with thee, tear for tear.

*THE TIME I'VE LOST IN
 WOOING.*

THE time I've lost in wooing,
 In watching and pursuing
 The light that lies
 In woman's eyes,
 Has been my heart's undoing.
 Though Wisdom oft has sought me,
 I scorned the lore she brought me,
 My only books
 Were woman's looks,
 And folly's all they've taught me.

Her smile when Beauty granted,
 I hung with gaze enchanted,
 Like him the Sprite
 Whom maids by night
 Oft meet in glen that's haunted.
 Like him, too, Beauty won me,
 But while her eyes were on me;
 If once their ray
 Was turned away,
 Oh! winds could not outrun me.

And are those follies going?
 And is my proud heart growing
 Too cold or wise

For brilliant eyes
 Again to set it glowing?
 No — vain, alas! th' endeavor
 From bonds so sweet to sever; —
 Poor Wisdom's chance
 Against a glance
 Is now as weak as ever.

COME, REST IN THIS BOSOM.

COME, rest in this bosom, my own
 stricken deer,
 Though the herd have fled from thee,
 thy home is still here:
 Here still is the smile that no cloud can
 o'ercast,
 And a heart and a hand all thy own to
 the last.

Oh! what was love made for, if 'tis not
 the same
 Through joy and through torment,
 through glory and shame?
 I know not, I ask not, if guilt's in that
 heart,
 I but know that I love thee, whatever
 thou art.

Thou hast called me thy Angel in mo-
 ments of bliss,
 And thy Angel I'll be, 'mid the horrors
 of this,
 Through the furnace, unshrinking, thy
 steps to pursue,
 And shield thee, and save thee, or per-
 ish there too.

I SAW FROM THE BEACH.

I SAW from the beach, when the morn-
 ing was shining,
 A bark o'er the waters move glori-
 ously on;
 I came when the sun o'er that beach
 was declining,
 The bark was still there, but the
 waters were gone.

And such is the fate of our life's early
 promise,
 So passing the spring-tide of joy we
 have known;
 Each wave, that we danced on at morn-
 ing, ebbs from us,
 And leaves us, at eve, on the bleak
 shore alone.

Ne'er tell me of glories serenely adorn-
 ing
 The close of our day, the calm eve of
 our night; —
 Give me back, give me back the wild
 freshness of Morning,
 Her clouds and her tears are worth
 Evening's best light.

Oh, who would not welcome that mo-
 ment's returning,
 When passion first waked a new life
 through his frame,
 And his soul—like the wood that
 grows precious in burning—
 Gave out all its sweets to love's ex-
 quisite flame!

LIFE WITHOUT FREEDOM.

FROM life without freedom, oh! who
 would not fly?
 For one day of freedom, oh! who would
 not die?
 Hark, hark! 'tis the trumpet, the call
 on the brave,
 The death-song of tyrants, and dirge of
 the slave.
 Our country lies bleeding, oh! fly to
 her aid, —
 One arm that defends, is worth hosts
 that invade.

In Death's kindly bosom our last hope
 remains,
 The dead fear no tyrants; the grave
 has no chains.
 On, on to the combat! the heroes that
 bleed
 For virtue and mankind, are heroes in-
 deed!

And oh! e'en if Freedom from this
 world be driven,
 Despair not — at least we shall find her
 in heaven!

HERE'S THE BOWER.

HERE'S the bower she loved so much,
 And the tree she planted;
 Here's the harp she used to touch, —
 Oh! how that touch enchanted!
 Roses now unheeded sigh,
 Where's the hand to wreath *them*?
 Songs around neglected lie,
 Where's the lip to breathe *them*?
 Here's the bower she loved so much
 And the tree she planted;
 Here's the harp she used to touch,
 Oh! how that touch enchanted!

Spring may bloom, but she we loved
 Ne'er shall feel its sweetness,
 Time that once so fleetly moved,
 Now hath lost its fleetness.
 Years were days, when here she strayed,
 Days were moments near her;
 Heaven ne'er formed a brighter maid,
 Nor pity wept a dearer!
 Here's the bower she loved so much,
 And the tree she planted;
 Here's the harp she used to touch, —
 Oh! how that touch enchanted!

LOVE AND HOPE.

AT morn, beside yon summer sea,
 Young Hope and Love reclined:
 But scarce had noon-tide come, when
 he
 Into his bark leaped smilingly,
 And left poor Hope behind!

"I go," said Love, "to sail awhile,
 Across this sunny main; " —
 And then so sweet his parting smile,
 That Hope, who never dreamed of
 guile,
 Believed he'd come again.

She lingered there, till evening's beam
 Along the waters lay;
 And o'er the sands, in thoughtful dream,
 Oft traced his name, which still the
 stream
 As often washed away.

At length, a sail appears in sight,
 And toward the maiden moves;
 'Tis Wealth that comes, and gay and
 bright,
 His golden bark reflects the light;
 But, ah, it is not Love's!

Another sail — 'twas Friendship showed
 Her night lamp o'er the sea;
 And calm the light that lamp bestowed,
 But Love had lights that warmer glowed
 And where, alas! was He?

Now fast around the sea and shore
 Night threw her darkling chain;
 The sunny sails were seen no more,
 Hope's morning dreams of bliss were
 o'er —
 Love never came again!

THOU ART, O GOD!

I.

THOU art, O God! the life and light
 Of all this wondrous world we see;
 Its glow by day, its smile by night,
 Are but reflections caught from Thee.
 Where'er we turn Thy glories shine,
 And all things fair and bright are Thine.

II.

When day, with farewell beam, delays
 Among the opening clouds of even,
 And we can almost think we gaze
 Through golden vistas into Heaven;
 Those hues, that make the sun's decline
 So soft, so radiant, Lord! are Thine.

III.

When night, with wings of starry gloom,
 O'ershadows all the earth and skies,
 Like some dark, beauteous bird, whose
 plume

Is sparkling with unnumbered eyes; —
 That sacred gloom, those fires divine,
 So grand, so countless, Lord! are Thine.

IV.

When youthful spring around us
 breathes,
 Thy spirit warms her fragrant sigh;
 And every flower the summer wreathes
 Is born beneath that kindling eye.
 Where'er we turn Thy glories shine,
 And all things fair and bright are Thine.

*THIS WORLD IS ALL A FLEETING
 SHOW.*

I.

THIS world is all a fleeting show
 For man's illusion given;
 The smiles of joy, the tears of woe,
 Deceitful shine, deceitful flow, —
 There's nothing true but Heaven!

II.

And false the light on Glory's plume,
 As fading hues of even;
 And Love, and Hope, and Beauty's
 bloom,
 Are blossoms gathered for the tomb, —
 There's nothing bright but Heaven!

III.

Poor wanderers of a stormy day,
 From wave to wave we're driven,
 And fancy's flash and reason's ray
 Serve but to light the troubled way, —
 There's nothing calm but Heaven!

FALL'N IS THY THRONE.

I.

FALL'N is thy throne, O Israel!
 Silence is o'er thy plains;
 Thy dwellings all lie desolate,
 Thy children weep in chains.
 Where are the dews that fed thee
 On Etham's barren shore?
 That fire from Heaven which led thee,
 Now lights thy path no more.

II.

Lord! Thou didst love Jerusalem; —
 Once, she was all Thy own;
 Her love Thy fairest heritage,
 Her power Thy glory's throne,
 Till evil came, and blighted
 Thy long-loved olive-tree; —
 And Salem's shrines were lighted
 For other gods than Thee!

III.

Then sunk the star of Solyma; —
 Then passed her glory's day,
 Like heath that, in the wilderness,
 The wild wind whirls away.
 * Silent and waste her bowers,
 Where once the mighty trod,
 And sunk those guilty towers,
 Where Baal reigned as God!

IV.

"Go," — said the Lord, — "ye conquer-
 ors!
 Steep in her blood your swords,
 And raze to earth her battlements,
 For they are not the Lord's!
 Till Zion's mournful daughter
 O'er kindred bones shall tread,
 And Hinnom's vale of slaughter
 Shall hide but half her dead!"

—
*O THOU WHO DRY'ST THE
 MOURNER'S TEAR!*

I.

O THOU who dry'st the mourner's tear!
 How dark this world would be,
 If, when deceived and wounded here,
 We could not fly to Thee.
 The friends, who in our sunshine live,
 When winter comes are flown:
 And he, who has but tears to give,
 Must weep those tears alone.
 But Thou wilt heal that broken heart,
 Which, like the plants that throw
 Their fragrance from the wounded part,
 Breathes sweetness out of woe.

II.

When joy no longer soothes or cheers,
 And e'en the hope that threw
 A moment's sparkle o'er our tears,
 Is dimmed and vanished too!
 Oh! who would bear life's stormy
 doom,
 Did not thy wing of love
 Come, brightly wafting through the
 gloom
 Our peace-branch from above?
 Then sorrow, touched by Thee, grows
 bright
 With more than rapture's ray;
 As darkness shows us worlds of light
 We never saw by day!

—
SOUND THE LOUD TIMBREL.

I.

SOUND the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's
 dark sea!
 Jehovah has triumphed — his people
 are free.
 Sing — for the pride of the tyrant is
 broken,
 His chariots, and horsemen, all splen-
 did and brave,
 How vain was their boasting! — the
 Lord hath but spoken,
 And chariots and horsemen are sunk
 in the wave.
 Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's
 dark sea!
 Jehovah has triumphed — his people
 are free.

II.

Praise to the Conqueror, praise to the
 Lord,
 His word was our arrow, his breath was
 our sword! —
 Who shall return to tell Egypt the story
 Of those she sent forth in the hour of
 her pride?
 For the Lord hath looked out from his
 pillar of glory,
 And all her brave thousands are
 dashed in the tide.

Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's
dark sea!
Jehovah has triumphed — his people
are free.

OFT IN THE STILL NIGHT.

OFT, in the stilly night,
Ere Slumber's chain has bound me,
Fond Memory brings the light
Of other days around me;
The smiles, the tears
Of boyhood's years,
The words of love then spoken;
The eyes that shone,
Now dimm'd and gone,
The cheerful hearts now broken!
Thus, in the stilly night,
Ere Slumber's chain has bound me,
Sad Memory brings the light
Of other days around me.

When I remember all
The friends, so link'd together,
I've seen around me fall,
Like leaves in wintry weather;
I feel like one
Who treads alone
Some banquet-hall deserted,
Whose lights are fled,
Whose garlands dead,
And all but he departed!
Thus, in the stilly night,
Ere Slumber's chain has bound me,
Sad Memory brings the light
Of other days around me.

THE JOURNEY ONWARDS.

As slow our ship her foamy track
Against the wind was cleaving,
Her trembling pennant still look'd back
To that dear isle 'twas leaving.
So loth we part from all we love,
From all the links that bind us;
So turn our hearts, as on we rove,
To those we've left behind us!

When, round the bowl, of vanish'd years
We talk with joyous seeming —
With smiles that might as well be tears,
So faint, so sad their beaming;
While memory brings us back again
Each early tie that twined us,
O, sweet's the cup that circles then
To those we've left behind us!

And when in other climes, we meet
Some isle or vale enchanting,
Where all looks flowery wild and sweet,
And nought but love is wanting;
We think how great had been our bliss
If Heaven had but assign'd us
To live and die in scenes like this,
With some we've left behind us!

As travellers oft look back at eve
When eastward darkly going,
To gaze upon that light they leave
Still faint behind them glowing, —
So, when the close of pleasure's day
To gloom hath near consign'd us,
We turn to catch one fading ray
Of joy that's left behind us.

HORACE SMITH.

1779-1849.

[AUTHOR of several novels and verses. In connection with his brother James he wrote clever parodies and criticisms in the *Picnic*, the *London Review*, and the *Monthly Mirror*. In the last appeared those imitations from his own and his brother's hand which were published in 1813 as *The Rejected Addresses*, one of the most successful and popular works that has ever appeared. Besides these he wrote *Brambletye House*, in imitation of Scott's historical novels; also, *Tor Hill*, *Walter Colyton*, *The Moneyed Man*, *The Merchant*, and several others. His best performance is the *Address to the Mummy*, some parts of which exhibit the finest sensibility and an exquisite poetic taste.]

ADDRESS TO THE MUMMY IN
BELZONI'S EXHIBITION.

AND thou hast walk'd about (how
strange a story!)

In Thebes' streets three thousand
years ago,

When the Memnonium was in all its
glory,

And time had not begun to over-
throw

Those temples, palaces, and piles stu-
pendous,

Of which the very ruins are tremen-
dous!

Speak! for thou long enough hast
acted dummy;

Thou hast a tongue, come let us hear
its tune;

Thou'rt standing on thy legs above
ground, mummy!

Revisiting the glimpses of the moon.
Not like thin ghosts or disembodied
creatures,

But with thy bones and flesh, and limbs
and features.

Tell us — for doubtless thou canst rec-
ollect —

To whom should we assign the
Sphinx's fame?

Was Cheops or Cephrenes architect
Of either pyramid that bears his
name?

Is Pompey's pillar really a misnomer?

Had Thebes a hundred gates, as sung
by Homer?

Perhaps thou wert a mason, and for-
bidden

By oath to tell the secrets of thy
trade —

Then say, what secret melody was hid-
den

In Memnon's statue, which at sunrise
play'd?

Perhaps thou wert a priest — if so my
struggles

Are vain, for priestcraft never owns its
juggles.

Perchance that very hand, now pin-
ion'd flat,

Has hob-a-nobb'd with Pharaoh,
glass to glass;

Or dropp'd a halfpenny in Homer's hat,
Or doff'd thine own to let Queen Dido

pass,

Or held, by Solomon's own invitation,
A torch, at the great Temple's dedica-
tion.

I need not ask thee if that hand, when
arm'd,

Has any Roman soldier maul'd and
knuckled,

For thou wert dead, and buried, and
embalm'd,

Ere Romulus and Remus had been
suckled:

Antiquity appears to have begun

Long after thy primeval race was run.

Thou couldst develop, if that wither'd
tongue

Might tell us what those sightless
orbs have seen,

How the world look'd when it was
fresh and young,
And the great deluge still had left it
green;
Or was it then so old, that history's
pages
Contain'd no record of its early ages?

Still silent, incommunicative elf!
Art sworn to secrecy? then keep thy
vows;
But prithee tell us something of thyself;
Reveal the secrets of thy prison-
house;
Since in the world of spirits thou hast
slumber'd,
What hast thou seen — what strange
adventures number'd?

Since first thy form was in this box ex-
tended,
We have, above ground, seen some
strange mutations;
The Roman empire has begun and ended,
New worlds have risen — we have
lost old nations,
And countless kings have into dust been
humbled,
Whilst not a fragment of thy flesh has
crumbled.

Didst thou not hear the pother o'er thy
head,
When the great Persian conqueror,
Cambyses,
March'd armies o'er thy tomb with
thundering tread,
O'erthrew Osiris, Orus, Apis, Isis,
And shook the pyramids with fear and
wonder,
When the gigantic Memnon fell asun-
der?

If the tomb's secrets may not be con-
fess'd,
The nature of thy private life unfold:
A heart has throbb'd beneath that leath-
ern breast,
And tears adown that dusky cheek
have roll'd:
Have children climb'd those knees, and
kiss'd that face?

What was thy name and station, age
and race?

Statue of flesh — immortal of the dead!
Imperishable type of evanescence!
Posthumous man, who quit'st thy nar-
row bed,
And standest undecay'd within our
presence,
Thou wilt hear nothing till the judg-
ment morning,
When the great trump shall thrill thee
with its warning.

Why should this worthless tegument
endure,
If its undying guest be lost forever?
Oh, let us keep the soul embalm'd and
pure
In living virtue, that, when both must
sever,
Although corruption may our frame con-
sume,
The immortal spirit in the skies may
bloom.

HYMN TO THE FLOWERS.

DAY-STARS! that ope your eyes with
morn to twinkle
From rainbow galaxies of earth's
creation,
And dew-drops on her lonely altars
sprinkle
As a libation!

Ye matin worshippers! who bending
lowly
Before the uprisen sun — God's lid-
less eye —
Throw from your chalices a sweet and
holy
Incense on high!

Ye bright mosaics! that with storied
beauty
The floor of Nature's temple tessellate,
What numerous emblems of instructive
duty
Your forms create!

'Neath cloister'd boughs, each floral
 bell that swingeth
 And tolls its perfume on the passing
 air,
 Makes sabbath in the fields, and ever
 ringeth
 A call to prayer.

Not to the domes where crumbling arch
 and column
 Attest the feebleness of mortal hand,
 But to that fane, most Catholic and
 solemn,
 Which God hath plann'd;

To that cathedral, boundless as our
 wonder,
 Whose quenchless lamps the sun and
 moon supply —
 Its choir the winds and waves, its organ
 thunder,
 Its dome the sky.

There — as in solitude and shade I
 wander
 Through the green aisles, or, stretch'd
 upon the sod,
 Awed by the silence, reverently ponder
 The ways of God —

Your voiceless lips, O Flowers, are living
 preachers,
 Each cup a pulpit, and each leaf a
 book,
 Supplying to my fancy numerous teach-
 ers
 From loneliest nook.

Floral Apostles! that in dewy splendor
 "Weep without woe, and blush with-
 out a crime,"
 O may I deeply learn and ne'er surren-
 der
 Your lore sublime!

"Thou wert not, Solomon! in all thy
 glory,
 Array'd," the lilies cry, "in robes like
 ours;
 How vain your grandeur! Ah, how
 transitory
 Are human flowers!"

In the sweet-scented pictures, Heavenly
 Artist!
 With which thou paintest Nature's
 wide-spread hall,
 What a delightful lesson thou impartest
 Of love to all.

Not useless are ye, Flowers! though
 made for pleasure:
 Blooming o'er field and wave, by day
 and night,
 From every source your sanction bids me
 treasure
 Harmless delight.

Ephemeral sages! what instructors
 hoary
 For such a world of thought could
 furnish scope?
 Each fading calyx a memento mori,
 Yet fount of hope.

Posthumous glories! angel-like collec-
 tion!
 Upraised from seed or bulb interred
 in earth,
 Ye are to me a type of resurrection,
 And second birth.

Were I, O God, in churchless lands
 remaining,
 Far from all voice of teachers or
 divines,
 My soul would find, in flowers of thy
 ordaining,
 Priests, sermons, shrines!

REV. GEORGE CROLY.

1780-1860.

CUPID CARRYING PROVISIONS.

THERE was once a gentle time
When the world was in its prime;
And every day was holiday,
And every month was lovely May.
Cupid then had but to go
With his purple wings and bow;
And in blossomed vale and grove
Every shepherd knelt to love.

Then a rosy, dimpled cheek,
And a blue eye, fond and meek;
And a ringlet-wreathen brow,
Like hyacinths on a bed of snow;
And a low voice, silver sweet,
From a lip without deceit;
Only those the hearts could move
Of the simple swains to love.

But that time is gone and past,
Can the summer always last?
And the swains are wiser grown,
And the heart is turned to stone,
And the maiden's rose may wither,
Cupid's fled, no man knows whither.
But another Cupid's come,
With a brow of care and gloom:
Fixed upon the earthly mould,
Thinking of the sullen gold;
In his hand the bow no more,

At his back the household store,
That the bridal gold must buy:
Useless now the smile and sigh:
But he wears the pinion still,
Flying at the sight of ill.

Oh, for the old true-love time,
When the world was in its prime!

DOMESTIC LOVE.

O! LOVE of loves! — to thy white hand
is given
Of earthly happiness the golden key.
Thine are the joyous hours of winter's
even,

When the babes cling around their
father's knee;
And thine the voice, that, on the mid-
night sea,
Melts the rude mariner with thoughts
of home,
Peopling the gloom with all he longs
to see.

Spirit! I've built a shrine; and thou
hast come
And on its altar closed — forever closed
thy plume.

EBENEZER ELLIOTT.

1781-1849.

[BORN 17th of March, 1781, at the New Foundry, Masbro', near Rotherham, Yorkshire; wrote in his seventeenth year *The Vernal Walk*; worked in his father's foundry until 1804; made trials of business in Sheffield, of which the first failed; published his first volume of verse, 1823; *Village Patriarch*, 1829; *Corn Law Rhymer*, 1831; retired from business, 1841; died 1st of December, 1849.]

SONG.

CHILD, is thy father dead?
Father is gone!
Why did they tax his bread?
God's will be done!

Mother has sold her bed:
Better to die than wed!
Where shall she lay her head?
Home we have none!

Father clammed¹ thrice a week —
 God's will be done!
 Long for work did he seek,
 Work he found none.
 Tears on his hollow cheek
 Told what no tongue could speak:
 Why did his master break?
 God's will be done!

Doctor said air was best —
 Food we had none;
 Father, with panting breast,
 Groaned to be gone:
 Now he is with the blest —
 Mother says death is best!
 We have no place of rest —
 Yes, we have one!

AN EXCURSION TO THE MOUNTAINS.

[From *The Village Patriarch*.]

I.

COME, Father of the Hamlet! grasp
 again
 Thy stern ash plant, cut when the woods
 were young;
 Come, let us leave the plough-subjected
 plain,
 And rise, with freshened hearts, and
 nerves restrung,
 Into the azure dome that, haply, hung
 O'er thoughtful power, ere suffering had
 begun.

II.

Flowers peep, trees bud, boughs trem-
 ble, rivers run;
 The redwing saith, it is a glorious morn.
 Blue are thy Heavens, thou Highest!
 and thy sun
 Shines without cloud, all fire. How
 sweetly, borne
 On wings of morning o'er the leafless
 thorn,
 The tiny wren's small twitter warbles
 near!
 How swiftly flashes in the stream the
 trout!
 Woodbine! our father's ever-watchful
 ear

¹ Fasted; was hungry.

Knows, by thy rustle, that thy leaves
 are out.
 The trailing bramble hath not yet a
 sprout;
 Yet harshly to the wind the wanton
 prates,
 Not with thy smooth lisp, woodbine of
 the fields!
 Thou future treasure of the bee, that
 waits
 Gladly on thee, spring's harbinger!
 when yields
 All bounteous earth her odorous flow-
 ers, and builds
 The nightingale, in beauty's fairest
 land.

III.

Five rivers, like the fingers of a hand,
 Flung from black mountains, mingle,
 and are one
 Where sweetest valleys quit the wild
 and grand,
 And eldest forests, o'er the silvan Don,
 Bid their immortal brother journey on,
 A stately pilgrim, watched by all the
 hills.
 Say, shall we wander where, through
 warriors' graves,
 The infant Yewden, mountain-cradled,
 trills
 Her doric notes? Or, where the Locks-
 ley raves
 Of broil and battle, and the rocks and
 caves
 Dream yet of ancient days? Or, where
 the sky
 Darkens o'er Rivilin, the clear and cold,
 That throws his blue length, like a
 snake, from high?
 Or, where deep azure brightens into gold
 O'er Sheaf, that mourns in Eden? Or,
 where rolled
 On tawny sands, through regions pas-
 sion-wild,
 And groves of love, in jealous beauty
 dark,
 Complains the Porter, Nature's thwarted
 child,
 Born in the waste, like headlong Wim-
 ing? Hark!

The poised hawk calls thee, Village
 Patriarch!
 He calls thee to his mountains! Up,
 away!
 Up, up, to Stanedge! higher still
 ascend,
 Till kindred rivers, from the summit
 gray,
 To distant seas their course in beauty
 bend,
 And, like the lives of human millions,
 blend
 Disparted waves in one immensity!

A POET'S EPITAPH.

STOP, Mortal! Here thy brother lies,
 The Poet of the Poor.
 His books were rivers, woods, and skies,
 The meadow and the moor.
 His teachers were the torn hearts' wail,
 The tyrant and the slave,
 The street, the factory, the jail,
 The palace — and the grave!
 The meanest thing, earth's feeblest
 worm,
 He feared to scorn or hate;
 And honored in a peasant's form
 The equal of the great.
 But if he loved the rich who make
 The poor man's little more,
 Ill could he praise the rich who take
 From plundered labor's store.
 A hand to do, a head to plan,
 A heart to feel and dare —
 Tell man's worst foes, here lies the man
 Who drew them as they are.

PLAINT.

DARK, deep, and cold the current flows
 Unto the sea where no wind blows,
 Seeking the land which no one knows.

O'er its sad gloom still comes and goes
 The mingled wail of friends and foes,
 Borne to the land which no one knows.

Why shrieks for help yon wretch, who
 goes

With millions, from a world of woes,
 Unto the land which no one knows?

Though myriads go with him who goes,
 Alone he goes where no wind blows,
 Unto the land which no one knows.

For all must go where no wind blows,
 And none can go for him who goes;
 None, none return whence no one
 knows.

Yet why should he who shrieking goes
 With millions, from a world of woes,
 Reunion seek with it or those?

Alone with God, where no wind blows,
 And Death, his shadow — doomed, he
 goes:
 That God is there the shadow shows.

Oh, shoreless Deep, where no wind
 blows!
 And, thou, oh Land which no one
 knows!
 That God is All, His shadow shows.

THE HAPPY LOT.

BLESS'D is the hearth where daughters
 gird the fire,
 And sons that shall be happier than
 their sire,
 Who sees them crowd around his even-
 ing chair,
 While love and hope inspire his word-
 less prayer.
 Oh, from their home paternal may they
 go,
 With little to unlearn, though much to
 know!
 Them, may no poison'd tongue, no evil
 eye,
 Curse for the virtues that refuse to die;
 The generous heart, the independent
 mind,
 Till truth, like falsehood, leaves a sting
 behind!
 May temperance crown their feast, and
 friendship share!

May Pity come, Love's sister-spirit,
 there!
 May they shun baseness as they shun
 the grave!
 May they be frugal, pious, humble,
 brave!
 Sweet peace be theirs — the moonlight
 of the breast —
 And occupation, and alternate rest;
 And dear to care and thought the usual
 walk;
 Theirs be no flower that withers on the
 stalk,
 But roses cropp'd, that shall not bloom
 in vain;
 And hope's bless'd sun, that sets to rise
 again.
 Be chaste their nuptial bed, their home
 be sweet,
 Their floor resound the tread of little
 feet;
 Bless'd beyond fear and fate, if bless'd
 by thee,
 And heirs, O Love! of thine Eternity.

LOVE STRONG IN DEATH.

WE watch'd him, while the moonlight,
 Beneath the shadow'd hill,
 Seem'd dreaming of good angels,
 And all the woods were still.
 The brother of two sisters
 Drew painfully his breath:
 A strange fear had come o'er him,
 For love was strong in death.
 The fire of fatal fever
 Burn'd darkly on his cheek,

And often to his mother
 He spoke, or tried to speak:
 "I felt as if from slumber
 I never could awake:
 Oh, Mother, give me something
 To cherish for your sake!
 A cold, dead weight is on me —
 A heavy weight, like lead:
 My hands and feet seem sinking
 Quite through my little bed:
 I am so tired, so weary —
 With weariness I ache:
 Oh, Mother, give me something
 To cherish for your sake!
 Some little token give me,
 Which I may kiss in sleep —
 To make me feel I'm near you,
 And bless you though I weep.
 My sisters say I'm better —
 But, then, their heads they shake:
 Oh, Mother, give me something
 To cherish for your sake!
 Why can't I see the poplar,
 The moonlit stream and hill,
 Where, Fanny says, good angels
 Dream, when the woods are still?
 Why can't I see you, Mother?
 I surely am awake:
 Oh, haste! and give me something
 To cherish for your sake!"
 His little bosom heaves not;
 The fire hath left his cheek;
 The fine chord — is it broken?
 The strong chord — could it break?
 Ah, yes! the loving spirit
 Hath wing'd his flight away:
 A mother and two sisters
 Look down on lifeless clay.

LEIGH HUNT.

1784-1859.

[BORN at Southgate, Middlesex, October 19, 1784; was educated at Christ's Hospital; contributed to various periodicals; was an editor of *The Examiner*, 1808; was imprisoned for libel on the Prince Regent, 1811; visited Byron and Shelley in Italy, 1822; received a pension from the Crown, 1847; died August 28, 1859. Besides many works in prose, he published *Juvenilia*, 1801; *The Feast of the Poets*, 1814; *The Descent of Liberty, A Mask*, 1815; *The Story of Rimini*, 1816; *Foliage*, 1818; *Poetical Works*, 1832; *Captain Sword and Captain Pen*, 1835; *A Legend of Florence*, 1840; *The Palfrey*, 1842; *Stories in Verse*, 1855. For the bibliography of Leigh Hunt see "List of the Writings of William Hazlitt and Leigh Hunt, chronologically arranged with notes, &c., by Alexander Ireland," 1868.]

ABOUT BEN ADHEM AND THE ANGEL.

ABOUT BEN ADHEM (may his tribe increase)

Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,

And saw, within the moonlight in his room,

Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom,
An angel, writing in a book of gold:—

Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,

And to the presence in the room he said,

"What writest thou?"—The vision raised its head,

And, with a look made of all sweet accord,

Answered, "The names of those who love the Lord."

"And is mine one?" said Abou. "Nay, not so,"

Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low,

But cheerly still; and said, "I pray thee, then,

Write me as one that loves his fellow-men."

The angel wrote, and vanished. The next night

It came again with a great wakening light,

And showed the names whom love of God had blessed,

And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.

MORNING AT RAVENNA.

'Tis morn, and never did a lovelier day

Salute Ravenna from its leafy bay:

For a warm eve, and gentle rains at night,

Have left a sparkling welcome for the light,

And April, with his white hands wet with flowers,

Dazzles the bride-maids looking from the towers:

Green vineyards and fair orchards, far and near,

Glitter with drops, and heaven is sapphire clear,

And the lark rings it, and the pine trees glow,

And odors from the citrons come and go,

And all the landscape—earth, and sky, and sea—

Breathes like a bright-eyed face that laughs out openly.

The seats with boughs are shaded from above

Of bays and roses—trees of wit and love;

And in the midst, fresh whistling through the scene,

The lightsome fountain starts from out the green,

Clear and compact; till, at its height o'errun,

It shakes its loosening silver in the sun.

THE GLOVE AND THE LIONS.

KING FRANCIS was a hearty king, and
 loved a royal sport,
 And one day, as his lions strove, sat
 looking on the court:
 The nobles filled the benches round,
 the ladies by their side,
 And 'mongst them Count de Lorge, with
 one he hoped to make his bride;
 And truly 'twas a gallant thing to see
 that crowning show,
 Valor and love, and a king above, and
 the royal beasts below.

Ramped and roared the lions, with
 horrid laughing jaws;
 They bit, they glared, gave blows like
 beams, a wind went with their paws;
 With wallowing might and stifled roar
 they rolled one on another,
 Till all the pit, with sand and mane,
 was in a thund'rous smother;
 The bloody foam above the bars came
 whizzing through the air;
 Said Francis then, "Good gentlemen,
 we're better here than there!"

De Lorge's love o'erheard the king, a
 beauteous, lively dame,
 With smiling lips, and sharp bright eyes,
 which always seemed the same:
 She thought, "The Count, my lover, is
 as brave as brave can be;
 He surely would do desperate things to
 show his love of me!
 King, ladies, lovers, all look on; the
 chance is wondrous fine;
 I'll drop my glove to prove his love;
 great glory will be mine!"

She dropped her glove to prove his love;
 then looked on him and smiled;
 He bowed, and in a moment leaped
 among the lions wild:
 The leap was quick; return was quick;
 he soon regained his place;
 Then threw the glove, but not with love,
 right in the lady's face!
 "In truth!" cried Francis, "rightly
 done!" and he rose from where he
 sat:
 "No love," quoth he, "but vanity, sets
 love a task like that!"

AN ANGEL IN THE HOUSE.

How sweet it were, if without feeble
 fright,
 Or dying of the dreadful beauteous sight,
 An angel came to us, and we could bear
 To see him issue from the silent air
 At evening in our room, and bend on
 ours
 His divine eyes, and bring us from his
 bowers
 News of dear friends, and children who
 have never
 Been dead indeed, — as we shall know
 forever.
 Alas! we think not what we daily see
 About our hearths, — angels, that are
 to be,
 Or may be, if they will, and we prepare
 Their souls and ours to meet in happy
 air, —
 A child, a friend, a wife whose soft
 heart sings
 In unison with ours, breeding its future
 wings.

JOHN WILSON

(CHRISTOPHER NORTH).

1785-1854.

[BORN at Paisley. An eminent Scotch poet and essayist, who received his education at Oxford. After putting forth some minor lyrical attempts, he published in 1812 *The Isle of Palmos*, which was well received. In 1816, he produced *The City of the Plague*; in 1820 was nominated to the chair of Moral Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh. In 1825 he began the celebrated *Noctes Ambrosianæ* under the name of Christopher North. He also wrote numerous political articles and literary criticisms for Blackwood's Magazine, which was started as an outlet for Scottish Toryism. Died at Edinburgh in 1854.]

THE SABBATH-DAY.

WHEN by God's inward light, a happy
child,
I walk'd in joy, as in the open air,
It seem'd to my young thought the Sab-
bath smiled
With glory and with love. So still, so
fair,
The heavens look'd ever on that hal-
low'd morn,
That, without aid of memory, something
there
Had surely told me of its glad return.
How did my little heart at evening burn,
When, fondly seated on my father's
knee,
Taught by the lip of love, I breathed the
prayer,
Warm from the fount of infant piety!
Much is my spirit changed; for years
have brought
Intenser feeling and expanded thought;
— Yet, must I envy every child I see!

THE MIDNIGHT OCEAN.

It is the midnight hour: the beau-
teous sea,
Calm as the cloudless heaven, the heaven
discloses,
While many a sparkling star, in quiet
glee,
Far down within the watery sky reposes.
As if the Ocean's heart were stirr'd
With inward life, a sound is heard,

Like that of dreamer murmuring in his
sleep;

'Tis partly the billow, and partly the air
That lies like a garment floating fair
Above the happy deep.

The sea, I ween, cannot be fann'd
By evening freshness from the land,
For the land it is far away;
But God hath will'd that the sky-born
breeze

In the centre of the loneliest seas
Should ever sport and play.

The mighty Moon she sits above,
Encircled with a zone of love,
A zone of dim and tender light
That makes her wakeful eye more
bright:

She seems to shine with a sunny ray,
And the night looks like a mellow'd
day!

The gracious Mistress of the Main
Hath now an undisturb'd reign,
And from her silent throne looks down,
As upon children of her own,
On the waves that lend their gentle
breast

In gladness for her couch of rest!

THE EVENING CLOUD.

A CLOUD lay cradled near the setting
sun,

A gleam of crimson tinged its braided
snow:

Long had I watch'd the glory moving
on

O'er the still radiance of the lake below.
Tranquil its spirit seem'd, and floated
slow!

Even in its very motion there was rest:
While every breath of eve that chanced
to blow

Wafted the traveller to the beauteous
West.

Emblem, methought, of the departed
soul!

To whose white robe the gleam of bliss
is given;

And by the breath of mercy made to
roll

Right onwards to the golden gates of
Heaven,

Where, to the eye of faith, it peaceful
lies

And tells to man his glorious destinies.

MARY.

THREE days before my Mary's death,
We walk'd by Grassmere shore;

"Sweet Lake!" she said, with faltering
breath,

"I ne'er shall see thee more!"

Then turning round her languid head,
She look'd me in the face,
And whisper'd, "When thy friend is
dead,

Remember this lone place."

Vainly I struggled at a smile,
That did my fears betray;
It seem'd that on our darling isle
Foreboding darkness lay.

My Mary's words were words of truth;
None now behold the Maid;
Amid the tears of age and youth,
She in her grave was laid.

Long days, long nights, I ween, were
past

Ere ceased her funeral knell;
But to the spot I went at last
Where she had breathed "farewell!"

Methought I saw the phantom stand
Beside the peaceful wave;
I felt the pressure of her hand —
Then look'd towards her grave.

Fair, fair beneath the evening sky
The quiet church-yard lay:
The tall pine-grove most solemnly
Hung mute above her clay.

Dearly she loved their arching spread,
Their music wild and sweet,
And, as she wish'd on her deathbed,
Was buried at their feet.

Around her grave a beauteous fence
Of wild-flowers shed their breath,
Smiling like infant innocence
Within the gloom of death.

Such flowers from bank of mountain
brook

At eve we used to bring,
When every little mossy nook
Betray'd returning Spring.

Oft had I fix'd the simple wreath
Upon her virgin breast;
But now such flowers as form'd it,
breathe
Around her bed of rest.

Yet all within my silent soul,
As the hush'd air, was calm;
The natural tears that slowly stole,
Assuaged my grief like balm.

The air that seem'd so thick and dull
For months unto my eye;
Ah me! how bright and beautiful
It floated on the sky!

A trance of high and solemn bliss
From purest ether came;
'Mid such a heavenly scene as this,
Death is an empty name!

The memory of the past return'd
Like music to my heart, —
It seem'd that causelessly I mourn'd,
When we were told to part.

"God's mercy," to myself I said,
"To both our souls is given —
To me, sojourning on earth's shade;
To her — a Saint in heaven!"

THE WIDOWED MOTHER.

BESIDE her babe, who sweetly slept,
A widow'd mother sat and wept
O'er years of love gone by;
And as the sobs thick-gathering came,
She murmur'd her dead husband's name
'Mid that sad lullaby.

Well might that lullaby be sad,
For not one single friend she had
On this cold-hearted earth;
The sea will not give back its prey —
And they were wrapt in foreign clay
Who gave the orphan birth.

Steadfastly as a star doth look
Upon a little murmuring brook,
She gazed upon the bosom
And fair brow of her sleeping son —
"O merciful Heaven! when I am gone
Thine is this earthly blossom!"

While thus she sat — a sunbeam broke
Into the room; the babe awoke,
And from its cradle smiled!
Ah me! what kindling smiles met there!
I know not whether was more fair,
The mother or her child!

With joy fresh-sprung from short alarms,
The smiler stretch'd his rosy arms,
And to her bosom leapt —
All tears at once were swept away,
And said a face as bright as day, —
"Forgive me that I wept!"

Sufferings there are from nature sprung,
Ear hath not heard, nor poet's tongue
May venture to declare;
But this as Holy Writ is sure,
"The griefs she bids us here endure
She can herself repair!"

HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

1785-1806.

[BORN at Nottinghamshire, England, March 21, 1785. Apprenticed to a stocking-weaver, afterwards to an attorney; printed a volume of verses, *Clifton Grove, with other Poems*, 1803; obtained a sizarship in St. Johns College, Cambridge, 1804. For two years was at the head of his class, became a tutor in mathematics, but destroyed his health by excessive study, and died of consumption at Cambridge, Oct. 19, 1806.]

CHILDHOOD.

PICTURED in memory's mellowing
glass, how sweet
Our infant days, our infant joys to greet;
To roam in fancy in each cherished
scene,
The village churchyard, and the village
green.
The woodland walk remote, the green-
wood glade,
The mossy seat beneath the hawthorn's
shade,
The whitewashed cottage, where the
woodbine grew,
And all the favorite haunts our child-
hood knew!

How sweet, while all the evil shuns the
gaze,
To view the unclouded skies of former
days!
Beloved age of innocence and smiles,
When each winged hour some new
delight beguiles,
When the gay heart, to life's sweet day-
spring true,
Still finds some insect pleasure to pur-
sue.
Blest Childhood, hail! thee simply will
I sing,
And from myself the artless picture
bring;
These long-lost scenes to me the past
restore,

Each humble friend, each *pleasure*, now
no more,
And every stump familiar to my sight,
Recalls some fond idea of delight.

This shrubby knoll was once my favorite seat;

Here did I love at evening to retreat,
And muse alone, till in the vault of night,

Hesper, aspiring, show'd his golden light.

Here, once again, remote from human noise,

I sit me down to think of former joys;
Pause on each scene, each treasured scene, once more,

And once again each infant walk explore,

While as each grove and lawn I recognize,

My melted soul suffuses in my eyes.

THE DAME SCHOOL.

HERE first I entered, though with toil and pain,

The low vestibule of learning's fane:

Entered with pain, yet soon I found the way,

Though sometimes toilsome, many a sweet display.

Much did I grieve, on that ill-fated morn,

When I was first to school reluctant borne;

Severe I thought the dame, though oft she tried

To soothe my swelling spirits when I sighed;

And oft, when harshly she reprov'd, I wept,

To my lone corner broken-hearted crept,

And thought of tender home, where anger never kept.

But soon inured to alphabetic toils,
Alert I met the dame with jocund smiles;

First at the form, my task for ever true,
A little favorite rapidly I grew:

And oft she stroked my head with fond delight,

Held me a pattern to the dunce's sight;

And as she gave my diligence its praise,

Talked of the honors of my future days.

IRRESISTIBLE TIME.

REAR thou aloft thy standard. — Spirit, rear

Thy flag on high! — Invincible, and throned

In unparticipated might. Behold Earth's proudest boast, beneath thy silent sway,

Sweep headlong to destruction, thou the while,

Unmoved and heedless, thou dost hear the rush

Of mighty generations, as they pass To the broad gulf of ruin, and dost stamp

Thy signet on them, and they rise no more.

Who shall contend with Time — unvanquished Time,

The conqueror of conquerors, and lord Of desolation? — Lo! the shadows fly,

The hours and days, and years and centuries,

They fly, they fly, and nations rise and fall.

The young are old, the old are in their graves.

Heardst thou that shout? It rent the vaulted skies;

It was the voice of people, — mighty crowds, —

Again! 'tis hushed — Time speaks, and all is hushed;

In the vast multitude now reigns alone Unruffled solitude. They all are still;

All — yea, the whole — the incalculable mass,

Still as the ground that clasps their cold remains.

Rear thou aloft thy standard. — Spirit,
 rear
 Thy flag on high; and glory in thy
 strength.
 But do thou know, the season yet shall
 come,
 When from its base thine adamantine
 throne
 Shall tumble; when thine arm shall
 cease to strike,
 Thy voice forget its petrifying power;
 When saints shall shout, and *Time shall*
be no more.
 Yea, He doth come — the mighty cham-
 pion comes,
 Whose potent spear shall give thee thy
 death-wound,
 Shall crush the conqueror of conquer-
 ors,
 And desolate stern desolation's lord.
 Lo! where He cometh! the Messiah
 comes!
 The King! the Comforter! the Christ!
 — He comes
 To burst the bonds of death, and over-
 turn
 The power of Time.

SONNET TO MY MOTHER.

AND canst thou, Mother, for a moment
 think
 That we, thy children, when old age
 shall shed
 Its blanching honors on thy weary
 head,
 Could from our best of duties ever
 shrink?
 Sooner the sun from his high sphere
 should sink
 Than we, ungrateful, leave thee in
 that day,
 To pine in solitude thy life away,
 Or shun thee, tottering on the grave's
 cold brink.
 Banish the thought! — where'er our
 steps may roam,
 O'er smiling plains, or wastes without
 a tree,

Still will fond memory point our
 hearts to thee,
 And paint the pleasures of thy peace-
 ful home;
 While duty bids us all thy griefs as-
 suage,
 And smooth the pillow of thy sinking
 age.

*"I AM PLEASED, AND YET I'M
 SAD."*

I.

WHEN twilight steals along the ground,
 And all the bells are ringing round,
 One, two, three, four, and five;
 I at my study window sit,
 And wrapt in many a musing fit,
 To bliss am all alive.

II.

But though impressions calm and sweet,
 Thrill round my heart a holy heat,
 And I am inly glad;
 The tear-drop stands in either eye,
 And yet I cannot tell thee why,
 I am pleased, and yet I'm sad.

III.

The silvery rack that flies away,
 Like mortal life or pleasure's ray,
 Does that disturb my breast?
 Nay what have I, a studious man,
 To do with life's unstable plan,
 Or pleasure's fading vest?

IV.

Is it that here I must not stop,
 But o'er yon blue hills' woody top,
 Must bend my lonely way?
 Now, surely no, for give but me
 My own fire-side, and I shall be
 At home where'er I stray.

V.

Then is it that yon steeple there,
 With music sweet shall fill the air,
 When thou no more canst hear?
 Oh no! oh no! for then forgiven,
 I shall be with my God in Heaven,
 Released from every fear.

VI.

Then whence it is I cannot tell,
 But there is some mysterious spell
 That holds me when I'm glad;
 And so the tear-drop fills my eye,
 When yet in truth I know not why,
 Or wherefore I am sad.

ODE TO THE HARVEST MOON.

MOON of harvest, herald mild
 Of plenty, rustic labor's child,
 Hail! oh hail! I greet thy beam,
 As soft it trembles o'er the stream,
 And gilds the straw-thatched ham-
 let wide,
 Where innocence and peace
 reside;
 'Tis thou that glad'st with joy the rustic
 throng,
 Promptest the tripping dance, th' ex-
 hilarating song.

Moon of harvest, I do love
 O'er the uplands now to rove,
 While thy modest ray serene
 Gilds the wide surrounding scene;
 And to watch thee riding high
 In the blue vault of the sky,
 Where no thin vapor intercepts thy
 ray,
 But in unclouded majesty thou walkest
 on thy way.

Pleasing 'tis, O modest moon!
 Now the night is at her noon,
 'Neath thy sway to musing lie,
 While around the zephyrs sigh,
 Fanning soft the sun-tanned wheat,
 Ripened by the summer's heat;
 Picturing all the rustic's joy
 When boundless plenty greets his
 eye,

And thinking soon,
 Oh, modest moon!
 How many a female eye will roam
 Along the road,
 To see the load,
 The last dear load of harvest
 home.

Storms and tempests, floods and
 rains,
 Stern despoilers of the plains,
 Hence away, the season flee,
 Foes to light-heart jollity;
 May no winds careering high,
 Drive the clouds along the sky;
 But may all nature smile with aspect
 boon,
 When in the heavens thou show'st thy
 face, oh, Harvest Moon!

'Neath yon lowly roof he lies,
 The husbandman, with sleep-sealed
 eyes;
 He dreams of crowded barns, and
 round
 The yard he hears the flail re-
 sound;
 Oh! may no hurricane destroy
 His visionary views of joy:
 God of the winds! oh, hear his humble
 prayer,
 And while the moon of harvest shines,
 thy blustering whirlwind spare.

Sons of luxury, to you
 Leave I sleep's dull power to woo:
 Press ye still the downy bed,
 While feverish dreams surround
 your head;
 I will seek the woodland glade,
 Penetrate the thickest shade,
 Wrapt in contemplation's dreams,
 Musing high on holy themes,
 While on the gale
 Shall softly sail
 The nightingale's enchanting tune,
 And oft my eyes
 Shall grateful rise
 To thee, the modest Harvest Moon!

CLIFTON GROVE.

Lo! in the west, fast fades the lingering
 light,
 And day's last vestige takes its silent
 flight.
 No more is heard the woodman's meas-
 ured stroke

Which, with the dawn, from yonder
 dingle broke;
 No more, hoarse clamoring o'er the up-
 lifted head,
 The crows, assembling, seek their wind-
 rock'd bed.
 Stilled is the village hum—the wood-
 land sounds
 Have ceased to echo o'er the dewy
 grounds,
 And general silence reigns, save when
 below,
 The murmuring Trent is scarcely heard
 to flow;
 And save when, swung by 'nighted
 rustic late,
 Oft, on its hinge, rebounds the jarring
 gate:
 Or, when the sheep bell, in the distant
 vale,
 Breathes its wild music on the downy
 gale.
 Now, when the rustic wears the social
 smile,
 Released from day and its attendant
 toil,
 And draws his household round their
 evening fire,
 And tells the oft-told tales that never
 tire:
 Or, where the town's blue turrets dimly
 rise,
 And manufacture taints the ambient
 skies,
 The pale mechanic leaves the laboring
 loom,
 The air-pent hold, the pestilential room,
 And rushes out, impatient to begin
 The stated course of customary sin:
 Now, now, my solitary way I bend
 Where solemn groves in awful state im-
 pend,
 And cliffs, that boldly rise above the
 plain,
 Bespeak, blest Clifton! thy sublime do-
 main.
 Here, lonely wandering o'er the sylvan
 bower,
 I come to pass the meditative hour;
 To bid awhile the strife of passion cease,
 And woo the calms of solitude and
 peace.

And oh! thou sacred power, who rear'st
 on high
 Thy leafy throne where waving poplars
 sigh!
 Genius of woodland shades! whose
 mild control
 Steals with resistless witchery to the
 soul,
 Come with thy wonted ardor and in-
 spire
 My glowing bosom with thy hallowed
 fire.
 And thou, too, Fancy! from thy starry
 sphere,
 Where to the hymning orbs thou lend'st
 thine ear,
 Do thou descend, and bless my ravished
 sight,
 Veiled in soft visions of serene delight.
 At thy command the gale that passes by
 Bears in its whispers mystic harmony.
 Thou wav'st thy wand, and lo! what
 forms appear!
 On the dark cloud what giant shapes
 career!
 The ghosts of Ossian skim the misty
 vale,
 The hosts of Sylphids on the moon-
 beam sail.

TO AN EARLY PRIMROSE.

MILD offspring of a dark and sullen
 sire!
 Whose modest form, so delicately fine,
 Was nursed in whirling storms,
 And cradled in the winds.

Thee, when young Spring first ques-
 tioned Winter's sway,
 And dared the sturdy blusterer to the
 fight,
 Thee on this bank he threw
 To mark his victory.

In this low vale, the promise of the year,
 Serene, thou openest to the nipping gale,
 Unnoticed and alone,
 Thy tender elegance.

So virtue blooms, brought forth amid
the storms
Of chill adversity; in some lone walk
Of life she rears her head,
Obscure and unobserved;

While every bleaching breeze that on
her blows
Chastens her spotless purity of breast,
And hardens her to bear
Serene the ills of life.



ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

1784-1842.

[BORN of comparatively humble parentage in Dumfriesshire. Began life as a stone-mason, but his early literary ability attracted the attention of the public and won for him the esteem and friendship of men of genius. In 1810 he obtained a position of trust in the Studio of Chantrey, a London sculptor, which afforded him an opportunity to employ his active pen and for intercourse with men of literary tastes. His reputation rests chiefly upon his smaller pieces, which are very natural and intensely Scotch, vigorous and even splendid in their higher moods, affectingly pathetic in their softer strains. His novels, *Paul Jones*, etc., are full of glittering description and exaggerated and unnatural character.]

THE SUN RISES BRIGHT IN FRANCE.

THE sun rises bright in France,
And fair sets he;
But he has tint the blythe blink he had
In my ain countree.

O it's nae my ain ruin
That saddens aye my e'e,
But the dear Marie I left ahin',
Wi' sweet bairnies three.

My lanely hearth burn'd bonnie,
An' smiled my ain Marie;
I've left a' my heart behin'
In my ain countree.

The bud comes back to summer,
And the blossom to the bee;
But I'll win back — O never,
To my ain countree.

O I am leal to high Heaven,
Where soon I hope to be,
An' there I'll meet ye a' soon
Frae my ain countree!

A WET SHEET AND A FLOWING SEA.

A WET sheet and a flowing sea,
A wind that follows fast,
And fills the white and rustling sail,
And bends the gallant mast.
And bends the gallant mast, my boys,
While, like the eagle free,
Away the good ship flies, and leaves
Old England on the lee.

Oh, for a soft and gentle wind!
I heard a fair one cry;
But give to me the swelling breeze,
And white waves heaving high.
The white waves heaving high, my lads,
The good ship tight and free,—
The world of waters is our home,
And merry men are we.

SABBATH MORNING.

DEAR is the hallow'd morn to me,
When village bells awake the day;
And, by their sacred minstrelsy,
Call me from earthly cares away.

And dear to me the winged hour,
Spent in thy hallow'd courts, O Lord!
To feel devotion's soothing power,
And catch the manna of thy word.

And dear to me the loud Amen,
Which echoes through the blest
abode,
Which swells and sinks, and swells
again,
Dies on the walls, but lives to God.

And dear the rustic harmony,
Sung with the pomp of village art;
That holy, heavenly melody,
The music of a thankful heart.

In secret I have often pray'd,
And still the anxious tear would fall;
But on thy sacred altar laid,
The fire descends, and dries them all.

Oft when the world, with iron hands,
Has bound me in its six-days' chain,
This bursts them, like the strong man's
bands,
And lets my spirit loose again.

Then dear to me the Sabbath morn;
The village bells, the shepherd's voice;
These oft have found my heart forlorn,
And always bid that heart rejoice.

Go, man of pleasure, strike thy lyre,
Of broken Sabbaths sing the charms;
Ours be the prophet's car of fire,
That bears us to a Father's arms.

*THOU HAST SWORN BY THY
GOD.*

THOU hast sworn by thy God, my Jeanie,
By that pretty white han' o' thine,
And by all the lowing stars in heaven,
That thou wad aye be mine;
And I hae sworn by my God, my Jeanie,
And by that kind heart o' thine,
By a' the stars sown thick o'er heaven,
That thou shalt aye be mine.

Then foul fa' the hands that wad loose
sic bands,

An' the heart that wad part sic love;
But there's nae hand can loose my band,
But the finger o' God above.

Though the wee wee cot maun be my
biel'd,

And my claithing e'er so mean,
I wad la me up rich i' the fauld's o' luv'e,
Heaven's armfu' o' my Jean.

Her white arm wad be a pillow for me
Far safter than the down;
And love wad winnow owre us his kind
kind wings,

And sweetly I'd sleep, an' soun'.
Come here to me, thou lass o' my luv'e,
Come here, and kneel wi' me,
The morn is fu' o' the presence o' my
God,

And I canna pray but thee.

The morn-wind is sweet 'mang the beds
o' new flowers,

The wee birds sing kindlie an' hie,
Our gude-man leans owre his kale-yard
dyke,

And a blythe auld bodie is he.
The Beuk maun be taen when the carle
comes hame,

Wi' the holie psalmodie,
And thou maun speak o' me to thy God,
And I will speak o' thee.

BONNIE LADY ANN.

THERE's kames o' honey 'tween my
luve's lips,

An' gowd amang her hair;
Her breasts are lapt in a holie veil,
Nae mortal een keek there.

What lips dare kiss, or what hand dare
touch,

Or what arm o' luv'e dare span
The honey lips, the creamy loof,
Or the waist o' Lady Ann?

She kisses the lips o' her bonnie red
rose,

Wat wi' the blobs o' dew;

But nae gentle lip nor simple lip
 Maun touch her Ladie mou';
 But a broidered belt wi' a buckle o'
 gowd
 Her jimpy waist maun span;
 O she's an armfu' fit for heaven,
 My bonnie Lady Ann!

Her bower casement is latticed wi'
 flowers,
 Tied up wi' silver thread,
 An' comely she sits in the midst,
 Men's longing een to feed.
 She waves the ringlets frae her cheeks,
 Wi' her milky milky han',
 An' her cheeks seem touched wi' the
 finger o' God;
 My bonnie Lady Ann!

The morning cloud is tassell'd wi' gowd,
 Like my luv's broider'd cap,
 An' on the mantle which my luv wears
 Are monie a gowden drap.
 Her bonnie ee bree's a holie arch,
 Cast by no earthly han',
 An' the breath o' God's atween the lips
 O' my bonnie Lady Ann!

I am her father's gardener lad,
 And poor poor is my fa';
 My auld mither gets my wee wee fee,
 Wi' fatherless bairnies twa.
 My Lady comes, my Lady goes
 Wi' a fu' an' kindly han';
 O the blessing o' God maun mix wi' my
 luve,
 An' fa' on Lady Ann!

*SHE'S GONE TO DWELL IN
 HEAVEN.*

SHE'S gone to dwell in heaven, my lassie,
 She's gone to dwell in heaven:
 Ye're owre pure, quo' the voice o' God,
 For dwelling out o' heaven!
 O what'll she do in heaven, my lassie?
 O what'll she do in heaven?
 She'll mix her ain thoughts wi' angels'
 sangs,
 An' make them mair meet for heaven.

She was beloved by a', my lassie,
 She was beloved by a';
 But an angel fell in love wi' her,
 An' took her frae us a'.
 Low there thou lies, my lassie,
 Low there thou lies;
 A bonnier form ne'er went to the yird,
 Nor frae it will arise!

Fu' soon I'll follow thee, my lassie,
 Fu' soon I'll follow thee;
 Thou left me nought to covet ahin',
 But took gudeness itself wi' thee.

I looked on thy death-cold face, my
 lassie,
 I looked on thy death-cold face;
 Thou seemed a lily new cut i' the bud,
 An' fading in its place.

I looked on thy death-shut eye, my
 lassie,
 I looked on thy death-shut eye;
 An' a lovelier light in the brow of heaven
 Fell time shall ne'er destroy.

Thy lips were ruddy and calm, my lassie,
 Thy lips were ruddy and calm;
 But gone was the holy breath o' heaven
 To sing the evening psalm.

There's nought but dust now mine,
 lassie,
 There's nought but dust now mine;
 My soul's wi' thee i' the cauld, cauld
 grave,
 An' why should I stày behin'?

MY NANIE O.

RED rows the Nith, 'tween bank and
 brae,
 Mirk is the night and rainie O,
 Though heaven and earth should mix in
 storm,
 I'll gang and see my Nanie O;
 My Nanie O, my Nanie O;
 My kind and winsome Nanie O,
 She holds my heart in love's dear hand,
 And nane can do't but Nanie O.

In preaching time sae meek she stands,
 Sae saintly and sae bonnie O,
 I cannot get ae glimpse of grace,
 For thieving looks at Nanie O;
 My Nanie O, my Nanie O;
 The world's in love with Nanie O;
 That heart is hardly worth the wear
 That wadna love my Nanie O.

My breast can scarce contain my heart,
 When dancing she moves finely O;
 I guess what heaven is by her eyes,
 They sparkle sae divinely O;
 My Nanie O, my Nanie O;

The flower o' Nithsdale's Nanie O;
 Love looks frae 'neath her long brown
 hair,
 And says, I dwell with Nanie O.

Tell not, thou star at gray daylight,
 O'er Tinwald-top so bonnie O,
 My footsteps 'mang the morning dew
 When coming frae my Nanie O;
 My Nanie O, my Nanie O;
 Nane ken o' me and Nanie O;
 The stars and moon may tell't a boon,
 They winna wrang my Nanie O!



MARY RUSSELL MITFORD.

1786-1855.

[BORN at Alnsford, Hampshire, Dec. 16, 1786. Published in early life three volumes of poems, and then became a successful and highly popular prose writer. Her principal works are *Our Village*, five vols., 1824-32. *Belford Regis*, 1835; *Country Stories*, 1850; *Recollections*, 1851; *Atherton and other Tales*, 1854. And a number of dramas of which *Rienzi*, 1828, was the most successful. Died Jan. 10, 1855.]

TO MY MOTHER SLEEPING.

SLEEP on, my mother! sweet and in-
 nocent dreams
 Attend thee, best and dearest! Dreams
 that gild
 Life's clouds like setting suns, with
 pleasures filled,
 And saintly joy, such as thy mind be-
 seems,—
 Thy mind where never stormy passion
 gleams,
 Where their soft nest the dovelike vir-
 tues build;
 And calmest thoughts, like violets dis-
 till'd,
 Their fragrance mingle with bright wis-
 dom's beams.
 Sleep on, my mother! not the lily's bell
 So sweet; not the enamor'd west-
 wind's sighs
 That shake the dew-drop from her
 snowy cell
 So gentle; not that dew-drop ere it flies
 So pure. E'en slumber loves with thee
 to dwell,
 Oh model most beloved of good and
 wise.

RIENZI'S ADDRESS TO THE ROMANS.

FRIENDS,

I come not here to talk. Ye know too
 well
 The story of our thralldom. We are
 slaves!
 The bright sun rises to his course, and
 lights
 A race of slaves! He sets, and his last
 beam
 Falls on a slave: not such as, swept
 along
 By the full tide of power, the conqueror
 leads
 To crimson glory and undying fame;
 But base ignoble slaves, slaves to a
 horde
 Of petty tyrants, feudal despots, lords
 Rich in some dozen paltry villages,
 Strong in some hundred spearmen, only
 great
 In that strange spell, a name. Each
 hour, dark fraud,
 Or open rapine, or protected murder,
 Cry out against them. But this very
 day,

An honest man, my neighbor (*pointing to PAOLO*)—there he stands!—
 Was struck, struck like a dog, by one
 who wore
 The badge of Ursini, because, forsooth,
 He tossed not high his ready cap in air,
 Nor lifted up his voice in servile shouts,
 At sight of that great ruffian. Be we men,
 And suffer such dishonor? Men, and
 wash not
 The stain away in blood? Such shames
 are common;
 I have known deeper wrongs. I that
 speak to ye,
 I had a brother once, a gracious boy,
 Full of all gentleness, of calmest hope,
 Of sweet and quiet joy. There was the
 look
 Of heaven upon his face, which limners
 give
 To the beloved disciple. How I loved
 That gracious boy! Younger by fifteen
 years,
 Brother at once and son! He left my
 side;
 A summer bloom on his fair cheeks, a
 smile
 Parting his innocent lips. In one short
 hour

The pretty harmless boy was slain! I
 saw
 The corse, the mangled corse, and when
 I cried
 For vengeance—Rouse, ye Romans!
 Rouse, ye slaves!
 Have ye brave sons? Look in the next
 fierce brawl
 To see them die. Have ye fair daughters?
 Look
 To see them live, torn from your arms,
 distained,
 Dishonored: and, if ye dare call for
 justice,
 Be answered by the lash. Yet, this is
 Rome,
 That sate on her seven hills, and from
 her throne
 Of beauty ruled the world! Yet, we are
 Romans!
 Why; in that elder day, to be a Roman
 Was greater than a king! And once
 again,—
 Hear me, ye walls, that echoed to the
 tread
 Of either Brutus! once again, I swear,
 The eternal city shall be free; her
 sons
 Shall walk with princes.



BRYAN WALLER PROCTER

(BARRY CORNWALL).

1787-1874.

[BRYAN WALLER PROCTER was born in London, Nov. 21, 1787. He was educated, with Byron, at Harrow; studied as a solicitor in the country; returned to London to live in 1807. His period of literary activity extended from 1815 to 1823. In 1832 he was made Metropolitan Commissioner of Lunacy, a post which he resigned in 1861. He died Oct. 4, 1874. His principal works, all published under the pseudonym of Barry Cornwall, are: *Dramatic Scenes*, 1819; *Marcian Colonna*, 1820; *A Sicilian Story*, 1821; *Mirandola*, 1821; *The Flood of Thessaly*, 1823; *English Songs*, 1832.]

FOR MUSIC.

Now whilst he dreams, O Muses, wind
 him round!
 Send down thy silver words, O murmuring Rain!
 Haunt him, sweet Music! Fall, with
 gentlest sound,—

Like dew, like night, upon his weary
 brain!
 Come, Odors of the rose and violet,—
 bear
 Into his charmed sleep all visions fair!
 So may the lost be found,
 So may his thoughts by tender love be
 crowned,

And Hope come shining like a vernal
morn,
And with its beams adorn
The Future, till he breathes diviner air,
In some soft Heaven of joy, beyond
the range of Care!

THE SEA.

THE Sea! the Sea! the open Sea!
The blue, the fresh, the ever free!
Without a mark, without a bound,
It runneth the earth's wide regions
'round;
It plays with the clouds; it mocks the
skies;
Or like a cradled creature lies.

I'm on the Sea! I'm on the Sea!
I am where I would ever be;
With the blue above, and the blue be-
low,
And silence wheresoe'er I go;
If a storm should come and awake the
deep,
What matter? I shall ride and sleep.

I love (oh! *how* I love) to ride
On the fierce foaming bursting tide,
When every mad wave drowns the
moon,
Or whistles aloft his tempest tune,
And tells how goeth the world below,
And why the south-west blasts do blow.

I never was on the dull tame shore,
But I lov'd the great Sea more and
more,
And backwards flew to her billowy
breast,
Like a bird that seeketh its mother's
nest;
And a mother she *was*, and *is* to me;
For I was born on the open Sea!

The waves were white, and red the
morn,
In the noisy hour when I was born;
And the whale it whistled, the porpoise
rolled,
And the dolphins bared their backs of
gold;

And never was heard such an outcry
wild
As welcomed to life the Ocean-child!

I've lived since then, in calm and
strife
Full fifty summers a sailor's life,
With wealth to spend and a power to
range,
But never have sought, nor sighed for
change;
And Death, whenever he come to me,
Shall come on the wide unbounded
Sea!

A REPOSE.

SHE sleeps amongst her pillows soft,
(A dove, now wearied with her flight),
And all around, and all a'loft,
Hang flutes and folds of virgin
white:
Her hair out-darkens the dark night,
Her glance out-shines the starry
sky;
But now her locks are hidden quite,
And closed is her fringed eye!

She sleepeth: wherefore doth she
start?
She sigheth; doth she feel no pain?
None, none! the Dream is near her
heart;
The Spirit of sleep is in her brain.
He cometh down like golden rain,
Without a wish, without a sound;
He cheers the sleeper (ne'er in vain),
Like May, when earth is winter-
bound.

All day within some cave he lies,
Dethroned from his nightly sway, —
Far fading when the dawning skies
Our souls with wakening thoughts
array.
Two Spirits of might doth man obey;
By each he's wrought, from each he
learns:
The one is Lord of life by day:
The other when starry night returns.

A PETITION TO TIME.

TOUCH us gently, Time!

Let us glide adown thy stream
Gently,—as we sometimes glide

Through a quiet dream!
Humble voyagers are We,
Husband, wife, and children three—
(One is lost,—an angel, fled
To the azure overhead!)

Touch us gently, Time!

We've not proud nor soaring wings:
Our ambition, *our* content

Lies in simple things.
Humble voyagers are We,
O'er Life's dim unsounded sea,
Seeking only some calm clime:—
Touch us *gently*, gentle Time!

INSCRIPTION FOR A FOUNTAIN.

REST! This little Fountain runs

Thus for aye:—It never stays
For the look of summer suns,
Nor the cold of winter days.

Whosoe'er shall wander near,
When the Syrian heat is worst,
Let him hither come, nor fear

Lest he may not slake his thirst:

He will find this little river
Running still, as bright as ever.

Let him drink, and onwards hie,
Bearing but in thought, that I,
EROTAS, bade the Naiad fall,
And thank the great god Pan for all!



LORD BYRON.

1788–1824.

[BORN in London, Jan. 22, 1788. Educated at Harrow, and Trinity College, Cambridge. Published *Hours of Idleness* in 1807. A review of this book in the *Edinburgh* provoked the Satire *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*, which was published in March, 1809. After this date Byron travelled in Spain, Greece, and Turkey for two years. On his return he published the two first Cantos of *Childe Harold* in 1812. During the years 1813–1815 he wrote *The Giaour*, *Bride of Abydos*, *Corsair*, *Lara*, *Hebrew Melodies*, *Siege of Corinth*, *Parisina*. The two last were published in the spring of 1816, shortly after Byron's separation from the wife whom he had married on Jan. 2, 1815. This year, 1816, was the most important epoch of his life. He left England never to return; settled first at Geneva, where he made the acquaintance of Shelley, composed the third Canto of *Childe Harold*, *Prisoner of Chillon*, and *Prometheus*, and began *Manfred*. In 1817 he removed to Venice, finished *Manfred*, wrote the *Lament of Tasso*, the Fourth Canto of *Childe Harold*, and *Beppo*. In the years 1818 and 1819, still residing at Venice, he produced the *Ode on Venice*, *Mazeppa*, and the first four Cantos of *Don Juan*. In 1820 and 1821, while living at Ravenna, he wrote the *Prophecy of Dante*, *Marino Faliero*, *Sardanapalus*, *The Two Foscari*, *Cain*, *Heaven and Earth*, and *A Vision of Judgment*. Part of the two next years was spent at Pisa in close intimacy with Shelley. *Werner*, *The Deformed Transformed*, *The Island*, and the remaining Cantos of *Don Juan*, on which Byron had been from time to time at work during his Ravenna residence, were completed. On July 13, 1823, Byron sailed from Genoa for Greece, in order to take active part in the liberation of that country from Turkish rule. He died of fever at Missolonghi on the 19th of April, 1824, at the age of thirty-six years and three months.]

BEAUTY OF GREECE AND THE
GRECIAN ISLES.

[*The Giaour*.]

FAIR clime! where every season
smiles

Benignant o'er these blessèd isles,
Which, seen from far Colonna's height,
Make glad the heart that hails the sight,

And lend to loneliness delight.

There mildly dimpling, Ocean's cheek
Reflects the tints of many a peak
Caught by the laughing tides that lave
These Edens of the Eastern wave:
And if at times a transient breeze
Break the blue crystal of the seas,
Or sweep one blossom from the trees,
How welcome is each gentle air

That wakes and wafts the odors there!
For there — the rose o'er crag or vale,
Sultana of the Nightingale,

The maid for whom his melody,
His thousand songs are heard on
high,

Blooms blushing to her lover's tale;
His queen, the garden queen, his Rose,
Unbent by winds, unchilled by snows,
Far from the winters of the West,
By every breeze and season blest,
Returns the sweets by nature given
In softest incense back to heaven;
And grateful yields that smiling sky
Her fairest hue and fragrant sigh.
And many a summer flower is there,
And many a shade that love might
share,

And many a grotto, meant for rest,
That holds the pirate for a guest;
Whose bark in sheltering cove below,
Lurks for the passing peaceful prow,
Till the gay mariner's guitar
Is heard, and seen the evening star;
Then stealing with the muffled oar,
Far shaded by the rocky shore
Rush the night-prowlers on the prey,
And turn to groans his roundelay.
Strange — that where Nature loved to
trace,

As if for Gods, a dwelling-place,
And every charm and grace hath mixed
Within the paradise she fixed,
There man, enamored of distress,
Should mar it into wilderness,
And trample, brute-like, o'er each flower
That tasks not one laborious hour;
Nor claims the culture of his hand
To bloom along the fairy land,
But springs as to preclude his care,
And sweetly woos him — but to spare!
Strange — that where all is peace beside,
There passion riots in her pride,
And lust and rapine wildly reign
To darken o'er the fair domain.
It is as though the fiends prevailed
Against the seraphs they assailed,
And, fixed on heavenly thrones, should
dwell

The freed inheritors of hell;
So soft the scene, so formed for joy,
So curst the tyrants that destroy!

ANCIENT AND MODERN GREECE.

[*The Giaour.*]

HE who hath bent him o'er the dead
Ere the first day of death is fled,
The first dark day of nothingness,
The last of danger and distress,
(Before Decay's effacing fingers
Have swept the lines where beauty
lingers),

And marked the mild angelic air,
The rapture of repose that's there,
The fixed yet tender traits that streak
The languor of the placid cheek,
And — but for that sad shrouded eye,
That fires not, wins not, weeps
not now,

And but for that chill changeless
brow,

Where cold Obstruction's apathy
Appals the gazing mourner's heart,
As if to him it could impart
The doom he dreads, yet dwells upon;
Yes, but for these and these alone,
Some moments, ay, one treacherous
hour,

He still might doubt the tyrant's
power;

So fair, so calm, so softly sealed,
The first, last look by death revealed!
Such is the aspect of this shore;
'Tis Greece, but living Greece no more!
So coldly sweet, so deadly fair,
We start, for soul is wanting there.
Hers is the loveliness of death,
That parts not quite with parting
breath;

But beauty with that fearful bloom,
That hue which haunts it to the tomb,
Expression's last receding ray,
A gilded halo hovering round decay,
The farewell beam of Feeling past
away!

Spark of that flame, perchance o'
heavenly birth,
Which gleams, but warms no more its
cherished earth!

Clime of the unforgotten brave!
Whose land from plain to mountain-
cave

Was Freedom's home or Glory's grave!
Shrine of the mighty! can it be
That this is all remains of thee?
Approach, thou craven crouching
slave:

Say, is not this Thermopylæ?
These waters blue that round you lave,
Oh, servile offspring of the free —
Pronounce what sea, what shore is
this?

The gulf, the rock of Salamis!
These scenes, their story not unknown,
Arise, and make again your own;
Snatch from the ashes of your sires,
The embers of the former fires;
And he who in the strife expires
Will add to theirs a name of fear
That Tyranny shall quake to hear,
And leave his sons a hope, a fame,
They too will rather die than shame:
For Freedom's battle once begun,
Bequeathed by bleeding Sire to Son,
Though baffled oft is ever won.
Bear witness, Greece, thy living page,
Attest it many a deathless age!
While kings, in dusty darkness hid,
Have left a nameless pyramid,
Thy heroes, though the general doom
Hath swept the column from their
tomb,
A mightier monument command,
The mountains of their native land!
There points thy muse to stranger's eye
The graves of those that cannot die!

THE PURSUIT OF BEAUTY.

[*The Giaour.*]

As rising on its purple wing
The insect-queen of eastern spring,
O'er emerald meadows of Kashmeer
Invites the young pursuer near,
And leads him on from flower to flower,
A weary chase and wasted hour,
Then leaves him, as it soars on high,
With panting heart and tearful eye:
So Beauty lures the full-grown child,
With hue as bright, and wing as wild;
A chase of idle hopes and fears,
Begun in folly, closed in tears.
If won, to equal ills betrayed,

Woe waits the insect and the maid;
A life of pain, the loss of peace,
From infant's play and man's caprice;
The lovely toy so fiercely sought,
Hath lost its charm by being caught,
For every touch that wooed its stay
Hath brushed its brightest hues away,
Till charm, and hue, and beauty gone,
'Tis left to fly or fall alone.
With wounded wing or bleeding breast
Ah! where shall either victim rest?
Can this with faded pinion soar
From rose to tulip as before?
Or Beauty, blighted in an hour,
Find joy within her broken bower?
No: gayer insects fluttering by
Ne'er droop the wing o'er those that
die,
And lovelier things have mercy shown
To every failing but their own,
And every woe a tear can claim,
Except an erring sister's shame.

REMORSE.

[*The Giaour.*]

THE mind that broods o'er guilty woes
Is like the Scorpion girt by fire,
In circle narrowing as it glows,
The flames around their captive close,
Till inly searched by thousand throes,
And maddening in her ire,
One sad and sole relief she knows,
The sting she nourished for her foes,
Whose venom never yet was vain,
Gives but one pang, and cures all pain,
And darts into her desperate brain:
So do the dark in soul expire,
Or live like Scorpion girt by fire;
So writhes the mind Remorse hath riven
Unfit for earth, undoomed for heaven,
Around it flame, within it death!

LOVE.

[*The Giaour.*]

YES, Love indeed is light from heaven;
A spark of that immortal fire
With angels shared, by Alla given,
To lift from earth our low desire.

Devotion wafts the mind above,
But heaven itself descends in love;
A feeling from the Godhead caught,
To wean from self each sordid thought;
A Ray of Him who formed the whole;
A glory circling round the soul!

ZULEIKA.

[*The Bride of Abydos*, Canto i.]

FAIR, as the first that fell of woman-kind,

When on that dread yet lovely serpent smiling,

Whose image then was stamped upon her mind —

But once beguiled — and ever more beguiling;

Dazzling, as that, oh! too transcendent vision

To Sorrow's phantom-peopled slumber given,

When heart meets heart again in dreams Elysian,

And paints the lost on Earth revived in Heaven;

Soft, as the memory of buried love;
Pure, as the prayer which Childhood wafts above;

Was she — the daughter of that rude old Chief,

Who met the maid with tears — but not of grief.

Who hath not proved how feebly words essay

To fix one spark of Beauty's heavenly ray?

Who doth not feel, until his failing sight

Faints into dimness with its own delight,
His changing cheek, his sinking heart confess

The might — the majesty of Loveliness?
Such was Zuleika — such around her shone

The nameless charms unmarked by her alone;

The light of love, the purity of grace,
The mind, the Music breathing from her face,

The heart whose softness harmonized the whole —
And oh! that eye was in itself a Soul!

KNOW YE THE LAND.

[*The Bride of Abydos*, Canto i.]

KNOW ye the land where the cypress and myrtle

Are emblems of deeds that are done in their clime,

Where the rage of the vulture, the love of the turtle,

Now melt into sorrow, now madden to crime?

Know ye the land of the cedar and vine,
Where the flowers ever blossom, the beams ever shine;

Where the light wings of Zephyr, oppressed with perfume,

Wax faint o'er the gardens of Gál in her bloom?

Where the citron and olive are fairest of fruit,

And the voice of the nightingale never is mute,

Where the tints of the earth, and the hues of the sky,

In color though varied, in beauty may vie,
And the purple of Ocean is deepest in dye;

Where the virgins are soft as the roses they twine,

And all, save the spirit of man, is divine?

'Tis the clime of the East; 'tis the land of the Sun —

Can he smile on such deeds as his children have done?

Oh! wild as the accents of lovers' farewell

Are the hearts which they bear, and the tales which they tell.

THE HELLESPONT.

[*The Bride of Abydos*, Canto ii.]

THE winds are high on Helle's wave,

As on that night of stormy water,
When Love, who sent, forgot to save

The young, the beautiful, the brave,
 The lonely hope of Sestos' daughter.
 Oh! when alone along the sky
 Her turret-torch was blazing high,
 Though rising gale, and breaking foam,
 And shrieking sea-birds warned him
 home;
 And clouds aloft and tides below,
 With signs and sounds, forbade to go,
 He could not see, he would not hear,
 Or sound or sign foreboding fear;
 His eye but saw the light of love,
 The only star it hailed above;
 His ear but rang with hero's song,
 "Ye waves, divide not lovers long!"
 That tale is old, but love anew
 May nerve young hearts to prove as
 true.

The winds are high, and Helle's tide
 Rolls darkly heaving to the main;
 And Night's descending shadows hide
 That field with blood bedewed in
 vain,

The desert of old Priam's pride;
 The tombs, sole relics of his reign,
 All—save immortal dreams that could
 beguile

The blind old man of Scio's rocky isle!
 Oh! yet—for there my steps have
 been;

These feet have pressed the sacred
 shore,

These limbs that buoyant wave hath
 borne—

Minstrel! with thee to muse, to mourn,
 To trace again those fields of yore,
 Believing every hillock green

Contains no fabled hero's ashes,
 And that around the undoubted scene
 Thine own "broad Hellespont" still
 dashes,

Be long my lot, and cold were he
 Who could there gaze, denying thee!

MIDNIGHT IN THE EAST.

[*The Siege of Corinth.*]

'Tis midnight: on the mountains brown
 The cold round moon shines deeply
 down;

Blue roll the waters, blue the sky
 Spreads like an ocean hung on high,
 Bespangled with those isles of light,
 So wildly, spiritually bright;
 Who ever gazed upon them shining,
 And turned to earth without repining,
 Nor wished for wings to flee away,
 And mix with their eternal ray?
 The waves on either shore lay there,
 Calm, clear, and azure as the air:
 And scarce their foam the pebbles shook,
 But murmured meekly as the brook.
 The winds were pillowed on the waves;
 The banners drooped along their staves;
 And, as they fell around them furling,
 Above them shone the crescent curling;
 And that deep silence was unbroke,
 Save where the watch his signal spoke,
 Save where the steed neighed off and
 shrill

And echo answered from the hill,
 And the wide hum of that wild host
 Rustled like leaves from coast to coast,
 As rose the Muezzin's voice in air
 In midnight call to wonted prayer:
 It rose, that chanted mournful strain,
 Like some lone spirit's o'er the plain;
 'Twas musical, but sadly sweet,
 Such as when winds and harp-strings
 meet,

And take a long unmeasured tone,
 To mortal minstrelsy unknown.
 It seemed to those within the wall
 A cry prophetic of their fall:
 It struck even the besieger's ear
 With something ominous and drear,
 An undefined and sudden thrill,
 Which makes the heart a moment still,
 Then beat with quicker pulse, ashamed
 Of that strange sense its silence framed;
 Such as a sudden passing-bell
 Wakes, though but for a stranger's
 knell.

TWILIGHT.

[*Parisina.*]

It is the hour when from the boughs
 The nightingale's high note is heard;
 It is the hour when lovers' vows
 Seem sweet in every whispered word;
 And gentle winds, and waters near,

Make music to the lonely ear.
 Each flower the dews have lightly wet,
 And in the sky the stars are met,
 And on the wave is deeper blue,
 And on the leaf a browner hue,
 And in the heaven that clear obscure,
 So softly dark, and darkly pure,
 Which follows the decline of day,
 As twilight melts beneath the moon
 away.

MANFRED'S SOLILOQUY ON
 THE JUNGFAU.

[*Manfred.*]

THE spirits I have raised abandon me —
 The spells which I have studied baffle
 me —

The remedy I recked of tortured me;
 I lean no more on superhuman aid,
 It hath no power upon the past, and for
 The future, till the past be gulfed in
 darkness,

It is not of my search. — My mother
 Earth!

And thou, fresh breaking Day, and you,
 ye Mountains,

Why are ye beautiful? I cannot love
 ye.

And thou, the bright eye of the universe,
 That openest over all, and unto all
 Art a delight — thou shin'st not on my
 heart.

And you, ye crags, upon whose extreme
 edge

I stand, and on the torrent's brink be-
 neath

Behold the tall pines dwindled as to
 shrubs

In dizziness of distance; when a leap,
 A stir, a motion, even a breath, would
 bring

My breast upon its rocky bosom's bed
 To rest for ever — wherefore do I pause?
 I feel the impulse — yet I do not plunge;
 I see the peril — yet do not recede;
 And my brain reels — and yet my foot
 is firm:

There is a power upon me which with-
 holds,

And makes it my fatality to live;

If it be life to wear within myself
 This barrenness of spirit, and to be
 My own soul's sepulchre, for I have
 ceased

To justify my deeds unto myself —
 The last infirmity of evil. Ay,
 Thou winged and cloud-cleaving minis-
 ter, [*An eagle passes.*]

Whose happy flight is highest into
 heaven,

Well may'st thou swoop so near me — I
 should be

Thy prey, and gorge thine eaglets;
 thou art gone

Where the eye cannot follow thee; but
 thine

Yet pierces downward, onward, or
 above,

With a pervading vision. — Beautiful!
 How beautiful is all this visible world!
 How glorious in its action and itself!
 But we, who name ourselves its sover-
 eigns, we,

Half dust, half deity, alike unfit
 To sink or soar, with our mixed essence,
 make

A conflict of its elements, and breathe
 The breath of degradation and of
 pride,

Contending with low wants and lofty
 will,

Till our mortality predominates,
 And men are — what they name not to
 themselves,

And trust not to each other. Hark!
 the note,

[*The shepherd's pipe in the
 distance is heard.*]

The natural music of the mountain
 reed —

For here the patriarchal days are
 not

A pastoral fable — pipes in the liberal
 air,

Mixed with the sweet bells of the saun-
 tering herd;

My soul would drink those echoes. —
 Oh, that I were

The viewless spirit of a lovely sound,
 A living voice, a breathing harmony,
 A bodiless enjoyment — born and dying
 With the blest tone which made me!

*MANFRED'S MIDNIGHT
THOUGHTS.*

THE stars are forth, the moon above the
tops
Of the snow-shining mountains. — Beautiful!
I linger yet with Nature, for the night
Hath been to me a more familiar face
Than that of man; and in her starry
shade
Of dim and solitary loveliness,
I learned the language of another
world.
I do remember me, that in my youth,
When I was wandering, — upon such a
night
I stood within the Coliseum's wall,
'Midst the chief relics of almighty
Rome;
The trees which grew along the broken
arches
Waved dark in the blue midnight, and
the stars
Shone through the rents of ruin; from
afar
The watch-dog bayed beyond the Tiber;
and
More near from out the Cæsars' palace
came
The owl's long cry, and, interruptedly,
Of distant sentinels the fitful song
Begun and died upon the gentle wind.
Some cypresses beyond the time-worn
breach
Appeared to skirt the horizon, yet they
stood
Within a bowshot. Where the Cæsars
dwelt,
And dwell the tuneless birds of night,
amidst
A grove which springs through levelled
battlements,
And twines its roots with the imperial
hearths,
Ivy usurps the laurel's place of
growth; —
But the gladiators' bloody Circus stands,
A noble wreck in ruinous perfection!
While Cæsar's chambers, and the Au-
gustan halls,

Grovel on earth in indistinct decay. —
And thou didst shine, thou rolling
moon, upon
All this, and cast a wide and tender
light,
Which softened down the hoar austerity
Of rugged desolation, and filled up,
As 'twere anew, the gaps of centuries;
Leaving that beautiful which still was so,
And making that which was not, till
the place
Became religion, and the heart ran o'er
With silent worship of the great of
old! —
The dead, but sceptred sovereigns, who
still rule
Our spirits from their urns. —
'Twas such a night!
'Tis strange that I recall it at this time;
But I have found our thoughts take
wildest flight
Even at the moment when they should
array
Themselves in pensive order.

—
*MY NATIVE LAND — GOOD
NIGHT.*

[*Childe Harold, Canto i.*]

"ADIEU, adieu! my native shore
Fades o'er the waters blue;
The night-winds sigh, the breakers
roar,
And shrieks the wild sea-mew.
Yon sun that sets upon the sea
We follow in his flight:
Farewell awhile to him and thee,
My native Land — Good Night!

"A few short hours, and he will rise
To give the morrow birth;
And I shall hail the main and skies,
But not my mother earth.
Deserted is my own good hall,
Its hearth is desolate;
Wild weeds are gathering on the wall;
My dog howls at the gate.

"Come hither, hither, my little page,
Why dost thou weep and wail?
Or dost thou dread the billow's rage,

Or tremble at the gale?
But dash the tear-drop from thine eye;
Our ship is swift and strong:
Our fleetest falcon scarce can fly
More merrily along."

"Let winds be shrill, let waves roll
high,

I fear not wave nor wind:
Yet marvel not, Sir Childe, that I
Am sorrowful in mind;
For I have from my father gone,
A mother whom I love,
And have no friend, save these alone,
But thee — and One above.

"My father blessed me fervently,
Yet did not much complain;
But sorely will my mother sigh
Till I come back again." —

"Enough, enough, my little lad!
Such tears become thine eye;
If I thy guileless bosom had,
My own would not be dry.

"Come hither, hither, my stanch yeo-
man,

Why dost thou look so pale?
Or dost thou dread a French foeman?
Or shiver at the gale?" —

"Deem'st thou I tremble for my life?
Sir Childe, I'm not so weak;
But thinking on an absent wife
Will blanch a faithful cheek.

"My spouse and boys dwell near thy
hall,

Along the bordering lake,
And when they on their father call,
What answer shall she make?" —

"Enough, enough, my yeoman good,
Thy grief let none gainsay;
But I, who am of lighter mood,
Will laugh to flee away.

"For who would trust the seeming
sighs

Of wife or paramour?
Fresh feeres will dry the bright blue
eyes

We late saw streaming o'er.
For pleasures past I do not grieve,

Nor perils gathering near;
My greatest grief is that I leave
No thing that claims a tear.

"And now I'm in the world alone,
Upon the wide, wide sea:
But why should I for others groan,
When none will sigh for me?
Perchance my dog will whine in vain,
Till fed by stranger hands;
But long ere I come back again
He'd tear me where he stands.

"With thee, my bark, I'll swiftly go
Athwart the foaming brine;
Nor care what land thou bear'st me to,
So not again to mine.
Welcome, welcome, ye dark-blue waves!
And when you fail my sight,
Welcome, ye deserts, and ye caves!
My native Land — Good Night!"

PARNASSUS.

[*Childe Harold*, Canto i.]

OH, thou Parnassus! whom I now
survey,
Not in the frenzy of a dreamer's eye,
Not in the fabled landscape of a
lay,
But soaring snow-clad through thy
native sky,
In the wild pomp of mountain maj-
esty!
What marvel if I thus essay to sing?
The humblest of thy pilgrims passing
by
Would gladly woo thine echoes with
his string,
Though from thy heights no more one
Muse will wave her wing.

Oft have I dreamed of thee! whose
glorious name
Who knows not, knows not man's
divinest lore;
And now I view thee, 'tis, alas! with
shame
That I, in feeblest accents must adore.
When I recount thy worshippers of
yore,

I tremble, and can only bend the
knee;
Nor raise my voice, nor vainly dare to
soar,
But gaze beneath thy cloudy canopy
In silent joy to think at last I look on
thee!

Happier in this than mightiest bards
have been,
Whose fate to distant homes confined
their lot,
Shall I unmoved behold the hallowed
scene,
Which others rave of, though they
know it not?
Though here no more Apollo haunts
his grot,
And thou, the Muses' seat art now
their grave,
Some gentle spirit still pervades the
spot,
Sighs in the gale, keeps silence in the
cave,
And glides with glassy foot o'er yon
melodious wave.

ATHENS.

[*Childe Harold*, Canto ii.]

ANCIENT of days! august Athena!
where,
Where are thy men of might? thy
grand in soul?
Gone—glimmering through the dream
of things that were:
First in the race that led to Glory's
goal,
They won, and passed away — is this
the whole?
A schoolboy's tale, the wonder of an
hour!
The warrior's weapon and the sophist's
stole
Are sought in vain, and o'er each
mouldering tower,
Dim with the mist of years, gray flits
the shade of power.

Son of the morning, rise! approach
you here!
Come — but molest not yon defence-
less urn:
Look on this spot — a nation's sepul-
chre!
Abode of gods, whose shrines no
longer burn,
Even gods must yield — religions take
their turn:
'Twas Jove's — 'tis Mahomet's — and
other creeds
Will rise with other years, till man
shall learn
Vainly his incense soars, his victim
bleeds;
Poor child of Doubt and Death, whose
hope is built on reeds.

Bound to the earth, he lifts his eye
to heaven —
Is't not enough, unhappy thing! to
know
Thou art? Is this a boon so kindly
given,
That being, thou would'st be again,
and go,
Thou knowest not, reckest not to
what region, so
On earth no more, but mingled with
the skies?
Still wilt thou dream on future joy
and woe?
Regard and weigh yon dust before it
flies:
That little urn saith more than thousand
homilies.

REAL AND UNREAL SOLITUDE.

[*Childe Harold*, Canto ii.]

To sit on rocks, to muse o'er flood
and fell,
To slowly trace the forest's shady
scene,
Where things that own not man's do-
minion dwell,
And mortal foot hath ne'er or rarely
been
To climb the trackless mountain all
unseen,

With the wild flock that never needs
a fold;
Alone o'er steep and foaming falls
to lean;
This is not solitude; 'tis but to hold
Converse with Nature's charms, and
view her stores unrolled.

But 'midst the crowd, the hum, the
shock of men;
To hear, to see, to feel, and to pos-
sess,
And roam along, the world's tired
denizen,
With none who bless us, none whom
we can bless;
Minions of splendor shrinking from
distress!
None that, with kindred consciousness
endued,
If we were not, would seem to smile
the less
Of all that flattered, followed, sought,
and sued;
This is to be alone; this, this is soli-
tude!

THE NIGHT BEFORE THE BAT-
TLE OF WATERLOO.

[*Childe Harold*, Canto iii.]

THERE was a sound of revelry by
night,
And Belgium's capital had gathered
then
Her Beauty and her Chivalry, and
bright
The lamps shone o'er fair women and
brave men;
A thousand hearts beat happily; and
when
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
Soft eyes looked love to eyes which
spake again,
And all went merry as a marriage-
bell;
But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes
like a rising knell!

Did ye not hear it? — No; 'twas but
the wind,
Or the car rattling o'er the stony
street;
On with the dance! let joy be uncon-
fined;
No sleep till morn, when Youth and
Pleasure meet
To chase the glowing Hours with
flying feet —
But hark! — that heavy sound breaks
in once more,
As if the clouds its echo would repeat;
And nearer, clearer, deadlier than
before!
Arm! arm! it is — it is — the cannon's
opening roar!

Within a windowed niche of that high
hall
Sate Brunswick's fated chieftain; he
did hear
That sound the first amidst the fes-
tival,
And caught its tone with Death's pro-
phetic ear;
And when they smiled because he
deemed it near,
His heart more truly knew that peal
too well
Which stretched his father on a bloody
bier,
And roused the vengeance blood
alone could quell:
He rushed into the field, and, foremost
fighting, fell.

Ah! then and there was hurrying to
and fro,
And gathering tears, and tremblings
of distress,
And cheeks all pale, which but an
hour ago
Blushed at the praise of their own
loveliness;
And there were sudden partings, such
as press
The life from out young hearts, and
choking sighs
Which ne'er might be repeated: who
could guess

If ever more should meet those mutual
eyes,
Since upon night so sweet such awful
morn could rise!

And there was mounting in hot haste :
the steed,
The mustering squadron, and the
clattering car,
Went pouring forward with impetuous
speed,
And swiftly forming in the ranks of
war;
And the deep thunder peal on peal
afar;
And near, the beat of the alarming
drum
Roused up the soldier ere the morn-
ing star;
While thronged the citizens with ter-
ror dumb,
Or whispering, with white lips — "The
foe! They come! they come!"

And wild and high the "Cameron's
gathering" rose,
The war-note of Lochiel, which Al-
byn's hills
Have heard, and heard, too, have her
Saxon foes : —
How in the noon of night that pibroch
thrills
Savage and shrill ! But with the breath
which fills
Their mountain pipe, so fill the
mountaineers
With the fierce native daring which
instils
The stirring memory of a thousand
years,
And Evan's, Donald's fame rings in each
clansman's ears !

And Ardennes waves above them her
green leaves,
Dewy with nature's tear-drops, as
they pass,
Grieving, if aught inanimate e'er
grieves,
Over the unreturning brave, — alas !
Ere evening to be trodden like the
grass

Which now beneath them, but above
shall grow
In its next verdure, when this fiery
mass
Of living valor, rolling on the foe,
And burning with high hope, shall
moulder cold and low.

Last noon beheld them full of lusty
life,
Last eve in Beauty's circle proudly
gay,
The midnight brought the signal-
sound of strife,
The morn the marshalling in arms, —
the day
Battle's magnificently-stern array !
The thunder-clouds close o'er it, which
when rent
The earth is covered thick with other
clay,
Which her own clay shall cover,
heaped and pent,
Rider and horse, — friend, foe, — in one
red burial blent !

THE LAKE OF GENEVA.

[*Childe Harold*, Canto iii.]

CLEAR, placid Leman ! thy contrasted
lake,
While the wild world I dwelt in, is a
thing
Which warns me, with its stillness, to
forsake
Earth's troubled waters for a purer
spring.
This quiet sail is as a noiseless wing
To waft me from distraction; once I
loved
Torn ocean's roar, but thy soft mur-
muring
Sound sweet as if a sister's voice re-
proved,
That I with stern delights should e'er
have been so moved.

It is the hush of night, and all be-
tween
Thy margin and the mountains, dusk,
yet clear,

Mellowed and mingling, yet distinctly
 seen,
 Save darkened Jura, whose capt
 heights appear
 Precipitously steep; and drawing
 near,
 There breathes a living fragrance from
 the shore,
 Of flowers yet fresh with childhood;
 on the ear
 Drops the light drip of the suspended
 oar,
 Or chirps the grasshopper one good-
 night carol more :

He is an evening reveller, who makes
 His life an infancy, and sings his fill;
 At intervals, some bird from out the
 brakes
 Starts into voice a moment, then is
 still.
 There seems a floating whisper on the
 hill,
 But that is fancy, for the starlight dews
 All silently their tears of love instil,
 Weeping themselves away, till they in-
 fuse
 Deep into Nature's breast the spirit of
 her hues.

THE ISOLATION OF GENIUS.

[*Childe Harold*, Canto iii.]

HE who ascends to mountain-tops,
 shall find
 The loftiest peaks most wrapt in
 clouds and snow ;
 He who surpasses or subdues man-
 kind,
 Must look down on the hate of those
 below.
 Though high above the sun of glory
 glow,
 And far beneath the earth and ocean
 spread,
 Round him are icy rocks, and loudly
 blow
 Contending tempests on his naked
 head,
 And thus reward the toils which to
 those summits led.

THE STARS.

[*Childe Harold*, Canto iii.]

YE stars ! which are the poetry of
 heaven !
 If in your bright leaves we would read
 the fate
 Of men and empires, — 'tis to be for-
 given,
 That in our aspirations to be great,
 Our destinies o'erleap their mortal
 state,
 And claim a kindred with you ; for ye
 are
 A beauty and a mystery, and create
 In us such love and reverence from
 afar,
 That fortune, fame, power, life, have
 named themselves a star.

THE RHINE.

[*Childe Harold*, Canto iii.]

THE castled crag of Drachenfels
 Frowns o'er the wide and winding Rhine,
 Whose breast of waters broadly swells
 Between the banks which bear the vine,
 And hills all rich with blossomed trees,
 And fields which promise corn and wine,
 And scattered cities crowning these,
 Whose far white walls along them shine,
 Have strewed a scene, which I should
 see
 With double joy wert thou with me.

And peasant girls, with deep blue eyes,
 And hands which offer early flowers,
 Walk smiling o'er this paradise ;
 Above, the frequent feudal towers
 Through green leaves lift their walls of
 gray ;
 And many a rock which steeply lowers,
 And noble arch in proud decay,
 Look o'er this vale of vintage-bowers ;
 But one thing want these banks of
 Rhine, —
 Thy gentle hand to clasp in mine !

I send the lilies given to me ;
 Though long before thy hand they touch,
 I know that they must withered be,

But yet reject them not as such;
 For I have cherished them as dear,
 Because they yet may meet thine eye,
 And guide thy soul to mine even here,
 When thou behold'st them drooping
 nigh,
 And know'st them gathered by the
 Rhine,
 And offered from my heart to thine!

The river nobly foams and flows,
 The charm of this enchanted ground,
 And all its thousand turns disclose
 Some fresher beauty varying round:
 The haughtiest breast its wish might
 bound
 Through life to dwell delighted here;
 Nor could on earth a spot be found
 To nature and to me so dear,
 Could thy dear eyes in following mine
 Still sweeten more these banks of Rhine!

VENICE.

[*Childe Harold*, Canto iv.]

I STOOD in Venice, on the Bridge of
 Sighs;
 A palace and a prison on each hand:
 I saw from out the wave her struc-
 tures rise
 As from the stroke of the enchanter's
 wand:
 A thousand years their cloudy wings
 expand
 Around me, and a dying Glory smiles
 O'er the far times when many a sub-
 ject land
 Look'd to the wingèd Lion's marble
 piles,
 Where Venice sate in state, throned on
 her hundred isles!

She looks a sea Cybele, fresh from
 ocean,
 Rising with her tiara of proud towers
 At airy distance, with majestic mo-
 tion,
 A ruler of the waters and their
 powers:

And such she was; — her daughters
 had their dowers
 From spoils of nations, and the ex-
 haustless East
 Pour'd in her lap all gems in spark-
 ling showers.
 In purple was she robed, and of her
 feast
 Monarchs partook, and deem'd their
 dignity increased.

In Venice Tasso's echoes are no
 more,
 And silent rows the songless gondo-
 lier:
 Her palaces are crumbling to the
 shore,
 And music meets not always now the
 ear:
 Those days are gone — but Beauty still
 is here.
 States fall, arts fade — but Nature
 doth not die,
 Nor yet forget how Venice once was
 dear,
 The pleasant place of all festivity,
 The revel of the earth, the masque of
 Italy!

But unto us she hath a spell beyond
 Her name in story, and her long
 array
 Of mighty shadows, whose dim forms
 despond
 Above the dogeless city's vanish'd
 sway;
 Ours is a trophy which will not decay
 With the Rialto; Shylock and the
 Moor,
 And Pierre, cannot be swept or worn
 away —
 The keystones of the arch! though
 all were o'er,
 For us repeopled were the solitary
 shore.

The beings of the mind are not of
 clay;
 Essentially immortal, they create
 And multiply in us a brighter ray

And more beloved existence: that
 which Fate
 Prohibits to dull life, in this our state
 Of mortal bondage, by these spirits
 supplied,
 First exiles, then replaces what we
 hate;
 Watering the heart whose early
 flowers have died,
 And with a fresher growth replenishing
 the void.

—
*A MOONLIGHT NIGHT AT
 VENICE.*

[*Childe Harold*, Canto iv.]

THE moon is up, and yet it is not
 night—
 Sunset divides the sky with her—a
 sea
 Of glory streams along the Alpine
 height
 Of blue Friuli's mountain; Heaven
 is free
 From clouds, but of all colors seems
 to be,—
 Melted to one vast Iris of the West,—
 Where the Day joins the past Eter-
 nity
 While, on the other hand, meek
 Dian's crest
 Floats through the azure air—an isl-
 and of the blest!

A single star is at her side, and reigns
 With her o'er half the lovely heaven;
 but still
 Yon sunny sea heaves brightly, and
 remains
 Rolled o'er the peak of the fair Rhae-
 tian hill,
 As Day and Night contending were,
 until
 Nature reclaimed her order;—gently
 flows
 The deep-dyed Brenta, where their
 hues instil
 The odorous purple of a new-born
 rose,
 Which streams upon her stream, and
 glassed within it glows.

Filled with the face of heaven, which,
 from afar,
 Comes down upon the waters; all
 its hues,
 From the rich sunset to the rising
 star,
 Their magical variety diffuse:
 And now they change; a paler
 shadow strews
 Its mantle o'er the mountains; part-
 ing day
 Dies like the dolphin, whom each
 pang imbues
 With a new color as it gasps away
 The last still loveliest, till—'tis gone—
 and all is gray.

—
ROME.

[*Childe Harold*, Canto iv.]

OH Rome! my country! city of the
 soul!
 The orphans of the heart must turn
 to thee,
 Lone mother of dead empires! and
 control
 In their shut breasts their petty misery.
 What are our woes and sufferance?
 Come and see
 The cypress, hear the owl, and plod
 your way
 O'er steps of broken thrones and
 temples, Ye!
 Whose agonies are evils of a day—
 A world is at our feet as fragile as our
 clay.

The Niobe of nations! there she
 stands,
 Childless and crownless, in her voice-
 less woe;
 An empty urn within her withered
 hands,
 Whose holy dust was scattered long
 ago;
 The Scipios' tomb contains no ashes
 now;
 The very sepulchres lie tenantless
 Of their heroic dwellers: dost thou
 flow,

Old Tiber! through a marble wilderness?
Rise, with thy yellow waves, and mantle
her distress.

The Goth, the Christian, Time, War,
Flood, and Fire,
Have dealt upon the seven-hilled
city's pride;
She saw her glories star by star expire,
And up the steep barbarian monarchs
ride,
Where the car climbed the Capitol;
far and wide
Temple and tower went down, nor
left a site:
Chaos of ruins! who shall trace the
void,
O'er the dim fragments cast a lunar
light,
And say, "here was, or is," where all is
doubly night?

The double night of ages, and of her,
Night's daughter, Ignorance, hath
wrapt and wrap
All round us: we but feel our way
to err:
The ocean hath its chart, the stars
their map,
And Knowledge spreads them on her
ample lap;
But Rome is as the desert, where we
steer
Stumbling o'er recollections; now we
clap
Our hands, and cry "Eureka!" it is
clear—
When but some false mirage of ruin
rises near.

Alas! the lofty city! and alas!
The trebly hundred triumphs! and
the day
When Brutus made the dagger's edge
surpass
The conqueror's sword in bearing
fame away!
Alas, for Tully's voice, and Virgil's
lay,
And Livy's pictured page!— but
these shall be

Her resurrection; all beside — decay.
Alas for Earth, for never shall we see
That brightness in her eye she bore
when Rome was free!

FREEDOM'S TRUE HEROES.

[*Childe Harold*, Canto iv.]

CAN tyrants but by tyrants conquered
be,
And Freedom find no champion and
no child
Such as Columbia saw arise when she
Sprung forth a Pallas, armed and un-
defiled?
Or must such minds be nourished in
the wild,
Deep in the unpruned forest, 'midst
the roar
Of cataracts, where nursing Nature
smiled
On infant Washington? Hath Earth
no more
Such seeds within her breast, or Europe
no such shore?

But France got drunk with blood to
vomit crime,
And fatal have her Saturnalia been
To Freedom's cause, in every age and
clime;
Because the deadly days which we
have seen,
And vile Ambition, that built up be-
tween
Man and his hopes an adamantine
wall,
And the base pageant last upon the
scene,
Are grown the pretext for the eternal
thrall
Which nips life's tree, and dooms man's
worst — his second fall.

Yet, Freedom! yet thy banner, torn,
but flying,
Streams like the thunder-storm against
the wind;
Thy trumpet voice, though broken
now and dying,
The loudest still the tempest leaves
behind;

Thy tree hath lost its blossoms, and
the rind,
Chopped by the axe, looks rough and
little worth,
But the sap lasts, — and still the seed
we find
Sown deep, even in the bosom of the
North;
So shall a better spring less bitter fruit
bring forth.

THE FOUNTAIN OF EGERIA.

[*Childe Harold*, Canto iv.]

EGERIA! sweet creation of some
heart
Which found no mortal resting-place
so fair
As thine ideal breast; whate'er thou
art
Or wert, — a young Aurora of the air,
The nympholepsy of some fond de-
spair;
Or, it might be, a beauty of the earth,
Who found a more than common
votary there
Too much adoring; whatsoe'er thy
birth,
Thou wert a beautiful thought, and
softly bodied forth.

The mosses of thy fountain still are
sprinkled
With thine Elysian water-drops; the
face
Of thy cave-guarded spring, with years
unwrinkled,
Reflects the meek-eyed genius of the
place,
Whose green, wild margin now no
more erase
Art's works; nor must the delicate
waters sleep,
Prisoned in marble, bubbling from
the base
Of the cleft statue, with a gentle leap
The rill runs o'er, and round fern,
flowers, and ivy creep,

Fantastically tangled: the green hills
Are clothed with early blossoms,
'through the grass

The quick-eyed lizard rustles, and
the bills
Of summer-birds sing welcome as ye
pass;
Flowers fresh in hue, and many in
their class,
Implore the pausing step, and with
their dyes
Dance in the soft breeze in a fairy
mass;
The sweetness of the violet's deep
blue eyes,
Kissed by the breath of heaven, seems
colored by its skies.

Here didst thou dwell, in this en-
chanted cover,
Egeria! thy all heavenly bosom beat-
ing
For the far footsteps of thy mortal
lover;
The purple Midnight veiled that mys-
tic meeting
With her most starry canopy, and
seating
Thyself by thine adorer, what befel?
This cave was surely shaped out for
the greeting
Of an enamored Goddess, and the
cell
Haunted by holy Love — the earliest
oracle!

INVOCATION TO NEMESIS.

[*Childe Harold*, Canto iv.]

AND thou, who never yet of human
wrong
Left the unbalanced scale, great Ne-
mesis!
Here, where the ancient paid thee
homage long —
Thou who didst call the Furies from
the abyss,
And round Orestes bade them howl
and hiss
For that unnatural retribution — just
Had it but been from hands less
near — in this
Thy former realm, I call thee from
the dust!

Dost thou not hear my heart? — Awake!
thou shalt, and must.

And if my voice break forth, 'tis not
that now

I shrink from what is suffered: let
him speak

Who hath beheld decline upon my
brow,

Or seen my mind's convulsion leave
it weak;

But in this page a record will I seek.
Not in the air shall these my words
disperse,

Though I be ashes; a far hour shall
wreak

The deep prophetic fulness of this
verse,

And pile on human heads the mountain
of my curse!

That curse shall be Forgiveness. —
Have I not —

Hear me, my mother Earth! behold
it, Heaven! —

Have I not had to wrestle with my lot?
Have I not suffered things to be for-
given?

Have I not had my brain seared, my
heart riven,

Hopes sapped, name blighted, Life's
life lied away?

And only not to desperation driven,
Because not altogether of such clay
As rots into the souls of those whom I
survey.

From mighty wrongs to petty perfidy
Have I not seen what human things
could do?

From the loud roar of foaming calumny
To the small whisper of the aspaltry
few,

And subtler venom of the reptile crew,
The Janus glance of whose significant
eye,

Learning to lie with silence, would
seem true,

And without utterance, save the shrug
or sigh,

Deal round to happy fools its speech-
less obloquy.

But I have lived, and have not lived
in vain:

My mind may lose its force, my blood
its fire,

And my frame perish even in con-
quering pain;

But there is that within me which
shall tire

Torture and Time, and breathe when I
expire.

THE STATUE OF APOLLO.

[*Childe Harold*, Canto iv.]

OR view the Lord of the unerring
bow,

The God of life, and poesy, and light—
The Sun in human limbs arrayed,

and brow
All radiant from his triumph in the
fight;

The shaft hath just been shot—the
arrow bright

With an immortal's vengeance; in his
eye

And nostril beautiful disdain, and
might

And majesty, flash their full lightnings
by,

Developing in that one glance the Deity.

But in his delicate form—a dream of
Love,

Shaped by some solitary nymph,
whose breast

Longed for a deathless lover from
above,

And maddened in that vision—are
expressed

All that ideal beauty ever blessed
The mind with in its most unearthly
mood,

When each conception was a heav-
enly guest—

A ray of immortality—and stood
Starlike, around, until they gathered to
a god!

And if it be Prometheus stole from
Heaven

The fire which we endure, it was re-
paid

By him to whom the energy was given
Which this poetic marble hath arrayed
With an eternal glory—which, if
made
By human hands, is not of human
thought;
And Time himself hath hallowed it,
nor laid
One ringlet in the dust—nor hath it
caught
A tinge of years, but breathes the flame
with which 'twas wrought.

THE OCEAN.

[*Childe Harold*, Canto iv.]

ROLL on, thou deep and dark blue
Ocean—roll!
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee
in vain;
Man marks the earth with ruin—
his control
Stops with the shore;—upon the
watery plain
The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth
remain
A shadow of man's ravage, save his
own,
When, for a moment, like a drop of
rain,
He sinks into thy depths with bub-
bling groan,
Without a grave, unknelled, uncoffined,
and unknown.

His steps are not upon thy paths,—
thy fields
Are not a spoil for him,—thou dost
arise
And shake him from thee; the vile
strength he wields
For earth's destruction thou dost all
despise,
Spurning him from thy bosom to the
skies,
And send'st him, shivering in thy
playful spray
And howling, to his gods, where haply
lies

His petty hope in some near port or
bay,
And dashest him again to earth:—
there let him lay.

The armaments which thunderstrike
the walls
Of rock-built cities, bidding nations
quake,
And monarchs tremble in their cap-
itals,
The oak leviathans, whose huge ribs
make
Their clay creator the vain title take
Of lord of thee, and arbiter of war;
These are thy toys, and, as the snowy
flake,
They melt into thy yeast of waves,
which mar
Alike the Armada's pride or spoils of
Trafalgar.

Thy shores are empires, changed in
all save thee—
Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage,
what are they?
Thy waters washed them power while
they were free,
And many a tyrant since; their shores
obey
The stranger, slave, or savage; their
decay
Has dried up realms to deserts:—
not so thou;—
Unchangeable save to thy wild waves'
play—
Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure
brow—
Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou
rollest now.

Thou glorious mirror, where the Al-
mighty's form
Glasses itself in tempest; in all time,
Calm or convulsed—in breeze, or
gale, or storm,
Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime
Dark-heaving;—boundless, endless,
and sublime—
The image of Eternity—the throne
Of the Invisible; even from out thy
slime

The monsters of the deep are made :
 each zone
 Obeys thee : thou goest forth, dread,
 fathomless, alone.

And I have loved thee, Ocean ! and
 my joy
 Of youthful sports was on thy breast
 to be
 Borne, like thy bubbles, onward : from
 a boy
 I wantoned with thy breakers — they
 to me
 Were a delight ; and if the freshen-
 ing sea
 Made them a terror — 'twas a pleas-
 ing fear,
 For I was as it were a child of thee,
 And trusted to thy billows far and
 near,
 And laid my hand upon thy mane — as
 I do here.

SOLITUDE.

[*Childe Harold*, Canto iv.]

OH ! that the desert were my dwell-
 ing-place,
 With one fair spirit for my minister,
 That I might all forget the human
 race,
 And, hating no one, love but only her !
 Ye elements ! — in whose ennobling
 stir
 I feel myself exalted — Can ye not
 Accord me such a being ? Do I err
 In deeming such inhabit many a spot ?
 Though with them to converse can rarely
 be our lot.

There is a pleasure in the pathless
 woods,
 There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
 There is society, where none intrudes,
 By the deep Sea, and music in its
 roar :
 I love not Man the less, but Nature
 more,
 From these our interviews, in which
 I steal

From all I may be, or have been be-
 fore,
 To mingle with the Universe, and
 feel
 What I can ne'er express, yet cannot
 all conceal.

SONG OF THE CORSAIRS.

[*The Corsair*, Canto i.]

O'ER the glad waters of the dark blue
 sea,
 Our thoughts as boundless, and our
 souls as free,
 Far as the breeze can bear, the billows
 foam,
 Survey our empire, and behold our
 home !
 These are our realms, no limits to their
 sway —
 Our flag the sceptre all who meet obey.
 Ours the wild life in tumult still to
 range
 From toil to rest, and joy in every
 change.
 Oh, who can tell ? not thou, luxurious
 slave !
 Whose soul would sicken o'er the heav-
 ing wave ;
 Not thou, vain lord of wantonness and
 ease !
 Whom slumber soothes not — pleasure
 cannot please —
 Oh, who can tell save he whose heart
 hath tried,
 And danced in triumph o'er the waters
 wide,
 The exulting sense — the pulse's mad-
 dening play,
 That thrills the wanderer of that track-
 less way ?
 That for itself can woo the approaching
 fight,
 And turn what some deem danger to
 delight ;
 That seeks what cravens shun with more
 than zeal,
 And where the feeblér faint — can only
 feel —
 Feel — to the rising bosom's inmost
 core,

Its hope awaken and its spirit soar?
 No dread of death — if with us die our
 foes —
 Save that it seems even duller than re-
 pose :
 Come when it will — we snatch the
 life of life —
 When lost — what reck's it — by disease
 or strife?
 Let him who crawls enamored of
 decay,
 Cling to his couch, and sicken years
 away;
 Heave his thick breath, and shake his
 palsied head;
 Ours — the fresh turf, and not the fever-
 ish bed.
 While gasp by gasp he falters forth his
 soul,
 Ours with one pang — one bound —
 escapes control.
 His corse may boast its urn and narrow
 cave,
 And they who loathed his life may gild
 his grave :
 Ours are the tears, though few, sincerely
 shed,
 When Ocean shrouds and sepulchres
 our dead.
 For us, even banquets fond regrets sup-
 ply
 In the red cup that crowns our memory;
 And the brief epitaph in danger's day,
 When those who win at length divide
 the prey,
 And cry, Remembrance saddening o'er
 each brow,
 How had the brave who fell exulted
 now!

CONRAD'S LOVE FOR MEDORA.

[*The Corsair*, Canto i.]

NONE are all evil — quickening round
 his heart,
 One softer feeling would not yet depart;
 Oft could he sneer at others as beguiled
 By passions worthy of a fool or child;
 Yet 'gainst that passion vainly still he
 strove,
 And even in him it asks the name of
 Love!

Yes, it was love — unchangeable — un-
 changed,
 Felt but for one from whom he never
 ranged;
 Though fairest captives daily met his
 eye,
 He shunned, nor sought, but coldly
 passed them by;
 Though many a beauty drooped in pris-
 oned bower,
 None ever soothed his most unguarded
 hour.
 Yes — it was Love — if thoughts of ten-
 derness,
 Tried in temptation, strengthened by
 distress,
 Unmoved by absence, firm in every
 clime,
 And yet — oh, more than all! — untired
 by time;
 Which nor defeated hope, nor baffled
 wile,
 Could render sullen, were she near to
 smile;
 Nor rage could fire, nor sickness fret to
 vent
 On her one murmur of his discontent;
 Which still would meet with joy, with
 calmness part,
 Lest that his look of grief should reach
 her heart;
 Which nought removed, nor menaced
 to remove —
 If there be love in mortals — — this was
 love!
 He was a villain — ay — reproaches
 shower
 On him — but not the passion, nor its
 power,
 Which only proved all other virtues
 gone,
 Not guilt itself could quench the love-
 liest one!

THE PARTING OF CONRAD AND
 MEDORA.

[*The Corsair*, Canto i.]

SHE rose — she sprung — she clung to
 his embrace,
 Till his heart heaved beneath her hidden
 face,

He dared not raise to his that deep-blue
 eye,
 Which downcast drooped in tearless
 agony.
 Her long fair hair lay floating o'er his
 arms,
 In all the wildness of dishevelled
 charms;
 Scarce beat that bosom where his image
 dwelt
 So full — that feeling seemed almost un-
 felt!
 Hark — peals the thunder of the signal-
 gun!
 It told 'twas sunset — and he cursed that
 sun.
 Again — again — that form he madly
 pressed,
 Which mutely clasped, imploringly ca-
 ressed!
 And tottering to the couch his bride he
 bore,
 One moment gazed — as if to gaze no
 more;
 Felt — that for him earth held but her
 alone,
 Kissed her cold forehead — turned — is
 Conrad gone?
 “And is he gone?” — on sudden soli-
 tude
 How oft that fearful question will in-
 trude!
 “’Twas but an instant past — and here
 he stood!
 And now” — without the portal’s porch
 she rushed,
 And then at length her tears in freedom
 gushed;
 Big, — bright — and fast, unknown to
 her they fell;
 But still her lips refused to send —
 “Farewell!”
 For in that word — that fatal word —
 howe’er
 We promise — hope — believe — there
 breathes despair,
 O’er every feature of that still pale
 face,
 Had sorrow fixed what time can ne’er
 erase:
 The tender blue of that large loving eye

Grew frozen with its gaze on vacancy,
 Till — oh, how far! — it caught a glimpse
 of him,
 And then it flowed — and phrensied
 seemed to swim,
 Through those long, dark, and glisten-
 ing lashes dewed
 With drops of sadness oft to be re-
 newed.
 “He’s gone!” — against her heart that
 hand is driven,
 Convulsed and quick — then gently
 raised to heaven;
 She looked and saw the heaving of the
 main;
 The white sail set — she dared not look
 again;
 But turned with sickening soul within
 the gate —
 “It is no dream — and I am desolate!”

SUNSET IN THE MOREA.

[*The Corsair*, Canto iii.]

SLOW sinks, more lovely ere his race be
 run,
 Along Morea’s hills the setting sun;
 Not, as in northern climes, obscurely
 bright,
 But one unclouded blaze of living light!
 O’er the hushed deep the yellow beam
 he throws,
 Gilds the green wave, that trembles as
 it glows.
 On old Ægina’s rock, and Idra’s isle,
 The god of gladness sheds his parting
 smile;
 O’er his own regions lingering, loves
 to shine,
 Though there his altars are no more
 divine.
 Descending fast the mountain shadows
 kiss
 Thy glorious gulf, unconquered Salamis!
 Their azure arches through the long ex-
 panse
 More deeply purpled meet his mellow-
 ing glance,
 And tenderest tints, along their summits
 driven,

Mark his gay course, and own the hues
 of heaven,
 Till, darkly shaded from the land and
 deep,
 Behind his Delphian cliff he sinks to
 sleep.

CONRAD AND THE DEAD BODY
 OF MEDORA.

[*The Corsair*, Canto iii.]

HE turned not — spoke not — sunk not
 — fixed his look,
 And set the anxious frame that lately
 shook :
 He gazed — how long we gaze despite
 of pain,
 And know, but dare not own, we gaze
 in vain !
 In life itself she was so still and fair,
 That death with gentler aspect withered
 there ;
 And the cold flowers her colder hand
 contained,
 In that last grasp as tenderly were
 strained
 As if she scarcely felt, but feigned a
 sleep,
 And made it almost mockery yet to
 weep :
 The long dark lashes fringed her lids of
 snow,
 And veiled — thought shrinks from all
 that lurked below —
 Oh ! o'er the eye death most exerts his
 might,
 And hurls the spirit from the throne of
 light !
 Sinks those blue orbs in that long last
 eclipse,
 But spares, as yet, the charm around
 her lips —
 Yet, yet they seem as they forbore to
 smile
 And wished repose — but only for a
 while ;
 But the white shroud, and each extended
 tress,
 Long — fair — but spread in utter life-
 lessness,
 Which, late the sport of every summer
 wind,

Escaped the baffled wreath that strove
 to bind ;
 These, and the pale pure cheek, became
 the bier,
 But she is nothing — wherefore is he
 here ?

He asked no question — all were
 answered now
 By the first glance on that still, marble
 brow.
 It was enough — she died — what
 recked it how ?
 The love of youth, the hope of better
 years,
 The source of softest wishes, tenderest
 fears,
 The only living thing he could not hate,
 Was reft at once — and he deserved his
 fate,
 But did not feel it less ; — the good
 explore,
 For peace, those realms where guilt can
 never soar ;
 The proud — the wayward — who have
 fixed below
 Their joy, and find this earth enough
 for woe,
 Lose in that one their all — perchance
 a mite —
 But who in patience parts with all
 delight ?
 Full many a stoic eye and aspect stern
 Mask hearts where grief hath little left
 to learn !
 And many a withering thought lies hid,
 not lost,
 In smiles that least befit who wear
 them most.

A BUNCH OF SWEETS.

[*Don Juan*, Canto i.]

'Tis sweet to hear
 At midnight on the blue and moon-
 lit deep
 The song and oar of Adria's gondolier,
 By distance mellowed, o'er the waters
 sweep ;
 'Tis sweet to see the evening star ap-
 pear ;

'Tis sweet to listen as the night-winds
 creep
 From leaf to leaf; 'tis sweet to view on
 high
 The rainbow, based on ocean, span the
 sky.

'Tis sweet to hear the watch-dog's hon-
 est bark

Bay deep-mouthed welcome as we
 draw near home;

'Tis sweet to know there is an eye will
 mark

Our coming, and look brighter when
 we come;

'Tis sweet to be awakened by the lark,
 Or lulled by falling waters; sweet
 the hum

Of bees, the voice of girls, the song of
 birds,

The lisp of children, and their earliest
 words.

Sweet is the vintage, when the shower-
 ing grapes

In Bacchanal profusion reel to earth,
 Purple and gushing: sweet are our es-
 capes

From civic revelry to rural mirth;
 Sweet to the miser are his glittering
 heaps,

Sweet to the father is his first-born's
 birth,

Sweet is revenge — especially to women,
 Pillage to soldiers, prize-money to sea-
 men.

Sweet is a legacy, and passing sweet

The unexpected death of some old
 lady,

Or gentleman of seventy years complete,
 Who've made "us youth" wait too,
 too long already,

For an estate, or cash, or country seat,
 Still breaking, but with stamina so
 steady,

That all the Israelites are fit to mob its
 Next owner for their double-damned
 post-obits.

'Tis sweet to win, no matter how, one's
 laurels,

By blood or ink; 'tis sweet to put an
 end

To strife; 'tis sometimes sweet to have
 our quarrels,

Particularly with a tiresome friend:
 Sweet is old wine in bottles, ale in bar-
 rels;

Dear is the helpless creature we de-
 fend

Against the world; and dear the school-
 boy spot

We ne'er forget, though there we are
 forgot.

But sweeter still than this, than these,
 than all,

Is first and passionate love — it
 stands alone,

Like Adam's recollection of his fall;

The tree of knowledge has been
 plucked — all's known —

And life yields nothing further to recall
 Worthy of this ambrosial sin, so
 shown,

No doubt in fable, as the unforgiven
 Fire which Prometheus filched for us
 from heaven.

THE DYING BOYS ON THE RAFT.

[*Don Juan*, Canto ii.]

THERE were two fathers in this ghastly
 crew,

And with them their two sons, of
 whom the one

Was more robust and hardy to the
 view,

But he died early; and when he was
 gone,

His nearest messmate told his sire, who
 threw

One glance at him, and said,
 "Heaven's will be done!"

I can do nothing," and he saw him
 thrown

Into the deep without a tear or groan.

The other father had a weaklier child,
 Of a soft cheek, and aspect delicate;

But the boy bore up long, and with a mild

And patient spirit held aloof his fate;
Little he said, and now and then he smiled,

As if to win a heart from off the weight,
He saw increasing on his father's heart,
With the deep deadly thought that they must part.

And o'er him bent his sire, and never raised

His eyes from off his face, but wiped the foam
From his pale lips, and ever on him gazed,

And when the wished-for shower at length was come,
And the boy's eyes, which the dull film half glazed,

Brightened, and for a moment seemed to roam,
He squeezed from out a rag some drops of rain

Into his dying child's mouth—but in vain.

The boy expired—the father held the clay,

And looked upon it long, and when at last

Death left no doubt, and the dead burden lay

Stiff on his heart, and pulse and hope were past,

He watched it wistfully, until away 'Twas borne by the rude wave wherein 'twas cast;

Then he himself sunk down all dumb and shivering,

And gave no sign of life, save his limbs quivering.

THE ISLES OF GREECE.

[*Don Juan*, Canto iii.]

THE isles of Greece, the isles of Greece!
Where burning Sappho loved and sung,

Where grew the arts of war and peace,—

Where Delos rose, and Phœbus sprung!

Eternal summer gilds them yet,
But all, except their sun, is set.

The Scian and the Teian muse,
The hero's harp, the lover's lute,
Have found the fame your shores refuse;

Their place of birth alone is mute
To sounds which echo further west
Than your sires' "Islands of the Blest."

The mountains look on Marathon—
And Marathon looks on the sea;
And musing there an hour alone,
I dreamed that Greece might still be free;

For standing on the Persians' grave,
I could not deem myself a slave.

A king sat on the rocky brow
Which looks o'er sea-born Salamis,
And ships, by thousands, lay below,
And men in nations;—all were his!
He counted them at break of day—
And when the sun set, where were they?

And where are they? and where art thou,

My country? On thy voiceless shore
The heroic lay is tuneless now—
The heroic bosom beats no more!
And must thy lyre, so long divine,
Degenerate into hands like mine?

'Tis something, in the dearth of fame,
Though linked among a fettered race,
To feel at least a patriot's shame,
Even as I sing, suffuse my face;
For what is left the poet here?
For Greeks a blush, for Greece a tear.

Must we but weep o'er the days more blest?

Must we but blush?—Our fathers bled.

Earth! render back from out thy breast
A remnant of our Spartan dead!
Of the three hundred grant but three,
To make a new Thermopylæ!

What, silent still? and silent all?

Ah! no; — the voices of the dead
Sound like a distant torrent's fall,

And answer, "Let one living head,
But one arise, — we come, we come!"
'Tis but the living who are dumb.

In vain — in vain; strike other chords;

Fill high the cup with Samian wine!

Leave battles to the Turkish hordes,

And shed the blood of Scio's vine!

Hark! rising to the ignoble call —

How answers each bold Bacchanal!

You have the Pyrrhic dance as yet,

Where is the Pyrrhic phalanx gone?

Of two such lessons, why forget

The nobler and the manlier one?

You have the letters Cadmus gave —

Think ye he meant them for a slave?

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!

We will not think of themes like
these!

It made Anacreon's song divine:

He served — but served Polycrates —

A tyrant; but our masters then

Were still, at least, our countrymen.

The tyrant of the Chersonese

Was freedom's best and bravest
friend;

That tyrant was Miltiades!

Oh! that the present hour would lend

Another despot of the kind!

Such chains as his were sure to bind.

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!

On Suli's rock, and Parga's shore,
Exists the remnant of a line

Such as the Doric mothers bore;

And there, perhaps, some seed is sown,

The Heracleidan blood might own.

Trust not for freedom to the Franks —

They have a king who buys and sells:

In native swords, and native ranks,

The only hope of courage dwells;

But Turkish force and Latin fraud

Would break your shield, however
broad.

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!

Our virgins dance beneath the
shade —

I see their glorious black eyes shine;

But gazing on each glowing maid,

My own the burning tear-drop laves,

To think such breasts must suckle slaves.

Place me on Sunium's marbled steep,

Where nothing, save the waves and I,

May hear our mutual murmurs sweep;

There, swan-like, let me sing and
die:

A land of slaves shall ne'er be mine —

Dash down yon cup of Samian wine!

TO THYRZA.

WITHOUT a stone to mark the spot,

And say, what Truth might well have
said,

By all, save one, perchance forgot,

Ah! wherefore art thou lowly laid?

By many a shore and many a sea

Divided, yet beloved in vain!

The past, the future fled to thee,

To bid us meet — no — ne'er again!

Could this have been — a word, a look,

That softly said, "We part in peace,"

Had taught my bosom how to brook,

With fainter sighs, thy soul's release.

And didst thou not, since Death for
thee

Prepared a light and pangless dart,

Once long for him thou ne'er shalt see,

Who held, and holds thee in his
heart?

Oh! who like him had watched thee
here?

Or sadly marked thy glazing eye,

In that dread hour ere death appear,

When silent sorrow fears to sigh.

Till all was past! But when no more
 'Twas thine to reck of human woe,
 Affection's heart-drops, gushing o'er,
 Had flowed as fast—as now they
 flow.

Shall they not flow, when many a day
 In these, to me, deserted towers,
 Ere called but for a time away,
 Affection's mingling tears were ours?

Ours too the glance none saw beside;
 The smile none else might under-
 stand;
 The whispered thought of hearts allied,
 The pressure of the thrilling hand;

The kiss, so guiltless and refined,
 That Love each warmer wish for-
 bore;
 Those eyes proclaimed so pure a mind,
 Even passion blushed to plead for
 more.

The tone, that taught me to rejoice,
 When prone, unlike thee, to repine;
 The song, celestial from thy voice,
 But sweet to me from none but thine;

The pledge we wore—I wear it still,
 But where is thine?—Ah! where art
 thou?
 Oft have I borne the weight of ill,
 But never bent beneath till now!

Well hast thou left in life's best bloom
 The cup of woe for me to drain.
 If rest alone be in the tomb,
 I would not wish thee here again;

But if in worlds more blest than this
 Thy virtues seek a fitter sphere,
 Impart some portion of thy bliss,
 To wean me from mine anguish here.

Teach me—too early taught by thee!
 To bear, forgiving and forgiven:
 On earth thy love was such to me,
 It fain would form my hope in heaven!

*ONE STRUGGLE MORE, AND
 I AM FREE.*

ONE struggle more, and I am free
 From pangs that rend my heart in
 twain;

One last long sigh to love and thee,
 Then back to busy life again.

It suits me well to mingle now
 With things that never pleased be-
 fore:

Though every joy is fled below,
 What future grief can touch me more?

Then bring me wine, the banquet bring!
 Man was not formed to live alone;
 I'll be that light, unmeaning thing,
 That smiles with all, and weeps with
 none.

It was not thus in days more dear,
 It never would have been, but thou
 Hast fled, and left me lonely here;
 Thou'rt nothing—all are nothing
 now.

In vain my lyre would lightly breathe!
 The smile that sorrow fain would
 wear

But mocks the woe that lurks beneath,
 Like roses o'er a sepulchre.

Though gay companions o'er the bowl
 Dispel awhile the sense of ill;
 Though pleasure fires the maddening
 soul,

The heart—the heart is lonely still!

On many a lone and lovely night
 It soothed to gaze upon the sky;
 For then I deemed the heavenly light
 Shone sweetly on thy pensive eye:
 And oft I thought at Cynthia's noon,
 When sailing o'er the Ægean wave,
 "Now Thyrsa gazes on that moon"—
 Alas, it gleamed upon her grave!

When stretched on fever's sleepless
 bed,
 And sickness shrunk my throbbing
 veins,

"'Tis comfort still," I faintly said,
 "That Thyrsa cannot know my
 pains:"

Like freedom to the time-worn slave,
A boon 'tis idle then to give,
Relenting Nature vainly gave
My life, when Thyrsa ceased to live!

My Thyrsa's pledge in better days,
When love and life alike were new!
How different now thou meet'st my
gaze!

How tinged by time with sorrow's
hue!

The heart that gave itself with thee
Is silent — ah, were mine as still!
Though cold as e'en the dead can be,
It feels, it sickens with the chill.

Thou bitter pledge! thou mournful
token!

Though painful, welcome to my
breast!

Still, still, preserve that love unbroken,
Or break the heart to which thou'rt
pressed!

Time tempers love, but not removes,
More hallowed when its hope is fled:
Oh! what are thousand living loves
To that which cannot quit the dead?

EUTHANASIA.

WHEN Time, or soon or late, shall bring
The dreamless sleep that lulls the
dead,

Oblivion! may thy languid wing
Wave gently o'er my dying bed!

No band of friends or heirs be there,
To weep or wish the coming blow;
No maiden with dishevelled hair,
To feel or feign, decorous woe.

But silent let me sink to earth,
With no officious mourners near;
I would not mar one hour of mirth,
Nor startle friendship with a tear.

Yet Love, if Love in such an hour
Could nobly check its useless sighs,
Might then exert its latest power
In her who lives and him who dies.

'Twere sweet, my Psyche! to the last
Thy features still serene to see:
Forgetful of its struggles past,
E'en Pain itself should smile on thee.

But vain the wish — for Beauty still
Will shrink, as shrinks the ebbing
breath;

And woman's tears, produced at will,
Deceive in life, unman in death.

Then lonely be my latest hour,
Without regret, without a groan;
For thousands Death hath ceased to
lower,
And pain been transient or un-
known.

"Ay, but to die, and go," alas!
Where all have gone, and all must go!
To be the nothing that I was
Ere born to life and living woe.

Count o'er the joys thine hours have
seen,

Count o'er thy days from anguish
free,

And know, whatever thou hast been,
'Tis something better not to be.

AND THOU ART DEAD, AS YOUNG AND FAIR.

AND thou art dead, as young and fair,
As aught of mortal birth;
And form so soft, and charms so rare.
Too soon returned to Earth!
Though Earth received them in her bed,
And o'er the spot the crowd may tread
In carelessness or mirth,
There is an eye which could not brook
A moment on that grave to look.

I will not ask where thou liest low,
Nor gaze upon the spot;
There flowers or weeds at will may
grow,

So I behold them not:
It is enough for me to prove
That what I loved, and long must love

Like common earth can rot;
To me there needs no stone to tell,
Tis Nothing that I loved so well.

Yet did I love thee to the last
As fervently as thou,
Who didst not change through all the
past,

And canst not alter now.
The love where Death has set his seal,
Nor age can chill, nor rival steal,
Nor falsehood disavow:
And, what were worse, thou canst not
see
Or wrong, or change, or fault in me.

The better days of life were ours;
The worst can be but mine:
The sun that cheers, the storm that
lowers,
Shall never more be thine.
The silence of that dreamless sleep
I envy now too much to weep;
Nor need I to repine
That all those charms have passed
away;
I might have watched through long de-
cay.

The flower in ripened bloom unmatched
Must fall the earliest prey;
Though by no hand untimely snatched,
The leaves must drop away:
And yet it were a greater grief
To watch it withering, leaf by leaf,
Than see it plucked to-day;
Since earthly eye but ill can bear
To trace the change to foul from fair.

I know not if I could have borne
To see thy beauties fade;
The night that followed such a morn
Had worn a deeper shade:
Thy day without a cloud hath passed,
And thou wert lovely to the last:
Extinguished, not decayed;
As stars that shoot along the sky
Shine brightest as they fall from high.

As once I wept, if I could weep,
My tears might well be shed,
To think I was not near to keep

One vigil o'er thy bed;
To gaze, how fondly! on thy face,
To fold thee in a faint embrace,
Uphold thy drooping head;
And show that love, however vain,
Nor thou nor I can feel again.

Yet how much less it were to gain,
Though thou hast left me free,
The loveliest things that still remain,
Than thus remember thee!
The all of thine that cannot die
Through dark and dread Eternity
Returns again to me,
And more thy buried love endears
Than aught, except its living years.

*IF SOMETIMES IN THE HAUNTS
OF MEN.*

If sometimes in the haunts of men
Thine image from my breast may
fade,
The lonely hour presents again
The semblance of thy gentle shade:
And now that sad and silent hour
Thus much of thee can still restore,
And sorrow unobserved may pour
The plaint she dare not speak before.

Oh, pardon that in crowds awhile
I waste one thought I owe to thee,
And, self-condemned, appear to smile,
Unfaithful to thy memory!
Nor deem that memory less dear,
That then I seem not to repine;
I would not fools should overhear
One sigh that should be wholly thine.

If not the goblet pass unquaffed,
It is not drained to banish care;
The cup must hold a deadlier draught,
That brings a Lethe for despair.
And could Oblivion set my soul
From all her troubled visions free,
I'd dash to earth the sweetest bowl
That drowned a single thought of thee.

For wert thou vanished from my mind,
Where could my vacant bosom turn?
And who would then remain behind

To honor thine abandoned Urn?
 No, no — it is my sorrow's pride
 That last dear duty to fulfil;
 Though all the world forget beside,
 'Tis meet that I remember still.

For well I know, that such had been
 Thy gentle care for him, who now
 Unmourned shall quit this mortal scene,
 Where none regarded him, but thou:
 And, oh! I feel in that was given
 A blessing never meant for me;
 Thou wert too like a dream of heaven,
 For earthly Love to merit thee.

SHE WALKS IN BEAUTY.

[*Hebrew Melodies.*]

SHE walks in beauty, like the night
 Of cloudless climes, and starry skies:
 And all that's best of dark and bright
 Meet in her aspect and her eyes:
 Thus mellowed to that tender light
 Which Heaven to gaudy day denies.

One shade the more, one ray the less,
 Had half impaired the nameless
 grace,
 Which waves in every raven tress,
 Or softly lightens o'er her face;
 Where thoughts serenely sweet express,
 How pure, how dear their dwelling-
 place.

And on that cheek, and o'er that brow,
 So soft, so calm, yet eloquent,
 The smiles that win, the tints that glow,
 But tell of days in goodness spent,
 A mind at peace with all below,
 A heart whose love is innocent!

*THE HARP THE MONARCH
 MINSTREL SWEPT.*

THE harp the monarch minstrel swept,
 The King of men, the loved of
 Heaven,
 Which Music hallowed while she wept
 O'er tones her heart of hearts had
 given,

Redoubled be her tears, its chords are
 riven!

It softened men of iron mould,
 It gave them virtues not their own;
 No ear so dull, no soul so cold,
 That felt not, fired not to the tone,
 Till David's lyre grew mightier than
 his throne!

It told the triumphs of our King,
 It wafted glory to our God;
 It made our gladdened valleys ring,
 The cedars bow, the mountains nod;
 Its sound aspired to heaven and
 there abode!

Since then, though heard on earth no
 more,

Devotion and her daughter Love,
 Still bid the bursting spirit soar
 To sounds that seem as from above,
 In dreams that day's broad light can
 not remove.

IF THAT HIGH WORLD.

IF that high world, which lies beyond
 Our own, surviving Love endears;
 If there the cherished heart be fond,
 The eye the same, except in tears —
 How welcome those untrodden spheres!
 How sweet this very hour to die!
 To soar from earth and find all fears,
 Lost in thy light — Eternity!

It must be so: 'tis not for self
 That we so tremble on the brink;
 And striving to o'erleap the gulf,
 Yet cling to Being's severing link.
 Oh! in that future let us think
 To hold each heart the heart that
 shares,
 With them the immortal waters drink,
 And soul in soul grow deathless
 theirs.

ON JORDAN'S BANKS.

ON Jordan's banks the Arab's camels
 stray,
 On Sion's hill the False One's votaries
 pray,

The Baal-adorer bows on Sinai's steep—
Yet there — even there — O God! Thy
thunders sleep:

There — where Thy finger scorched the
tablet stone!

There — where Thy shadow to Thy people
shone!

Thy glory shrouded in its garb of fire:
Thyself — none living see and not expire!

Oh! in the lightning let Thy glance
appear;

Sweep from his shivered hand the oppressor's
spear;

How long by tyrants shall thy land be
trod!

How long Thy temple worshipless, oh
God!

JEPHTHA'S DAUGHTER.

SINCE our Country, our God — oh, my
sire!

Demand that thy daughter expire;
Since thy triumph was bought by thy
vow —

Strike the bosom that's bared for thee
now!

And the voice of my mourning is o'er,
And the mountains behold me no more:
If the hand that I love lay me low,
There cannot be pain in the blow!

And of this, oh, my father! be sure —
That the blood of thy child is as pure
As the blessing I beg ere it flow,
And the last thought that soothes me
below.

Though the virgins of Salem lament,
Be the judge and the hero unbent!
I have won the great battle for thee,
And my father and country are free!

When this blood of thy giving hath
gushed,

When the voice that thou lovest is
hushed,

Let my memory still be thy pride,
And forget not I smiled as I died!

OH! SNATCHED AWAY IN BEAUTY'S BLOOM.

OH! snatched away in beauty's bloom,
On thee shall press no ponderous tomb;
But on thy turf shall roses rear
Their leaves, the earliest of the year;
And the wild cypress wave in tender
gloom.

And oft by yon blue gushing stream
Shall Sorrow lean her drooping head,
And feel deep thought with many a
dream,
And lingering pause and lightly tread;
Fond wretch! as if her step disturbed
the dead!

Away! we know that tears are vain,
That death nor heeds nor hears dis-
tress:

Will this unteach us to complain?
Or make one mourner weep the less?
And thou — who tell'st me to forget,
Thy looks are wan, thine eyes are wet.

WHEN COLDNESS WRAPS THIS SUFFERING CLAY.

WHEN coldness wraps this suffering
clay,

Ah! whither strays the immortal
mind?

It cannot die, it cannot stay,
But leaves its darkened dust behind.
Then, unembodied, doth it trace
By steps each planet's heavenly way?
Or fill at once the realms of space,
A thing of eyes, that all survey?

Eternal, boundless, undecayed,
A thought unseen, but seeing all,
All, all in earth, or skies displayed,
Shall it survey, shall it recall:
Each fainter trace that memory holds
So darkly of departed years,
In one broad glance the soul beholds,
And all, that was, at once appears.

Before Creation peopled earth,
Its eye shall roll through chaos back;

And where the furthest heaven had
birth,

The spirit trace its rising track,
And where the future mars or makes,
Its glance dilate o'er all to be,
While sun is quenched or system breaks,
Fixed in its own eternity.

Above or Love, Hope, Hate, or Fear,
It lives all passionless and pure:
An age shall fleet like earthly year;
Its years as moments shall endure.
Away, away, without a wing,
O'er all, through all, its thought shall
fly;
A nameless and eternal thing,
Forgetting what it was to die.

*THE DESTRUCTION OF
SENNACHERIB.*

THE Assyrian came down like the wolf
on the fold,
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold;
And the sheen of their spears was like
stars on the sea,
When the blue wave rolls nightly on
deep Galilee.

Like the leaves of the forest when Summer is green,
That host with their banners at sunset
were seen:
Like the leaves of the forest when
Autumn hath blown,
That host on the morrow lay withered
and strown.

For the Angel of Death spread his
wings on the blast,
And breathed in the face of the foe as
he passed;
And the eyes of the sleepers waxed
deadly and chill,
And their hearts but once heaved, and
for ever grew still!

And there lay the steed with his nostrils
all wide,

But through it there rolled not the
breath of his pride:

And the foam of his gasping lay white
on the turf,
And cold as the spray of the rock-
beating surf.

And there lay the rider distorted and
pale,
With the dew on his brow and the rust
on his mail;
And the tents were all silent, the banners
alone,
The lances unlifted, the trumpet un-
blown.

And the widows of Ashur are loud in
their wail,
And the idols are broke in the temple
of Baal;
And the might of the Gentile, unsmote
by the sword,
Hath melted like snow in the glance of
the Lord!

STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

[*Miscellaneous Poems.*]

THERE'S not a joy the world can give
like that it takes away,
When the glow of early thought de-
clines in feeling's dull decay.
'Tis not on youth's smooth cheek the
blush alone, which fades so fast,
But the tender bloom of heart is gone,
ere youth itself be past.

Then the few whose spirits float above
the wreck of happiness,
Are driven o'er the shoals of guilt or
ocean of excess:
The magnet of their course is gone, or
only points in vain
The shore to which their shivered sail
shall never stretch again.

Then the mortal coldness of the soul
like death itself comes down;
It cannot feel for others' woes, it dare
not dream its own;

That heavy chill has frozen o'er the
fountain of our tears,
And though the eye may sparkle still,
'tis where the ice appears.

Though wit may flash from fluent lips,
and mirth distract the breast,
Through midnight hours that yield no
more their former hope of rest;
'Tis but as ivy-leaves around the ruined
turret wreath,
All green and wildly fresh without, but
worn and gray beneath.

Oh! could I feel as I have felt, or be
what I have been,
Or weep as I could once have wept,
o'er many a vanished scene;
As springs in deserts found seem sweet,
all brackish though they be,
So midst the withered waste of life,
those tears would flow to me.

*FAREWELL! IF EVER FONDEST
PRAYER.*

FAREWELL! if ever fondest prayer
For other's weal availed on high,
Mine will not all be lost in air,
But waft thy name beyond the sky.
'Twere vain to speak, to weep, to sigh:
Oh! more than tears of blood can tell,
When wrung from guilt's expiring eye,
Are in that word — Farewell! —
Farewell!

These lips are mute, these eyes are dry;
But in my breast and in my brain,
Awake the pangs that pass not by,
The thought that ne'er shall sleep
again.
My soul nor deigns nor dares complain,
Though grief and passion there rebel:
I only know we loved in vain —
I only feel — Farewell! — Farewell!

WHEN WE TWO PARTED.

WHEN we two parted
In silence and tears,
Half broken-hearted

To sever for years,
Pale grew thy cheek and cold,
Colder thy kiss;
Truly that hour foretold
Sorrow to this.

The dew of the morning
Sank chill on my brow —
It felt like the warning
Of what I feel now.
Thy vows are all broken,
And light is thy fame;
I hear thy name spoken,
And share in its shame.

They name thee before me,
A knell to mine ear;
A shudder comes o'er me —
Why wert thou so dear?
They know not I knew thee,
Who knew thee too well: —
Long, long shall I rue thee,
Too deeply to tell.

In secret we met —
In silence I grieve,
That thy heart could forget,
Thy spirit deceive.
If I should meet thee
After long years,
How should I greet thee? —
With silence and tears.

FARE THEE WELL.

FARE thee well! and if for ever,
Still for ever, fare thee well;
Even though unforgiving, never
'Gainst thee shall my heart rebel.

Would that breast were bared before
thee,
Where thy head so oft hath lain,
While that placid sleep came o'er thee
Which thou ne'er canst know again:

Would that breast, by thee glanced over,
Every inmost thought could show!
Then thou wouldst at last discover
'Twas not well to spurn it so.

Though the world for this commend
thee —

Though it smile upon the blow,
Even its praises must offend thee,
Founded on another's woe :

Although my many faults defaced me,
Could no other arm be found,
Than the one which once embraced me,
To inflict a cureless wound?

Yet, oh yet, thyself deceive not :
Love may sink by slow decay,
But by sudden wrench, believe not
Hearts can thus be torn away ;

Still thine own its life retaineth —
Still must mine, though bleeding,
beat ;
And the undying thought which pain-
eth
Is — that we no more may meet.

These are words of deeper sorrow
Than the wail above the dead ;
Both shall live, but every morrow
Wake us from a widowed bed.

And when thou wouldst solace gather,
When our child's first accents flow,
Wilt thou teach her to say " Father ! "
Though his care she must forego ?

When her little hands shall press thee,
When her lip to thine is pressed,
Think of him whose prayer shall bless
thee,
Think of him thy love had blessed !

Should her lineaments resemble
Those thou never more mayst see,
Then thy heart will softly tremble
With a pulse yet true to me.

All my faults perchance thou knowest,
All my madness none can know ;
All my hopes, where'er thou goest,
Whither, yet with thee they go.

Every feeling hath been shaken ;
Pride, which not a world could bow,
Bows to thee — by thee forsaken,
Even my soul forsakes me now :

But 'tis done — all words are idle —
Words from me are vainer still ;
But the thoughts we cannot bridle
Force their way without the will.

Fare thee well ! — thus disunited,
Torn from every nearer tie ;
Seared in heart, and lone, and blighted,
More than this I scarce can die.

*STANZAS TO AUGUSTA (LORD
BYRON'S SISTER).*

THOUGH the day of my destiny's over,
And the star of my fate hath declined,
Thy soft heart refused to discover
The faults which so many could find ;
Though thy soul with my grief was
acquainted,
It shrunk not to share it with me,
And the love which my spirit hath
painted
It never hath found but in thee.

Then when nature around me is smiling,
The last smile which answers to mine,
I do not believe it beguiling,
Because it reminds me of thine ;
And when winds are at war with the
ocean,
As the breasts I believed in with me,
If their billows excite an emotion,
It is that they bear me from thee.

Though the rock of my last hope is
shivered,
And its fragments are sunk in the
wave,
Though I feel that my soul is delivered
To pain — it shall not be its slave.
There is many a pang to pursue me :
They may crush, but they shall not
contemn —
They may torture, but shall not subdue
me —
'Tis of thee that I think — not of
them.

Though human, thou didst not deceive
me,
Though woman, thou didst not for-
sake,

Though loved, thou forebores to grieve
me,
Though slandered, thou never couldst
shake, —

Though trusted, thou didst not disclaim
me,

Though parted, it was not to fly,
Though watchful, 'twas not to defame
me,

Nor mute, that the world might be-
lie.

Yet I blame not the world, nor despise
it,

Nor the war of the many with one —
If my soul was not fitted to prize it,

'Twas folly not sooner to shun :
And if dearly that error hath cost me,
And more than I once could foresee,
I have found that, whatever it lost me,
It could not deprive me of thee.

From the wreck of the past, which hath
perished,

Thus much I at least may recall,
It hath taught me that what I most
cherished

Deserved to be dearest of all :
In the desert a fountain is springing,
In the wide waste there still is a tree,
And a bird in the solitude singing,
Which speaks to my spirit of thee.

*MAID OF ATHENS, ERE WE
PART.*

MAID of Athens, ere we part,
Give, oh, give me back my heart !
Or, since that has left my breast,
Keep it now, and take the rest !
Hear my vow before I go,
Ζών μου σὺς ἀγαπῶ.

By those tresses unconfined,
Woody by each Ægean wind;
By those lids whose jetty fringe
Kiss thy soft cheeks' blooming tinge;
By those wild eyes like the roe,
Ζών μου σὺς ἀγαπῶ.

By that lip I long to taste;
By that zone-encircled waist;
By all the token-flowers that tell
What words can never speak so well;
By love's alternate joy and woe,
Ζών μου σὺς ἀγαπῶ.

Maid of Athens ! I am gone :
Think of me, sweet ! when alone.
Though I fly to Istambol,
Athens holds my heart and soul :
Can I cease to love thee ? No !
Ζών μου σὺς ἀγαπῶ.

*BRIGHT BE THE PLACE OF
THY SOUL.*

BRIGHT be the place of thy soul !
No lovelier spirit than thine
E'er burst from its mortal control,
In the orbs of the blessed to shine.

On earth thou wert all but divine,
As thy soul shall immortally be;
And our sorrow may cease to repine,
When we know that thy God is with
thee.

Light be the turf of thy tomb !
May its verdure like emeralds be :
There should not be the shadow of
gloom
In aught that reminds us of thee.

Young flowers and an evergreen tree
May spring from the spot of thy rest :
But nor cypress nor yew let us see ;
For why should we mourn for the
blest ?

SONNET ON CHILLON.

ETERNAL Spirit of the chainless Mind !
Brightest in dungeons, Liberty ! thou
art,
For there thy habitation is the heart —
The heart which love of thee alone can
bind ;
And when thy sons to fetters are con-
sign'd —

To fetters, and the damp vault's day-
less gloom,
Their country conquers with their
martyrdom,
And Freedom's fame finds wings on
every wind.
Chillon! thy prison is a holy place,
And thy sad floor an altar — for 'twas
trod,
Until his very steps have left a trace
Worn, as if thy cold pavement were
a sod,
By Bonnivard! — May none those
marks efface!
For they appeal from tyranny to God.

THE PRISONER OF CHILLON.

My hair is gray, but not with years,
Nor grew it white
In a single night,
As men's have grown from sudden
fears:
My limbs are bow'd, though not with
toil,
But rusted with a vile repose,
For they have been a dungeon's spoil,
And mine has been the fate of those
To whom the goodly earth and air
Are bann'd, and barr'd — forbidden
fare;
But this was for my father's faith
I suffer'd chains and courted death;
That father perish'd at the stake
For tenets he would not forsake;
And for the same his lineal race
In darkness found a dwelling-place;
We were seven — who now are one,
Six in youth, and one in age,
Finish'd as they had begun,
Proud of Persecution's rage;
One in fire, and two in field,
Their belief with blood have seal'd;
Dying as their father died,
For the God their foes denied;

Three were in a dungeon cast,
Of whom this wreck is left the last.

There are seven pillars of Gothic mould,
In Chillon's dungeons deep and old,
There are seven columns, massy and
gray,
Dim with a dull imprison'd ray,
A sunbeam which hath lost its way,
And through the crevice and the cleft
Of the thick wall is fallen and left;
Creeping o'er the floor so damp,
Like a marsh's meteor lamp;
And in each pillar there is a ring,
And in each ring there is a chain;
That iron is a cankering thing,
For in these limbs its teeth remain,
With marks that will not wear away,
Till I have done with this new day,
Which now is painful to these eyes,
Which have not seen the sun so rise
For years — I cannot count them o'er,
I lost their long and heavy score
When my last brother droop'd and
died,
And I lay living by his side.

They chain'd us each to a column stone,
And we were three — yet, each alone:
We could not move a single pace,
We could not see each other's face,
But with that pale and livid light
That made us strangers in our sight;
And thus together — yet apart,
Fetter'd in hand, but pined in heart;
'Twas still some solace in the dearth
Of the pure elements of earth,
To hearken to each other's speech,
And each turn comforter to each
With some new hope, or legend old,
Or song heroically bold;
But even these at length grew cold.
Our voices took a dreary tone,
An echo of the dungeon-stone,
A grating sound — not full and free
As they of yore were wont to be;
It might be fancy — but to me
They never sounded like our own.

WILLIAM KNOX.

1789-1825.

[A YOUNG poet of considerable talent, who died at Edinburgh in 1825, age 36. Author of *The Lonely Hearth, Songs of Israel, The Harp of Zion*, etc. His father was a respectable yeoman, and he himself succeeding to good farms under the Duke of Buccleuch, became too soon his own master, and plunged into dissipation and ruin. His talent then showed itself in a fine strain of pensive poetry. Knox spent his later years in Edinburgh under his father's roof, and amidst all his errors was admirably faithful to the domestic affections, a kind and respectful son, and an attached brother. The poem here quoted was much admired by Abraham Lincoln, who often repeated and referred to it.]

O, WHY SHOULD THE SPIRIT
OF MORTAL BE PROUD.

O, WHY should the spirit of mortal be
proud?

Like a swift-fleeting meteor, a fast-flying
cloud,

A flash of the lightning, a break of the
wave,

He passeth from life to his rest in the
grave.

The leaves of the oak and the willow
shall fade,

Be scattered around, and together be
laid;

As the young and the old, the low and
the high,

Shall crumble to dust and together
shall lie.

The infant a mother attended and
loved,

The mother that infant's affection who
proved,

The father that mother and infant who
blest,—

Each, all, are away to that dwelling of
rest.

The maid on whose brow, on whose
cheek, in whose eye,

Shone beauty and pleasure,—her tri-
umphs are by;

And alike from the minds of the living
erased

Are the memories of mortals who loved
her and praised.

The head of the king, that the sceptre
hath borne;

The brow of the priest, that the mitre
hath worn;

The eye of the sage, and the heart of
the brave,—

Are hidden and lost in the depths of
the grave.

The peasant, whose lot was to sow and
to reap;

The herdsman, who climbed with his
goats up the steep;

The beggar, who wandered in search of
his bread,—

Have faded away like the grass that
we tread.

So the multitude goes, like the flower
or weed,

That withers away to let others succeed;
So the multitude comes, even those we

behold,
To repeat every tale that has often been

told.

For we are the same that our fathers
have been;

We see the same sights that our fathers
have seen;

We drink the same stream, and we feel
the same sun,

And run the same course that our fa-
thers have run.

The thoughts we are thinking our
fathers did think;

From the death we are shrinking our
fathers did shrink;

To the life we are clinging our fathers
did cling,

But it speeds from us all like the bird
on the wing.

They loved,—but the story we cannot
unfold;

They scorned,—but the heart of the
haughty is cold;

They grieved, — but no wail from their
slumbers will come;
They joyed, — but the tongue of their
gladness is dumb.
They died, — ah! they died; — we,
things that are now,
That walk on the turf that lies over
their brow,
And make in their dwelling a transient
abode,
Meet the things that they met on their
pilgrimage road.
Yea, hope and despondency, pleasure
and pain,

Are mingled together in sunshine and
rain:
And the smile and the tear, and the
song and the dirge,
Still follow each other like surge upon
surge.

'Tis the wink of an eye; 'tis the draught
of a breath
From the blossom of health to the pale-
ness of death,
From the gilded saloon to the bier and
the shroud;
O, why should the spirit of mortal be
proud?



REV. CHARLES WOLFE.

1791-1823.

[YOUNGEST son of Theobald Wolfe, Esq. Born in Dublin, 14th Dec., 1791; entered Dublin University, 1809. Attained a high rank for his classical attainments and for his poetic talent. Before he left the university he wrote a number of pieces that were truly beautiful, but especially that one on which his fame chiefly rests, *The Lines on the Burial of Sir John Moore*. In 1817 he was ordained as Curate of the Church of Ballyclog in Tyrone and afterwards of Donoughmore. He died of consumption, Feb. 21, 1823, in the thirty-second year of his age.]

THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

NOT a drum was heard, not a funeral
note,

As his corse to the rampart we hur-
ried;

Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
O'er the grave where our hero we
buried.

We buried him darkly at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning;
By the struggling moonbeam's misty
light,

And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
Not in sheet nor in shroud we wound
him;

But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we
said,

And we spoke not a word of sorrow;
But we steadfastly gazed on the face
of the dead,

And we bitterly thought of the mor-
row.

We thought as we hollowed his narrow
bed,

And smoothed down his lonely pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would
tread o'er his head,

And we far away on the billow!

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's
gone,

And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him,—
But little he'll reck, if they let him sleep
on

In the grave where a Briton has laid
him.

But half our heavy task was done,
 When the clock struck the hour for
 retiring;
 And we heard the distant and random
 gun
 That the foe was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
 From the field of his fame fresh and
 gory;
 We carved not a line, and we raised
 not a stone —
 But we left him alone with his glory.



JOHN KEBLE.

1792-1866.

[JOHN KEBLE was born on St. Mark's Day (April 25), 1792, at Fairford, in Gloucestershire. He was elected Scholar of Corpus, Oxford, in his fifteenth, and Fellow of Oriel in his nineteenth year. After a few years of tutorship at Oxford and curacy in the country, he became Vicar of Hursley in Hampshire in 1839, where he continued to minister till his death in 1866. He was with Dr. Newman and Dr. Pusey regarded as forming the Triumvirate of the Oxford Catholic movement. His prose works consist of an elaborate edition of *Hooker*, a careful *Life of Bishop Wilson*, and various theological treatises. But it is as a poet much more than a scholar or a controversialist that he is known; and of his poetical works, the *Lyra Innocentium*, the *Translation of the Psalter*, a posthumous volume of *Poems*, and *The Christian Year* (1827), it is by the last that he acquired an universal and undying fame in English literature. As Professor of Poetry at Oxford he wrote in Latin *Praelections on Poetry*, which are remarkable both for their subtlety and their exquisite Latinity. His Life was written by his friend Mr. Justice Coleridge.]

THIRD SUNDAY IN LENT.

[*The Christian Inheritance.*]

SEE Lucifer like lightning fall,
 Dashed from his throne of pride;
 While, answering Thy victorious
 call,
 The Saints his spoils divide;
 This world of Thine, by him usurped
 too long,
 Now opening all her stores to heal Thy
 servants' wrong.

So when the first-born of Thy foes
 Dead in the darkness lay,
 When Thy redeemed at midnight
 rose
 And cast their bonds away,
 The orphaned realm threw wide her
 gates, and told
 Into freed Israel's lap her jewels and
 her gold.

And when their wondrous march
 was o'er,
 And they had won their homes,
 Where Abraham fed his flock of
 yore,

Among their fathers' tombs; —
 A land that drinks the rain of Heaven
 at will,
 Whose waters kiss the feet of many a
 vine-clad hill; —

Oft as they watched, at thoughtful
 eve,
 A gale from bowers of balm
 Sweep o'er the billowy corn, and
 heave
 The tresses of the palm,
 Just as the lingering Sun had touched
 with gold,
 Far o'er the cedar shade, some tower of
 giants old;

It was a fearful joy, I ween,
 To trace the Heathen's toil,
 The limpid wells, the orchards
 green,
 Left ready for the spoil,
 The household stores untouched, the
 roses bright
 Wreathed o'er the cottage walls in gar-
 lands of delight.

And now another Canaan yields
 To Thine all-conquering ark; —

Fly from the "old poetic" fields,
 Ye Paynim shadows dark!
 Immortal Greece, dear land of glorious
 lays,
 Lo! here the "unknown God" of thy
 unconscious praise!

The olive-wreath, the ivied wand,
 "The sword in myrtles drest,"
 Each legend of the shadowy strand
 Now wakes a vision blest;
 As little children lisp, and tell of
 Heaven,
 So thoughts beyond their thought to
 those high Bards were given.

And these are ours: Thy partial
 grace
 The tempting treasure lends:
 These relics of a guilty race
 Are forfeit to Thy friends;
 What seemed an idol hymn, now
 breathes of Thee,
 Tuned by Faith's ear to some celestial
 melody.

There's not a strain to Memory
 dear,
 Nor flower in classic grove,
 There's not a sweet note warbled
 here,
 But minds us of Thy Love,
 O Lord, our Lord, and spoiler of our
 foes,
 There is no light but Thine: with Thee
 all beauty glows.

FIFTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

[*The Lilies of the Field.*]

SWEET nurslings of the vernal skies,
 Bathed in soft airs, and fed with dew,
 What more than magic in you lies,
 To fill the heart's fond view?
 In childhood's sports, companions gay,
 In sorrow, on Life's downward way,
 How soothing! in our last decay
 Memorials prompt and true.

Relics ye are of Eden's bowers,
 As pure as fragrant, and as fair,
 As when ye crowned the sunshine hours
 Of happy wanderers there.
 Fall'n all beside—the world of life,
 How is it stained with fear and strife!
 In Reason's world what storms are rife,
 What passions range and glare!

But cheerful and unchanged the while
 Your first and perfect form ye show,
 The same that won Eve's matron smile
 In the world's opening glow.
 The stars of heaven a course are taught
 Too high above our human thought;
 Ye may be found if ye are sought,
 And as we gaze, we know.

Ye dwell beside our paths and homes,
 Our paths of sin, our homes of sorrow,
 And guilty man, where'er he roams,
 Your innocent mirth may borrow.
 The birds of air before us fleet,
 They cannot brook our shame to meet—
 But we may taste our solace sweet
 And come again to-morrow.

Ye fearless in your nests abide —
 Nor may we scorn, too proudly wise,
 Your silent lessons, undescried
 By all but lowly eyes:
 For ye could draw th' admiring gaze
 Of Him who worlds and hearts surveys:
 Your order wild, your fragrant maze,
 He taught us how to prize.

Ye felt your Maker's smile that hour,
 As when He paused and owned you
 good;
 His blessing on earth's primal bower,
 Ye felt it all renewed.
 What care ye now, if winter's storm
 Sweep ruthless o'er each silken form?
 Christ's blessing at your heart is warm,
 Ye fear no vexing mood.

Alas! of thousand bosoms kind,
 That daily court you and caress,
 How few the happy secret find
 Of your calm loveliness!
 "Live for to-day! to-morrow's light

To-morrow's cares shall bring to sight,
Go sleep like closing flowers at night,
And Heaven thy morn will bless."

ALL SAINTS' DAY.

WHY blow'st thou not, thou wintry
wind,
Now every leaf is brown and serc,
And idly droops, to thee resigned,
The fading chaplet of the year?
Yet wears the pure aerial sky
Her summer veil, half drawn on high,
Of silvery haze, and dark and still
The shadows sleep on every slanting
hill.

How quiet shows the woodland
scene!
Each flower and tree, its duty done,
Reposing in decay serene,
Like weary men when age is won,
Such calm old age as conscience pure
And self-commanding hearts ensure,
Waiting their summons to the sky,
Content to live, but not afraid to die.

Sure if our eyes were purged to trace
God's unseen armies hovering
round,
We should behold by angels' grace
The four strong winds of Heaven
fast bound,
Their downward sweep a moment
stayed
On ocean cove and forest glade,
Till the last flower of autumn shed
Her funeral odors on her dying bed.

So in Thine awful armory, Lord,
The lightnings of the judgment-day
Pause yet awhile, in mercy stored,
Till willing hearts wear quite away
Their earthly stains; and spotless
shine

On every brow in light divine
The Cross by angel hands impressed,
The seal of glory won and pledge of
promised rest.

Little they dream, those haughty souls
Whom empires own with bended
knee,
What lonely fate their own controls,
Together linked by Heaven's de-
cree; —
As bloodhounds hush their baying
wild
To wanton with some fearless child,
So Famine waits, and War with
greedy eyes,
Till some repenting heart be ready for
the skies.

Think ye the spires that glow so
bright
In front of yonder setting sun,
Stand by their own unshaken might?
No—where th' upholding grace
is won,
We dare not ask, nor Heaven would
tell,
But sure from many a hidden dell,
From many a rural nook unthought
of there,
Rises for that proud world the saints'
prevailing prayer.

On Champions blest, in Jesus' name,
Short be your strife, your triumph
full,
Till every heart have caught your
flame,
And, lightened of the world's mis-
rule,
Ye soar those elder saints to meet,
Gathered long since at Jesus' feet,
No world of passions to destroy,
Your prayers and struggles o'er, your
task all praise and joy.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

1792-1822.

[PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY, eldest son of Timothy Shelley (afterwards Sir Timothy Shelley, Bart.), was born at Field Place, near Horsham in Sussex, August 4, 1792. He was educated at Eton and at University College, Oxford; but was expelled from Oxford in 1811 on account of his authorship of a tract on *The Necessity of Atheism*. In the same year he married Harriet Westbrook, a girl of sixteen, daughter of a coffee-house keeper, but separated from her in 1814. His intimacy with Mary Godwin, daughter of William Godwin, author of *Political Justice*, and of Mary Wollstonecraft, led to a marriage with her after his first wife's death in 1816. In 1817 he was deprived by Lord Eldon of the custody of his children by his first marriage, and in 1818 he left England for Italy, in which country he resided, mainly at Naples, Leghorn, and Pisa, till his death by drowning in the Gulf of Spezia, July 8, 1822. *Queen Mab*, his first work of any note, was privately printed in 1813; *Alastor* was published in 1816; and *Laon and Cythna*, published and withdrawn in 1817, was reissued as *The Revolt of Islam* in 1818. *The Cenci* and *Prometheus Unbound* were both published in 1820. *Epipsychidion* was printed, and *Adonais* published in 1821, and the list is ended by *Hellas* published in 1822, — the year of the poet's untimely death.]

IANTHE SLEEPING.

[*Queen Mab*.]

How wonderful is Death,
 Death and his brother, Sleep!
 One, pale as yonder waning moon,
 With lips of lurid blue;
 The other, rosy as the morn
 When throned on ocean's wave,
 It blushes o'er the world:
 Yet both so passing wonderful!
 Hath then the gloomy Power
 Whose reign is in the tainted sepulchres
 Seized on her sinless soul;
 Must then that peerless form
 Which love and admiration cannot
 view
 Without a beating heart, those azure
 veins
 Which steal like streams along a field
 of snow,
 That lovely outline, which is fair
 As breathing marble, perish?
 Must putrefaction's breath
 Leave nothing of this heavenly
 sight
 But loathsomeness and ruin?
 Spare nothing but a gloomy theme,
 On which the lightest heart might
 moralize?
 Or is it only a sweet slumber
 Stealing o'er sensation,
 Which the breath of roseate morning
 Chaseth into darkness?

Will Ianthe wake again,
 And give that faithful bosom joy
 Whose sleepless spirit waits to catch
 Light, life, and rapture, from her
 smile?

THE FAIRY AND IANTHE'S
SOUL.[*Queen Mab*.]

STARS! your balmy influence
 shed!
 Elements! your wrath suspend!
 Sleep, Ocean, in the rocky bounds
 That circle thy domain!
 Let not a breath be seen to stir
 Around yon grass-grown ruin's height,
 Let even the restless gossamer
 Sleep on the moveless air!
 Soul of Ianthe! thou,
 Judged alone worthy of the envied
 boon
 That waits the good and the sincere;
 that waits
 Those who have struggled, and with
 resolute will
 Vanquished earth's pride and meanness
 burst the chains,
 The icy chains of custom, and have
 shone
 The day-stars of their age; — Soul of
 Ianthe!
 Awake! arise!

Sudden arose
 Ianthe's Soul; it stood
 All beautiful in naked purity,
 The perfect semblance of its bodily
 frame.
 Instinct with inexpressible beauty and
 grace,
 Each stain of earthliness
 Had passed away, it reassumed
 Its native dignity, and stood
 Immortal amid ruin.

Upon the couch the body lay,
 Wrapt in the depth of slumber:
 Its features were fixed and meaningless,
 Yet animal life was there,
 And every organ yet performed
 Its natural functions; 'twas a sight
 Of wonder to behold the body and
 soul.

The self-same lineaments, the
 same

Marks of identity were there;
 Yet, oh how different! One aspires
 to heaven,

Pants for its sempiternal heritage,
 And ever-changing, ever-rising still,
 Wantons in endless being.

The other, for a time the unwilling
 sport

Of circumstance and passion, strug-
 gles on;

Fleets through its sad duration rap-
 idly;

Then like a useless and worn-out
 machine,

Rots, perishes, and passes.

TO THE NIGHT.

SWIFTLY walk over the western wave,
 Spirit of Night!

Out of the misty eastern cave
 Where all the long and lone daylight
 Thou wovest dreams of joy and fear
 Which make thee terrible and dear, —
 Swift be thy flight!

Wrap thy form in a mantle gray
 Star-inwrought!
 Blind with thine hair the eyes of day,

Kiss her until she be wearied out,
 Then wander o'er city, and sea, and
 land
 Touching all with thine opiate wand —
 Come, long-sought!

When I arose and saw the dawn,
 I sigh'd for thee;
 When light rode high, and the dew was
 gone,
 And noon lay heavy on flower and tree,
 And the weary 'Day turn'd to his rest
 Lingering like an unloved guest,
 I sigh'd for thee!

Thy brother Death came, and cried
 Wouldst thou me?
 Thy sweet child Sleep, the filmy-eyed,
 Murmur'd like a noon-tide bee
 Shall I nestle near thy side?
 Wouldst thou me? — And I replied
 No, not thee!

Death will come when thou art dead,
 Soon, too soon —
 Sleep will come when thou art fled;
 Of neither would I ask the boon
 I ask of thee, beloved Night —
 Swift be thine approaching flight,
 Come soon, soon!

A DREAM OF THE UNKNOWN.

I DREAM'D that as I wander'd by the
 way

Bare Winter suddenly was changed
 to Spring,

And gentle odors led my steps astray,
 Mix'd with a sound of waters mur-
 muring

Along a shelving bank of turf, which lay
 Un'er a copse, and hardly dared to
 fling

Its green arms round the bosom of the
 stream,

But kiss'd it and then fled, as Thou
 mightiest in dream.

There grew pied wind-flowers and vio-
 lets,

Daisies, those pearl'd Arcturi of the
 earth,

The constellated flower that never sets;
 Faint oxlips; tender blue-bells, at
 whose birth
 The sod scarce heaved; and that tall
 flower that wets
 Its mother's face with heaven-collected
 tears,
 When the low wind, its playmate's voice,
 it hears.

And in the warm hedge grew lush eg-
 lantine,
 Green cow-bind and the moonlight-
 color'd May,
 And cherry-blossoms, and white cups,
 whose wine
 Was the bright dew yet drain'd not
 by the day;
 And wild roses, and ivy serpentine
 With its dark buds and leaves, wander-
 ing astray;
 And flowers azure, black, and streak'd
 with gold,
 Fairer than any waken'd eyes behold.

And nearer to the river's trembling edge
 There grew broad flag-flowers, purple
 pranked with white.
 And starry river-buds among the sedge,
 And floating water-lilies, broad and
 bright,
 Which lit the oak that overhung the
 hedge
 With moonlight beams of their own
 watery light;
 And bulrushes, and reeds of such deep
 green
 As soothed the dazzled eye with sober
 sheen.

Methought that of these visionary flow-
 ers
 I made a nosegay, bound in such a
 way
 That the same hues, which in their nat-
 ural bowers
 Were mingled or opposed, the like
 array
 Kept these imprison'd children of the
 Hours
 Within my hand, — and then, elate
 and gay,

I hasten'd to the spot whence I had
 come
 That I might there present it — O! to
 Whom?

INVOCATION.

RARELY, rarely, comest thou,
 Spirit of Delight!
 Wherefore hast thou left me now
 Many a day and night?
 Many a weary night and day
 'Tis since thou art fled away.

How shall ever one like me
 Win thee back again?
 With the joyous and the free
 Thou wilt scoff at pain.
 Spirit false! thou hast forgot
 All but those who need thee not.

As a lizard with the shade
 Of a trembling leaf,
 Thou with sorrow art dismay'd;
 Even the sighs of grief
 Reproach thee, that thou art not near;
 And reproach thou wilt not hear.

Let me set my mournful ditty
 To a merry measure; —
 Thou wilt never come for pity,
 Thou wilt come for pleasure; —
 Pity then will cut away
 Those cruel wings, and thou wilt stay.

I love all that thou lovest,
 Spirit of Delight!
 The fresh Earth in new leaves drest
 And the starry night;
 Autumn evening, and the morn
 When the golden mists are born.

I love snow and all the forms
 Of the radiant frost;
 I love waves, and winds, and storms,
 Everything almost
 Which is Nature's, and may be
 Untainted by man's misery.

I love tranquil solitude,
 And such society
 As is quiet, wise, and good;

Between thee and me
What difference? but thou dost possess
The things I seek, not love them less.

I love Love — though he has wings,
And like light can flee,
But above all other things,
Spirit, I love thee —
Thou art love and life! O come!
Make once more my heart thy home!

STANZAS WRITTEN IN DEFECTION
NEAR NAPLES.

THE sun is warm, the sky is clear,
The waves are dancing fast and
bright,
Blue isles and snowy mountains wear
The purple noon's transparent light:
The breath of the moist air is light
Around its unexpanded buds;
Like many a voice of one delight —
The winds', the birds', the ocean-
floods' —
The City's voice itself is soft like Soli-
tude's.

I see the Deep's untrampled floor
With green and purple sea-weeds
strown;
I see the waves upon the shore
Like light dissolved in star-showers
thrown:
I sit upon the sands alone;
The lightning of the noon-tide ocean
Is flashing round me, and a tone
Arises from its measured motion —
How sweet! did any heart now share
in my emotion.

Alas! I have nor hope nor health,
Nor peace within nor calm around,
Nor that Content surpassing wealth
The sage in meditation found,
And walk'd with inward glory
crown'd —
Nor fame, nor power, nor love, nor
leisure;
Others I see whom these surround —

Smiling they live, and call life pleas-
ure;
To me that cup has been dealt in another
measure.

Yet now despair itself is mild
Even as the winds and waters are;
I could lie down like a tired child,
And weep away the life of care
Which I have borne, and yet must
bear,
Till death like sleep might steal on
me,
And I might feel in the warm air
My cheek grow cold, and hear the
sea
Breathe o'er my dying brain its last
monotony.

THE FLIGHT OF LOVE.

WHEN the lamp is shatter'd
The light in the dust lies dead —
When the cloud is scatter'd,
The rainbow's glory is shed.
When the lute is broken,
Sweet tones are remember'd not;
When the lips have spoken,
Loved accents are soon forgot.

As music and splendor
Survive not the lamp and the lute,
The heart's echoes render
No song when the spirit is mute —
No song but sad dirges,
Like the wind through a ruin'd cell,
Or the mournful surges
That ring the dead seaman's knell.

When hearts have once mingled,
Love first leaves the well-built nest;
The weak one is singled
To endure what it once possessed.
O Love! who bewailest
The frailty of all things here,
Why choose you the frailest
For your cradle, your home, and your
bier?

Its passions will rock thee
As the storms rock the ravens on high;

Bright reason will mock thee
Like the sun from a wintry sky.
From thy nest every rafter
Will rot, and thine eagle home
Leave thee naked to laughter,
When leaves fall and cold winds come.

THE INVITATION.

[To Jane.]

BEST and Brightest, come away,
Fairer far than this fair day,
Which, like thee, to those in sorrow
Comes to bid a sweet good-morrow
To the rough year just awake
In its cradle on the brake.
The brightest hour of unborn Spring
Through the winter wandering,
Found, it seems, the halcyon morn
To hoar February born;
Bending from Heaven, in azure mirth,
It kiss'd the forehead of the earth,
And smiled upon the silent sea,
And bade the frozen streams be free,
And waked to music all their fountains,
And breathed upon the frozen mountains,
And like a prophetess of May
Strew'd flowers upon the barren way,
Making the wintry world appear
Like one on whom thou smilest, Dear.

Away, away, from men and towns,
To the wild wood and the downs —
To the silent wilderness
Where the soul need not repress
Its music, lest it should not find
An echo in another's mind,
While the touch of Nature's art,
Harmonizes heart to heart.

Radiant Sister of the Day
Awake! arise! and come away!
To the wild woods and the plains,
To the pools where winter rains
Image all their roof of leaves,
Where the pine its garland weaves
Of sapless green, and ivy dun,
Round stems that never kiss the sun,
Where the lawns and pastures be
And the sandhills of the sea,

Where the melting hoar-frost wets
The daisy-star that never sets,
And wind-flowers and violets
Which yet join not scent to hue
Crown the pale year weak and new;
When the night is left behind
In the deep east, dim and blind,
And the blue noon is over us,
And the multitudinous
Billows murmur at our feet,
Where the earth and ocean meet,
And all things seem only one
In the universal Sun.

LINES TO AN INDIAN AIR.

I ARISE from dreams of Thee
In the first sweet sleep of night,
When the winds are breathing low
And the stars are shining bright:
I arise from dreams of thee,
And a spirit in my feet
Has led me — who knows how?
To thy chamber-window, Sweet!

The wandering airs they faint
On the dark, the silent stream —
The champak odors fail
Like sweet thoughts in a dream;
The nightingale's complaint
It dies upon her heart,
As I must die on thine
O beloved as thou art!

O lift me from the grass!
I die, I faint, I fail!
Let thy love in kisses rain
On my lips and eyelids pale.
My cheek is cold and white, alas!
My heart beats loud and fast;
O! press it close to thine again
Where it will break at last.

ODE TO THE WEST WIND.

I.

O WILD West Wind, thou breath of
Autumn's being,
Thou, from whose unseen presence the
leaves dead
Are driven, like ghosts from an en-
chanter fleeing,

Yellow, and black, and pale, and hectic
red,

Pestilence-stricken multitudes: O thou,
Who chariotest to their dark wintry bed

The winged seeds, where they lie cold
and low,

Each like a corpse within its grave,
until

Thine azure sister of the spring shall
blow

Her clarion o'er the dreaming earth,
and fill

(Driving sweet birds like flocks to feed
in air)

With living hues and odors plain and
hill:

Wild Spirit, which art moving every-
where;

Destroyer and preserver; hear, oh hear!

II.

Thou on whose stream, 'mid the steep
sky's commotion,

Loose clouds like earth's decaying leaves
are shed,

Shook from the tangled boughs of
Heaven and Ocean,

Angels of rain and lightning: there are
spread

On the blue surface of thine airy surge,
Like the bright hair uplifted from the
head

Of some fierce Maenad, even from the
dim verge

Of the horizon to the zenith's height,
The locks of the approaching storm.

Thou dirge

Of the dying year, to which this closing
night

Will be the dome of a vast sepulchre,
Vaulted with all thy congregated might

Of vapors, from whose solid atmosphere
Black rain, and fire, and hail, will burst:
Oh hear!

III.

Thou who didst waken from his summer
dreams

The blue Mediterranean, where he lay
Lulled by the coil of his crystalline
streams,

Beside a pumice isle in Baiae's bay,
And saw in sleep old palaces and tow-
ers

Quivering within the wave's intenser
day,

All overgrown with azure moss and
flowers

So sweet, the sense faints picturing
them! Thou

For whose path the Atlantic's level
powers

Cleave themselves into chasms, while
far below

The sea-blooms and the oozy woods
which wear

The sapless foliage of the ocean, know

Thy voice, and suddenly grow gray
with fear,

And tremble and despoil themselves:
Oh hear!

IV.

If I were a dead leaf thou mightest
bear;

If I were a swift cloud to fly with thee,
A wave to pant beneath thy power, and
share

The impulse of thy strength, only less
free

Than thou, O uncontrollable! If even
I were as in my boyhood, and could be

The comrade of thy wanderings over
heaven,

As then, when to outstrip the skiey
speed

Scarce seemed a vision, I would ne'er
have striven

As thus with thee in prayer in my sore
need.

Oh! lift me as a wave, a leaf, a cloud!
I fall upon the thorns of life! I bleed!

A heavy weight of hours has chained
and bowed

One too like thee: tameless, and swift,
and proud.

V.

Make me thy lyre, even as the forest is:
What if my leaves are falling like its
own!

The tumult of thy mighty harmonies

Will take from both a deep autumnal
tone,

Sweet though in sadness. Be thou,
spirit fierce,

My spirit! Be thou me, impetuous one!

Drive my dead thoughts over the uni-
verse

Like withered leaves to quicken a new
birth;

And, by the incantation of this verse,

Scatter, as from an unextinguished
hearth

Ashes and sparks, my words among
mankind!

Be through my lips to unawakened
earth

The trumpet of a prophecy! O wind,
If Winter comes, can Spring be far be-
hind?

TO THE SENSITIVE PLANT.

A SENSITIVE PLANT in a garden grew;
And the young winds fed it with silver
dew,

And it opened its fan-like leaves to the
light,

And closed them beneath the kisses of
night.

And the spring arose on the garden
fair,

And the Spirit of Love fell everywhere;
And each flower and herb on Earth's
dark breast

Rose from the dreams of its wintry rest.

But none ever trembled and panted
with bliss

In the garden, the field, or the wilder-
ness,

Like a doe in the noontide with love's
sweet want,

As the companionless Sensitive Plant.

The snowdrop, and then the violet,
Arose from the ground with warm rain
wet,

And their breath was mixed with fresh
odor, sent

From the turf, like the voice and the
instrument.

Then the pied wind-flowers and the
tulip tall,

And narcissi, the fairest among them all,
Who gaze on their eyes in the stream's
recess,

Till they die of their own dear loveli-
ness.

And the naiad-like lily of the vale,
Whom youth makes so fair and passion
so pale,

That the light of its tremulous bells is
seen

Through their pavilions of tender green;

And the hyacinth purple, and white,
and blue,

Which flung from its bells a sweet peal
anew

Of music so delicate, soft and intense,
It was felt like an odor within the sense;

And the rose like a nymph to the bath
address,

Which unveiled the depth of her glow-
ing breast,

Till, fold after fold, to the fainting air
The soul of her beauty and love lay
bare;

And the wand-like lily, which lifted up,
As a Maenad, its moonlight-colored
cup,

Till the fiery star, which is its eye,
Gazed through the clear dew on the
tender sky;

And the jessamine faint, and the sweet
tuberoze,
The sweetest flower for scent that blows;
And all rare blossoms from every clime
Grew in that garden in perfect prime.

And on the stream whose inconstant
bosom
Was pranked, under boughs of embow-
ering blossom,
With golden and green light, slanting
through
Their heaven of many a tangled hue,

Broad water-lilies lay tremulously,
And starry river-buds glimmered by,
And around them the soft stream did
glide and dance
With a motion of sweet sound and ra-
diance.

And the sinuous paths of lawn and of
moss,
Which led through the garden along
and across,
Some open at once to the sun and the
breeze,
Some lost among bowers of blossoming
trees,

Were all paved with daisies and delicate
bells,
As fair as the fabulous asphodels,
And flowerets which drooping as day
drooped too,
Fell into pavilions, white, purple, and
blue,
To roof the glow-worm from the evening
dew.

And from this undefiled Paradise
The flowers (as an infant's awakening
eyes
Smile on its mother, whose singing
sweet
Can first lull, and at last must awaken
it),

When heaven's blithe winds had un-
folded them,
As mine-lamps enkindle a hidden gem,

Shone smiling to heaven, and every one
Shared joy in the light of the gentle
sun;

For each one was interpenetrated
With the light and the odor its neigh-
bor shed,
Like young lovers whom youth and
love make dear,
Wrapped and filled by their mutual at-
mosphere.

But the Sensitive Plant, which could
give small fruit
Of the love which it felt from the leaf to
the root,
Received more than all, it loved more
than ever,
Where none wanted but it, could belong
to the giver —

For the Sensitive Plant has no bright
flower;
Radiance and odor are not its dower;
It loves, even like Love, its deep heart
is full,
It desires what it has not, the beautiful!

The light winds, which from unsustain-
ing wings
Shed the music of many murmurings;
The beams which dart from many a star
Of the flowers whose hues they bear
afar;

The plumed insects, swift and free,
Like golden boats on a sunny sea,
Laden with light and odor, which pass
Over the gleam of the living grass;

The unseen clouds of the dew, which
lie
Like fire in the flowers till the sun rides
high,
Then wander like spirits among the
spheres,
Each cloud faint with the fragrance it
bears;

The quivering vapors of dim noontide,
Which, like a sea, o'er the warm earth
glide,

In which every sound, and odor, and
beam,
Move, as reeds in a single stream;

Each and all like ministering angels
were
For the Sensitive Plant sweet joy to
bear,
Whilst the lagging hours of the day
went by
Like windless clouds o'er a tender sky.

And when evening descended from
heaven above,
And the earth was all rest, and the air
was all love,
And delight, though less bright, was far
more deep,
And the day's veil fell from the world
of sleep,

And the beasts, and the birds, and the
insects were drowned
In an ocean of dreams without a sound;
Whose waves never mark, though they
ever impress
The light shadow which paves it, con-
sciousness;

(Only overhead the sweet nightingale
Ever sang more sweet as the day might
fail,
And snatches of its elysian chant
Were mixed with the dreams of the
Sensitive Plant.)

The Sensitive Plant was the earliest
Up-gathered into the bosom of rest;
A sweet child weary of its delight,
The feeblest, and yet the favorite,
Cradled within the embrace of night.

LOVE'S PHILOSOPHY.

THE fountains mingle with the river,
And the rivers with the ocean,
The winds of heaven mix for ever
With a sweet emotion;
Nothing in the world is single;
All things by a law divine

In one another's being mingle —
Why not I with thine?

See the mountains kiss high heaven,
And the waves clasp one another;
No sister flower would be forgiven
If it disdained its brother:
And the sunlight clasps the earth,
And the moonbeams kiss the sea; —
What are all these kissings worth,
If thou kiss not me.

ADONAIS.

A LAMENT FOR JOHN KEATS.

I WEEP for Adonais — he is dead!
Oh, weep for Adonais! though our
tears
Thaw not the frost which binds so
dear a head!
And thou, sad Hour, selected from
all years
To mourn our loss, rouse thy obscure
compeers,
And teach them thine own sorrow;
say: with me
Died Adonais; till the Future dares
Forget the Past, his fate and fame
shall be
An echo and a light unto eternity!

Where wert thou, mighty Mother,
when he lay,
When thy son lay, pierced by the
shaft which flies
In darkness? where was lorn Urania
When Adonais died? With veiled
eyes,
'Mid listening Echoes, in her Paradise
She sate, while one, with soft en-
amored breath,
Rekindled all the fading melodies,
With which, like flowers that mock
the corse beneath,
He had adorned and hid the coming
bulk of death.

Oh, weep for Adonais — he is dead!
Wake, melancholy Mother, wake and
weep!

Yet wherefore? Quench within their
burning bed
Thy fiery tears, and let thy loud heart
keep,
Like his, a mute and uncomplaining
sleep;
For he is gone, where all things wise
and fair
Descend: — oh, dream not that the
amorous Deep
Will yet restore him to the vital air;
eath feeds on his mute voice, and
laughs at our despair.

Most musical of mourners, weep
again!
Lament anew, Urania! — He died,
Who was the sire of an immortal
strain,
Blind, old, and lonely, when his coun-
try's pride
The priest, the slave, and the liber-
ticide,
Trampled and mocked with many a
loathed rite
Of lust and blood; he went, unterrified,
Into the gulf of death; but his clear
Sprite
Yet reigns o'er earth; the third among
the sons of light.

Most musical of mourners, weep
anew!
Not all to that bright station dared to
climb:
And happier they their happiness
who knew,
Whose tapers yet burn through that
night of time
In which suns perished; others more
sublime,
Struck by the envious wrath of man
or God,
Have sunk, extinct in their refulgent
prime;
And some yet live, treading the
thorny road
Which leads, through toil and hate, to
Fame's serene abode.

But now thy youngest, dearest one,
has perished,

The nursing of thy widowhood, who
grew,
Like a pale flower by some sad maid-
en cherished,
And fed with true love tears instead
of dew;
Most musical of mourners, weep
anew!
Thy extreme hope, the loveliest and
the last,
The bloom, whose petals nipt before
they blew,
Died on the promise of the fruit, is
waste;
The broken lily lies — the storm is over-
past.

A LAMENT.

O WORLD! O life! O time!
On whose last steps I climb,
Trembling at that where I had stood
before;
When will return the glory of your
prime?
No more — oh, never more!

Out of the day and night
A joy has taken flight:
Fresh spring, and summer, and win-
ter hoar,
Move my faint heart with grief, but
with delight
No more — oh, never more!

ANARCHY SLAIN BY TRUE LIBERTY.

[*The Masque of Anarchy.*]

LAST came Anarchy; he rode
On a white horse splashed with blood;
He was pale even to the lips,
Like death in the Apocalypse.

And he wore a kingly crown;
In his hand a sceptre shone;
On his brow this mark I saw —
"I am God, and King, and Law!"

With a pace stately and fast,
Over English land he past,
Trampling to a mire of blood
The adoring multitude.

And a mighty troop around,
With their trampling shook the ground,
Waving each a bloody sword,
For the service of their Lord.

And with glorious triumph, they
Rode through England, proud and gay,
Drunk as with intoxication
Of the wine of desolation.

O'er fields and towns, from sea to sea,
Passed the pageant swift and free,
Tearing up and trampling down,
Till they came to London town.

And each dweller, panic-stricken,
Felt his heart with terror sicken,
Hearing the tremendous cry
Of the triumph of Anarchy.

For with pomp to meet him came,
Clothed in arms like blood and flame,
The hired murderers who did sing,
"Thou art God, and Law, and King.

"We have waited, weak and lone,
For thy coming, Mighty One!
Our purses are empty, our swords are
cold,
Give us glory, and blood, and gold."

Lawyers and priests, a motley crowd,
To the earth their pale brows bowed,
Like a bad prayer not over loud,
Whispering—"Thou art Law and
God."

Then all cried with one accord,
"Thou art King, and Law, and Lord;
Anarchy to thee we bow,
Be thy name made holy now!"

And Anarchy, the skeleton,
Bowed and grinned to every one,
As well as if his education
Had cost ten millions to the nation.

For he knew the palaces
Of our kings were nightly his;
His the sceptre, crown, and globe,
And the gold-inwoven robe.

So he sent his slaves before
To seize upon the Bank and Tower,
And was proceeding with intent
To meet his pensioned parliament,

When one fled past, a maniac maid,
And her name was Hope, she said:
But she looked more like Despair;
And she cried out in the air:

"My father, Time, is weak and gray
With waiting for a better day;
See how idiot-like he stands,
Trembling with his palsied hands!

"He has had child after child,
And the dust of death is piled
Over every one but me—
Misery! oh, misery!"

Then she lay down in the street,
Right before the horses' feet,
Expecting, with a patient eye,
Murder, Fraud, and Anarchy.

When between her and her foes
A mist, a light, an image rose,
Small at first, and weak and frail
Like the vapor of the vale:

Till as clouds grow on the blast,
Like tower-crowned giants striding fast,
And glare with lightnings as they fly,
And speak in thunder to the sky,

It grew—a shape arrayed in mail
Brighter than the viper's scale,
And upborne on wings whose grain
Was like the light of sunny rain.

On its helm, seen far away,
A planet, like the morning's, lay:
And those plumes it light rained through,
Like a shower of crimson dew.

With step as soft as wind it passed
O'er the heads of men—so fast

That they knew the presence there,
And looked — and all was empty air.

As flowers beneath May's footsteps
waken,
As stars from night's loose hair are
shaken,
As waves arise when loud winds call,
Thoughts sprung where'er that step did
fall.

And the prostrate multitude
Looked — and ankle-deep in blood,
Hope, that maiden most serene,
Was walking with a quiet mien:

And Anarchy, the ghastly birth,
Lay dead earth upon the earth;
The Horse of Death, tameless as wind,
Fled, and with his hoofs did grind
To dust the murderers thronged behind.

THE CLOUD.

I BRING fresh showers for the thirsting
flowers,
From the sea and the streams;
I bear light shade for the leaves when
laid

In their noon-day dreams.
From my wings are shaken the dews
that waken

The sweet birds every one,
When rocked to rest on their mother's
breast

As she dances about the sun.
I wield the flail of the lashing hail,
And whiten the green plains under,
And then again I dissolve it in rain,
And laugh as I pass in thunder.

I sift the snow on the mountains below,
And their great pines groan aghast;
And all the night 'tis my pillow white,
While I sleep in the arms of the
blast.

Sublime on the towers of my skiey bow-
ers,
Lightning my pilot sits,
In a cavern under is fettered the thun-
der,

It struggles and howls at fits;
Over earth and ocean, with gentle mo-
tion,

This pilot is guiding me,
Lured by the love of the genii that
move

In the depths of the purple sea;
Over the rills, and the crags, and the
hills,

Over the lakes and the plains,
Wherever he dream, under mountain or
stream,

The Spirit he loves remains;
And I all the while bask in heaven's
blue smile,

Whilst he is dissolving in rains.

The sanguine sunrise, with his meteor
eyes,

And his burning plumes outspread,
Leaps on the back of my sailing rack,
When the morning star shines dead.

As on the jag of a mountain crag,
Which an earthquake rocks and
swings,

An eagle alit one moment may sit
In the light of its golden wings.
And when sunset may breathe, from the
lit sea beneath,

Its ardors of rest and of love,
And the crimson pall of eve may fall
From the depth of heaven above,
With wings folded I rest, on mine airy
nest,

As still as a brooding dove.

That orb'd maiden with white fire
laden,

Whom mortals call the moon,
Glides glimmering o'er my fleece-like
floor,

By the midnight breezes strewn;
And wherever the beat of her unseen
feet,

Which only the angels hear,
May have broken the woof of my tent's
thin roof,

The stars peep behind her and peer;
And I laugh to see them whirl and flee,
Like a swarm of golden bees,
When I widen the rent in my wind-
built tent,

Till the calm rivers, lakes, and seas,
Like strips of the sky fallen through me
on high,

Are each paved with the moon and
these.

I bind the sun's throne with a burning
zone,

And the moon's with a girdle of
pearl;

The volcanoes are dim, and the stars
reel and swim,

When the whirlwinds my banner un-
furl.

From cape to cape, with a bridge-like
shape,

Over a torrent sea,
Sunbeam-proof, I hang like a roof,

The mountains its columns be.

The triumphal arch through which I
march

With hurricane, fire, and snow,
When the powers of the air are chained
to my chair,

Is the million-colored bow;
The sphere-fire above its soft colors
wove,

While the moist earth was laughing
below.

I am the daughter of earth and water,
And the nursling of the sky;

I pass through the pores of the ocean
and shores;

I change, but I cannot die.
For after the rain when with never a
stain

The pavilion of heaven is bare,
And the winds and sunbeams with their
convex gleams,

Build up the blue dome of air,
I silently laugh at my own cenotaph,

And out of the caverns of rain,
Like a child from the womb, like a
ghost from the tomb,

I arise and unbuild it again.

TO A SKYLARK.

HAIL to thee, blithe spirit!

Bird thou never wert,
That from heaven, or near it,

Pourest thy full heart
In profuse strains of unpremeditated
art.

Higher still and higher,
From the earth thou springest,
Like a cloud of fire;

The blue deep thou wingest,
And singing still dost soar, and soaring
ever singest.

In the golden lightning
Of the sunken sun,
O'er which clouds are brightening,
Thou dost float and run;
Like an unbodied joy whose race is just
begun.

The pale purple even
Melts around thy flight;
Like a star of heaven
In the broad day-light
Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy
shrill delight.

Keen as are the arrows
Of that silver sphere,
Whose intense lamp narrows
In the white dawn clear,
Until we hardly see, we feel that it is
there.

All the earth and air
With thy voice is loud,
As, when night is bare,
From one lonely cloud
The moon rains out her beams, and
heaven is overflowed.

What thou art we know not;
What is most like thee?
From rainbow clouds there flow not
Drops so bright to see,
As from thy presence showers a rain of
melody.

Like a poet hidden,
In the light of thought,
Singing hymns unbidden,
Till the world is wrought
To sympathy with hopes and fears it
heeded not:

Like a high-born maiden
 In a palace tower,
 Soothing her love-laden
 Soul in secret hour
 With music sweet as love, which over-
 flows her bower:

Like a glow-worm golden
 In a dell of dew,
 Scattering unbeholden
 Its ærial hue
 Among the flowers and grass which
 screen it from the view:

Like a rose embowered
 In its own green leaves,
 By warm winds deflowered,
 Till the scent it gives
 Makes faint with too much sweet these
 heavy-winged thieves:

Sound of vernal showers
 On the twinkling grass,
 Rain-awakened flowers,
 All that ever was
 Joyous, and clear, and fresh, thy music
 doth surpass:

Teach us, sprite or bird,
 What sweet thoughts are thine;
 I have never heard
 Praise of love or wine
 That panted forth a flood of rapture so
 divine.

Chorus hymeneal,
 Or triumphal chant,
 Matched with thine would be all
 But an empty vaunt, —
 A thing wherein we feel there is some
 hidden want.

What objects are the fountains
 Of thy happy strain?
 What fields, or waves, or mountains?
 What shapes of sky or plain?
 What love of thine own kind? What
 ignorance of pain?

With thy clear keen joyance
 Languor cannot be:
 Shadow of annoyance

Never came near thee;
 Thou lovest; but ne'er knew love's sad
 satiety.

Waking or asleep,
 Thou of death must deem
 Things more true and deep
 Than we mortals dream,
 Or how could thy notes flow in such a
 crystal stream?

We look before and after,
 And pine for what is not:
 Our sincerest laughter
 With some pain is fraught:
 Our sweetest songs are those that tell of
 saddest thought.

Yet if we could scorn
 Hate, and pride, and fear;
 If we were things born
 Not to shed a tear,
 I know not how thy joy we ever could
 come near.

Better than all measures
 Of delight and sound,
 Better than all treasures
 That in books are found,
 Thy skill to poet were, thou scorner of
 the ground.

Teach me half the gladness
 That thy brain must know,
 Such harmonious madness
 From my lips would flow,
 The world should listen then, as I
 am listening now.

A LAMENT.

SWIFTER far than summer's flight,
 Swifter far than youth's delight,
 Swifter far than happy night,
 Art thou come and gone;
 As the earth when leaves are dead,
 As the night when sleep is sped,
 As the heart when joy is fled,
 I am left lone, alone.

The swallow, summer, comes again;
 The owl, night, resumes her reign;
 But the wild swan, youth, is fain
 To fly with thee, false as thou.
 My heart each day desires the morrow,
 Sleep itself is turned to sorrow;
 Vainly would my winter borrow
 Sunny leaves from any bough.

Lilies for a bridal bed,
 Roses for a matron's head,
 Violets for a maiden dead —
 Pansies let my flowers be;
 On the living grave I bear,
 Scatter them without a tear,
 Let no friend, however dear,
 Waste one hope, one fear for me.

FROM "PROMETHEUS UN-
 BOUND."

ACT II., SCENE II.

*Semi-chorus I. of Spirits (as Asia and
 Panthea pass into the forest).*

THE path through which that lovely
 twain
 Have passed, by cedar, pine, and
 yew,
 And each dark tree that ever grew,
 Is curtained out from heaven's wide
 blue.

Nor sun nor moon nor wind nor rain
 Can pierce its interwoven bowers;
 Nor aught save where some cloud of
 dew,

 Drifted along the earth-creeping
 breeze

 Between the trunks of the hoar
 trees,

Hangs each a pearl in the pale flowers
 Of the green laurel blown anew,
 And bends, and then fades silently,
 One frail and fair anemone.

Or, when some star, of many a one
 That climbs and wanders through
 steep night,
 Has found the cleft through which
 alone

Beams fall from high those depths
 upon,—
 Ere it is borne away, away,
 By the swift heavens that cannot stay, —
 It scatters drops of golden light,
 Like lines of rain that ne'er unite:
 And the gloom divine is all around,
 And underneath is the mossy ground.

Semi-chorus II.

There the voluptuous nightingales
 Are awake through all the broad
 noonday.

When one with bliss or sadness fails,
 And through the windless ivy-boughs,
 Sick with sweet love, droops dying
 away

 On its mate's music-panting bosom;
 Another, from the swinging blossom
 Watching to catch the languid close
 Of the last strain, then lifts on high
 The wings of the weak melody, —
 Till some new strain of feeling bear

 The song, and all the woods are
 mute;

When there is heard through the dim
 air

The rush of wings, and, rising there
 Like many a lake-surrounded flute,
 Sounds overflow the listener's brain
 So sweet that joy is almost pain.

[From the same.]

VOICE *in the air, singing.*

ACT II., SCENE V.

LIFE of Life! thy lips enkindle
 With their love the breath between
 them;

And thy smiles, before they dwindle,
 Make the cold air fire, — then screen
 them

In those looks where whoso gazes
 Faints, entangled in their mazes.

Child of Light! thy limbs are burning
 Through the vest which seems to hide
 them,

As the radiant lines of morning

Through the clouds, ere they divide
them;
And this atmosphere divinest
Shrouds thee wheresoe'er thou shinest.

Fair are others; none beholds thee
(But thy voice sounds low and tender,
Like the fairest), for it folds thee
From the sight — that liquid splen-
dor;
And all feel, yet see thee never,
As I feel now, lost for ever!

Lamp of Earth! where'er thou movest,
Its dim shapes are clad with bright-
ness,
And the souls of whom thou lovest
Walk upon the winds with lightness,
Till they fail, as I am failing,
Dizzy, lost, yet unbewailing!

HYMN OF PAN.

From the forests and highlands
We come, we come;
From the river-girt islands,
Where loud waves are dumb
Listening to my sweet pipings.
The wind in the reeds and the
rushes,

The bees on the bells of thyme,
The birds on the myrtle-bushes,
The cicale above in the lime,
And the lizards below in the
grass,

Were as silent as ever old Tmolus was,
Listening to my sweet pipings.

Liquid Peneus was flowing,
And all dark Tempe lay
In Pelion's shadow, outgrowing
The light of the dying day,
SPEEDED BY MY SWEET PIPINGS.
The Sileni and Sylvans and
Fauns,
And the Nymphs of the woods
and waves.

To the edge of the moist river-
lawns,
And the brink of the dewy
caves,

And all that did then attend and follow,
Were silent with love, — as you now,
Apollo,
With envy of my sweet pipings.

I sang of the dancing stars,
I sang of the dædal earth,
And of heaven, and the Giant wars,
And love, and death, and birth.
And then I changed my pipings, —
Singing how down the vale of
Mænalus

I pursued a maiden, and clasped
a reed:

Gods and men, we are all deluded
thus;

It breaks in our bosom, and then
we bleed.

All wept — as I think both ye now
would,

If envy or age had not frozen your
blood —

At the sorrow of my sweet
pipings.

WAR.

WAR is the statesman's game, the priest's
delight,

The lawyer's jest, the hired assassin's
trade,

And to those royal murderers whose
mean thrones

Are bought by crimes of treachery and
gore,

The bread they eat, the staff on which
they lean.

Guards, garbed in blood-red livery, sur-
round

Their palaces, participate the crimes
That force defends, and from a nation's
rage

Secure the crown, which all the curses
reach

That famine, frenzy, woe, and penury
breathe.

These are the hired bravos who defend
The tyrant's throne.

ONE WORD IS TOO OFTEN PROFANED.

ONE word is too often profaned
 For me to profane it,
 One feeling too falsely disdain'd
 For thee to disdain it.
 One hope is too like despair
 For prudence to smother,
 And Pity from thee more dear
 Than that from another.

I can give not what men call love;
 But wilt thou accept not
 The worship the heart lifts above
 And the Heavens reject not:
 The desire of the moth for the star,
 Of the night for the morrow,
 The devotion to something afar
 From the sphere of our sorrow?

FELICIA HEMANS.

1793-1835.

[FELICIA DOROTHEA BROWNE was born in Liverpool, Sept. 25, 1793, and published her first poems in 1803. She married Captain Hemans, 1812, and died in Dublin, May 16, 1835. Her principal works are: *Tales and Historic Scenes*, 1816; *The Forest Sanctuary*, 1826; *Lays of Many Lands*, 1826; *Records of Woman*, 1828; *Songs of the Affections*, 1830; *Scenes and Hymns of Life*, 1834. She also published various dramas and translations.]

THE VOICE OF SPRING.

I COME, I come! ye have called me
 long,
 I come o'er the mountains with light and
 song;
 Ye may trace my step o'er the waken-
 ing earth,
 By the winds which tell of the violet's
 birth,
 By the primrose stars in the shadowy
 grass,
 By the green leaves opening as I pass.

I have breathed on the South, and the
 chestnut-flowers
 By thousands have burst from the forest-
 bowers:
 And the ancient graves, and the fallen
 fanes,
 Are veiled with wreaths on Italian
 plains.
 — But it is not for me, in my hour of
 bloom,
 To speak of the ruin or the tomb!

I have passed o'er the hills of the stormy
 North,
 And the larch has hung all his tassels
 forth,
 The fisher is out on the sunny sea,

And the reindeer bounds through the
 pasture free,
 And the pine has a fringe of softer green,
 And the moss looks bright where my
 step has been.

I have sent through the wood-paths a
 gentle sigh,
 And called out each voice of the deep-
 blue sky,
 From the night-bird's lay through the
 starry time,
 In the groves of the soft Hesperian
 clime,
 To the swan's wild note by the Iceland
 lakes,
 When the dark fir-bough into verdure
 breaks.

From the streams and founts I have
 loosed the chain;
 They are sweeping on to the silvery
 main,
 They are flashing down from the moun-
 tain-brows,
 They are flinging spray on the forest-
 boughs,
 They are bursting fresh from their sparry
 caves,
 And the earth resounds with the joy of
 waves.

Come forth, O ye children of gladness,
come!

Where the violets lie may now be your
home.

Ye of the rose-cheek and dew-bright
eye,

And the bounding footstep, to meet me
fly,

With the lyre, and the wreath, and the
joyous lay,

Come forth to the sunshine, — I may
not stay.

Away from the dwellings of care-worn
men,

The waters are sparkling in wood and
glen;

Away from the chamber and dusky
hearth,

The young leaves are dancing in breezy
mirth,

Their light stems thrill to the wild-wood
strains,

And Youth is abroad in my green do-
mains.

THE PILGRIM FATHERS.

THE breaking waves dash'd high
On a stern and rock-bound coast;
And the woods, against a stormy sky,
Their giant branches toss'd;

And the heavy night hung dark,
The hills and waters o'er,
When a band of exiles moor'd their
bark

On the wild New England shore.

Not as the conqueror comes,
They, the true-hearted, came; —
Not with the roll of the stirring drums,
And the trumpet that sings of fame; —

Not as the flying come,
In silence, and in fear; —
They shook the depths of the desert's
gloom
With their hymns of lofty cheer.

Amidst the storm they sang:
Till the stars heard, and the sea;

And the sounding aisles of the dim
woods rang
To the anthem of the free.

The ocean-eagle soar'd
From his nest, by the white wave's
foam,
And the rocking pines of the forest
roar'd: —
Such was their welcome home.

There were men with hoary hair
Amidst that pilgrim band:
Why had they come to wither there,
Away from their childhood's land?

There was woman's fearless eye,
Lit by her deep love's truth;
There was manhood's brow serenely
high,
And the fiery heart of youth.

What sought they thus afar?
Bright jewels of the mine?
The wealth of seas? the spoils of
war? —
No — 'twas a faith's pure shrine.

Yes, call that holy ground, —
Which first their brave feet trod!
They have left unstain'd what there they
found —
Freedom to worship God!

THE HOMES OF ENGLAND.

THE stately homes of England,
How beautiful they stand,
Amidst their tall ancestral trees,
O'er all the pleasant land!
The deer across their greensward bound
Through shade and sunny gleam,
And the swan glides past them with the
sound
Of some rejoicing stream.

The merry homes of England —
Around their hearths by night,
What gladsome looks of household
love
Meet in the ruddy light!

There woman's voice flows forth in
song,

Or childhood's tale is told;
Or lips move tunelessly along
Some glorious page of old.

The blessed homes of England,
How softly on their bowers,
Is laid the holy quietness

That breathes from Sabbath hours!
Solemn, yet sweet, the church bells'
chime

Floats through their woods at morn,
All other sounds in that still time
Of breeze and leaf are born.

The cottage homes of England
By thousands on her plains,
They are smiling o'er the silvery brooks,
And round the hamlet fanes.
Through glowing orchards forth they
peep,

Each from its nook of leaves,
And fearless there the lowly sleep,
As the bird beneath their eaves.

The free fair homes of England,
Long, long, in hut and hall,
May hearts of native proof be reared
To guard each hallowed wall.
And green for ever be the groves,
And bright the flowery sod,
Where first the child's glad spirit loves
Its country and its God.

THE VOICES OF HOME.

[*The Forest Sanctuary.*]

The voices of my home! — I hear
them still!

They have been with me through the
dreamy night —

The blessed household voices, wont
to fill

My heart's clear depths with unal-
loy'd delight!

I hear them still, unchanged: —
though some from earth

Are music parted, and the tones of
mirth —

Wild, silvery tones, that rang through
days more bright!

Have died in others, — yet to me they
come,
Singing of boyhood back — the voices
of my home!

They call me through this hush of
woods reposing,

In the gray stillness of the summer
morn;

They wander by when heavy flowers
are closing,

And thoughts grow deep, and winds
and stars are born;

Even as a fount's remember'd gush-
ings burst

On the parch'd traveller in his hour
of thirst,

E'en thus they haunt me with sweet
sounds, till worn

By quenchless longings, to my soul I
say —

O for the dove's swift wings, that I
might flee away, —

And find mine ark! — yet whither?
— I must bear

A yearning heart within me to the
grave.

I am of those o'er whom a breath of
air —

Just darkening in its course the lake's
bright wave,

And sighing through the feathery
canes — hath power

To call up shadows, in the silent
hour,

From the dim past, as from a wizard's
cave! —

So rust it be! — these skies above
me spread,

Are they my own soft skies? — ye rest
not here, my dead!

EVENING RECOLLECTIONS OF THE EXILE.

[*The Forest Sanctuary.*]

I SEE a star — eve's firstborn! — in
whose train

Past scenes, woods, looks, come back.
The arrowy spire

Of the lone cypress, as of wood-girt
fane,
Rests dark and still amidst a heaven
of fire;
The pine gives forth its odors, and
the lake
Gleams like one ruby, and the soft
winds wake,
Till every string of nature's solemn
lyre
Is touch'd to answer; its most secret
tone
Drawn from each tree, for each hath
whispers all its own.

And hark! another murmur on the
air,
Not of the hidden rills, nor quivering
shades!
— That is the cataract's, which the
breezes bear,
Filling the leafy twilight of the
glades
With hollow surge-like sounds, as
from the bed
Of the blue mournful seas, that keep
the dead:
But they are far! — the low sun here
pervades
Dim forest-arches, bathing with red
gold
Their stems, till each is made a marvel
to behold.

Gorgeous, yet full of gloom! — In
such an hour,
The vesper-melody of dying bells
Wanders through Spain, from each
gray convent's tower
O'er shining rivers pour'd, and olive-
dells,
By every peasant heard, and muleteer,
And hamlet, round my home: — and
I am here,
Living again through all my life's
farewells,
In these vast woods, where farewell
ne'er was spoken,
And sole I lift to Heaven a sad heart —
yet unbroken!

In such an hour are told the hermit's
beads;
With the white sail the seaman's
hymn floats by:
Peace be with all! whate'er their
varying creeds,
With all that send up holy thoughts
on high!
Come to me, boy! — by Guadalquivir's
vines,
By every stream of Spain, as day de-
clines,
Man's prayers are mingled in the rosy
sky.
— We, too, will pray; nor yet
unheard, my child!
Of Him whose voice we hear at eve
amidst the wild.

At eve? — oh! — through all hours!
— from dark dreams oft
Awakening, I look forth, and learn
the might
Of solitude, while thou art breathing
soft,
And low, my loved one! on the
breast of night:
I look forth on the stars — the shadowy
sleep
Of forests — and the lake, whose
gloomy deep
Sends up red sparkles to the fire-flies'
light.
A lonely world! — ev'n fearful to
man's thought,
But for His presence felt, whom here
my soul hath sought.

THE SONGS OF OUR FATHERS.

SING them upon the sunny hills,
When days are long and bright,
And the blue gleam of shining rills
Is loveliest to the sight.
Sing them along the misty moor,
Where ancient hunters roved,
And swell them through the torrent's
roar —
The songs our fathers loved!

The songs their souls rejoiced to hear
 When harps were in the hall,
 And each proud note made lance and
 spear
 Thrill on the banner'd wall:
 The songs that through our valleys
 green,
 Sent on from age to age,
 Like his own river's voice, have been
 The peasant's heritage.

The reaper sings them when the vale
 Is fill'd with plummy sheaves;
 The woodman, by the starlight pale
 Cheer'd homeward through the
 leaves:
 And unto them the glancing oars
 A joyous measure keep,
 Where the dark rocks that crest our
 shores
 Dash back the foaming deep.

So let it be! — a light they shed
 O'er each old fount and grove;
 A memory of the gentle dead,
 A spell of lingering love:
 Murmuring the names of mighty men,
 They bid our streams roll on,
 And link high thoughts to every glen
 Where valiant deeds were done.

Teach them your children round the
 hearth,
 When evening fires burn clear,
 And in the fields of harvest mirth,
 And on the hills of deer!
 So shall each unforgotten word,
 When far those loved ones roam,
 Call back the hearts that once it stirr'd,
 To childhood's holy home.

The green woods of their native land
 Shall whisper in the strain,
 The voices of their household band
 Shall sweetly speak again:
 The heathery heights in vision rise
 Where like the stag they roved —
 Sing to your sons those melodies,
 The songs your fathers loved.

ELYSIUM.

FAIR wert thou, in the dreams
 Of elder time, thou land of glorious
 flowers,
 And summer-winds, and low-toned sil-
 very streams,
 Dim with the shadows of thy laurel-
 bowers!
 Where as they pass'd, bright hours
 Left no faint sense of parting, such as
 clings
 To earthly love, and joy in loveliest
 things!

Fair wert thou, with the light
 On thy blue hills and sleepy waters
 cast,
 From purple skies ne'er deepening into
 night,
 Yet soft, as if each moment were their
 last
 Of glory, fading fast
 Along the mountains! — but thy golden
 day
 Was not as those that warn us of decay.

And ever, through thy shades,
 A swell of deep Eolian sound went by,
 From fountain-voices in their secret
 glades,
 And low reed-whispers, making sweet
 reply
 To summer's breezy sigh!
 And young leaves trembling to the
 wind's light breath,
 Which ne'er had touch'd them with a
 hue of death!

And the transparent sky
 Rung as a dome, all thrilling to the
 strain
 Of harps that, 'midst the woods, made
 harmony
 Solemn and sweet; yet troubling not
 the brain
 With dreams and yearnings vain,
 And dim remembrances, that still draw
 birth
 From the bewildering music of the
 earth.

And who, with silent tread,
 Moved o'er the plains of waving As-
 phodel?
 Who, call'd and sever'd from the count-
 less dead,
 Amidst the shadowy Amaranth-bowers
 might dwell,
 And listen to the swell
 Of those majestic hymn-notes, and in-
 hale
 The spirit wandering in th' immortal
 gale?

They of the sword, whose praise,
 With the bright wine at nation's feasts,
 went round!
 They of the lyre, whose unforgotten lays
 On the morn's wing had sent their
 mighty sound,
 And in all regions found
 Their echoes 'midst the mountains! —
 and become
 In man's deep heart, as voices of his
 home!

They of the daring thought!
 Daring and powerful, yet to dust allied;
 Whose flight through stars, and seas,
 and depths had sought
 The soul's far birth-place — but without
 a guide!

Sages and seers, who died,
 And left the world their high mysteri-
 ous dreams,
 Born, 'midst the olive-woods by Grecian
 streams.

But they, of whose abode
 'Midst her green valleys earth retain'd
 no trace,
 Save a flower springing from their
 burial-sod,
 A shade of sadness on some kindred
 face,

A void and silent place
 In some sweet home; thou hadst no
 wreaths for these,
 Thou sunny land! with all thy death-
 less trees!

The peasant, at his door
 Might sink to die, when vintage-feasts
 were spread,

And songs on every wind! From thy
 bright shore
 No lovelier vision floated round his
 head,
 Thou wert for nobler dead!
 He heard the bounding steps which
 round him fell,
 And sigh'd to bid the festal sun fare-
 well!

The slave, whose very tears
 Were a forbidden luxury, and whose
 breast
 Shut up the woes and burning thoughts
 of years,
 As in the ashes of an urn compress'd;
 — He might not be thy guest!
 No gentle breathings from thy distant
 sky
 Came o'er his path, and whisper'd
 "Liberty!"

Calm, on its leaf-strewn bier,
 Unlike a gift of nature to decay,
 Too rose-like still, too beautiful, too
 dear,
 The child at rest before its mother lay;
 E'en so to pass away,
 With its bright smile! — Elysium! what
 wert thou,
 To her, who wept o'er that young slum-
 berer's brow?

Thou hadst no home, green land!
 For the fair creature from her bosom
 gone,
 With life's first flowers just opening in
 her hand,
 And all the lovely thoughts and dreams
 unknown,
 Which in its clear eye shone
 Like the spring's awakening! — but
 that light was past —
 — Where went the dew-drop, swept
 before the blast?

Not where thy soft winds play'd,
 Not where thy waters lay in glassy
 sleep! —
 Fade, with thy bowers, thou land of
 visions, fade!
 From thee no voice came o'er the
 gloomy deep,

And bade man cease to weep !
 Fade, with the amaranth-plain, the
 myrtle-grove,
 Which could not yield one hope to
 sorrowing love !

For the most loved are they,
 Of whom Fame speaks not with her
 clarion-voice
 In regal halls ! — the shades o'erhang
 their way,
 The vale, with its deep fountains, is
 their choice,
 And gentle hearts rejoice
 Around their steps ! — till silently they
 die,
 As a stream shrinks from summer's
 burning eye.

And the world knows not then,
 Not then, nor ever, what pure thoughts
 are fled !
 Yet these are they, that on the souls of
 men
 Come back, when night her folding
 veil hath spread,
 The long-remember'd dead !
 But not with thee might aught save
 glory dwell —
 — Fade, fade away, thou shore of As-
 phodel !

THE TREASURES OF THE DEEP.

WHAT hidest thou in thy treasure-caves
 and cells,
 Thou hollow-sounding and mysterious
 Main :
 — Pale glistening pearls, and rainbow-
 colored shells,
 Bright things which gleam unrecked
 of, and in vain.
 — Keep, keep thy riches, melancholy
 Sea !
 We ask not such from thee.

Yet more, the Depths have more ! What
 wealth untold
 Far down, and shining through their
 stillness lies !

Thou hast the starry gems, the burning
 gold,
 Won from ten thousand royal Argosies.
 — Sweep o'er thy spoils, thou wild and
 wrathful Main !
 Earth claims not these again !

Yet more, the Depths have more ! Thy
 waves have rolled
 Above the cities of a world gone by !
 Sand hath filled up the palaces of old,
 Sea-weed o'ergrown the halls of revelry !
 — Dash o'er them, Ocean ! in thy scorn-
 ful play —
 Man yields them to decay !

Yet more ! the Billows and the Depths
 have more !
 High hearts and brave are gathered to
 thy breast !
 They hear not now the booming waters
 roar,
 The battle-thunders will not break their
 rest :
 — Keep thy red gold and gems, thou
 stormy grave —
 Give back the true and brave !

Give back the lost and lovely ! those
 for whom
 The place was kept at board and hearth
 so long,
 The prayer went up through midnight's
 breathless gloom,
 And the vain yearning woke 'midst fes-
 tal song !
 Hold fast thy buried isles, thy towers
 o'erthrown, —
 But all is not thine own !

To thee the love of woman hath gone
 down,
 Dark flow thy tides o'er manhood's
 noble head,
 O'er youth's bright locks and beauty's
 flowery crown ;
 — Yet must thou hear a voice — Re-
 store the Dead !
 Earth shall reclaim her precious things
 from thee —
 Restore the Dead, thou Sea !

COME HOME.

COME home.
 Would I could send my spirit o'er the
 deep,
 Would I could wing it like a bird to
 thee,
 To commune with thy thoughts, to fill
 thy sleep
 With these unwearying words of mel-
 ody,
 Brother, come home.

Come home.
 Come to the hearts that love thee, to
 the eyes
 That beam in brightness but to
 gladden thine;
 Come where fond thoughts like holiest
 incense rise,
 Where cherish'd Memory rears her
 altar's shrine.
 Brother, come home.

Come home.
 Come to the hearth-stone of thy earlier
 days,
 Come to the ark, like the o'erwearied
 dove,
 Come with the sunlight of thy heart's
 warm rays,
 Come to the fire-side circle of thy
 love.
 Brother, come home.

Come home.
 It is not home without thee; the lone
 seat
 Is still unclaim'd where thou wert
 wont to be;
 In every echo of returning feet
 In vain we list for what should herald
 thee.
 Brother, come home.

Come home.
 We've nursed for thee the sunny buds
 of spring,
 Watch'd every germ a full-blown
 flow'ret rear,
 Saw o'er their bloom the chilly winter
 bring

Its icy garlands, and thou art not
 here.

Brother, come home.

Come home.
 Would I could send my spirit o'er the
 deep,
 Would I could wing it like a bird to
 thee,
 To commune with thy thoughts, to fill
 thy sleep
 With these unwearying words of mel-
 ody,
 Brother, come home.

THE GRAVES OF A HOUSEHOLD

THEY grew in beauty side by side,
 They filled one home with glee,
 Their graves are severed far and wide,
 By mount, and stream, and sea.
 The same fond mother bent at night
 O'er each fair sleeping brow,
 She had each folded flower in sight —
 Where are those dreamers now?

One midst the forests of the West,
 By a dark stream, is laid;
 The Indian knows his place of rest
 Far in the cedar shade.
 The sea, the blue lone sea, hath one,
 He lies where pearls lie deep,
 He was the loved of all, yet none
 O'er his low bed may weep.

One sleeps where southern vines are
 drest

Above the noble slain;
 He wrapt his colors round his breast
 On a blood-red field of Spain.
 And one — o'er her the myrtle showers
 Its leaves, by soft winds fanned;
 She faded midst Italian flowers,
 The last of that bright band.

And, parted thus, they rest — who played
 Beneath the same green tree,
 Whose voices mingled as they prayed
 Around one parent knee!
 They that with smiles lit up the hall,
 And cheered with song the hearth, —
 Alas for love if thou wert all,
 And nought beyond, oh earth.

JOHN KEATS.

1795-1821.

[JOHN KEATS was born in London on the 29th of October, 1795. His father was in the employment of a livery-stable keeper in Moorfields, whose daughter he married. Our poet was born prematurely. He lost his father when he was nine years old, and his mother when he was fifteen. He and his brothers were sent to a good school at Enfield kept by Mr. Clarke, whose son, Charles Cowden Clarke, well known afterwards from his connection with letters and literary men, was a valuable friend to John Keats. As a schoolboy, Keats seems to have been at first remarked chiefly for his pugnacity and high spirit, but he soon showed a love of reading. On leaving school in 1810 he was apprenticed for five years to a surgeon at Edmonton; he was thus still in the neighborhood of the Clarks, who continued to see him, took interest in his awakening powers, and lent him books,—amongst them the *Fairy Queen* of Spenser the poet,—whose influence has left on the poetry of Keats so deep an impression. The young surgeon's apprentice took to verse-making; when he went to London to walk the hospitals, he was introduced by the Clarks to their literary friends there, and knew Leigh Hunt, Hazlitt, Basil Montagu, Haydon, Shelley, and Godwin. In 1817 he brought out his first volume of verse, and abandoned the profession of surgery, for which, however, disagreeable though it was to him, he had shown aptitude and dexterity. His first volume contained the *Epistles*, which we now read amongst his collected poems; it had no success. But his friends saluted his genius with warm admiration and confidence, and in 1818 he published his *Endymion*. It was mercilessly treated by *Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine* and by the *Quarterly Review*. Meanwhile Keats's small fortune was melting away, and signs of disease began to show themselves in him. Nevertheless, in the next year or two he produced his best poems; but his health and circumstances did not mend, while a passionate attachment, with which he was at this time seized, added another cause of agitation. The seeds of consumption were in him, he had the temperament of the consumptive; his poetry fevered him, his embarrassments fretted him, his love-passion shook him to pieces. He had an attack of bleeding from the lungs; he got better, but it returned; change of climate was recommended, and after publishing his third volume, *Lamia, Isabella, and other Poems*, he sailed for Italy in September, 1820, accompanied by his friend Severn. Italy could not restore him. He established himself at Rome with Severn, but, in spite of the devoted care and kindness of this admirable friend, he rapidly grew worse, and on the 23rd of February, 1821, he died. He was twenty-five years old. John Keats was buried in the Protestant cemetery at Rome, and on his gravestone is the inscription which he himself told his friend to place there: *Here lies one whose name was writ in water.*]

BEAUTY.

[From *Endymion*, Book I.]

A THING of beauty is a joy for ever:
Its loveliness increases; it will never
Pass into nothingness; but still will
keep

A bower quiet for us, and a sleep
Full of sweet dreams, and health, and
quiet breathing.

Therefore, on every morrow, are we
wreathing

A flowery band to bind us to the earth,
Spite of despondence, of the inhuman
dearth

Of noble natures, of the gloomy days,
Of all the unhealthy and o'er-darkened
ways

Made for our searching: yes, in spite of
all,

Some shape of beauty moves away the
pall

From our dark spirits. Such the sun,
the moon,

Trees old and young, sprouting a shady
boon

For simple sheep; and such are daffo-
dils

With the green world they live in; and
clear rills

That for themselves a cooling covert
make

'Gainst the hot season; the mid-forest
'brake,

Rich with a sprinkling of fair musk-
rose blooms;

And such too is the grandeur of the
dooms

We have imagined for the mighty dead;
All lovely tales that we have heard or
read:

An endless fountain of immortal drink,
Pouring unto us from the heaven's
brink.

ENDYMION.

[From *Miscellaneous Poems.*]

HE was a Poet, sure a lover too,
 Who stood on Latmus' top, what time
 there blew
 Soft breezes from the myrtle vale below,
 And brought, in faintness solemn, sweet,
 and slow,
 A hymn from Dian's temple; while
 upswelling,
 The incense went to her own starry
 dwelling.
 But though her face was clear as infants'
 eyes,
 Though she stood smiling o'er the sac-
 rifice,
 The poet wept at her so piteous fate,
 Wept that such beauty should be deso-
 late.
 So in fine wrath some golden sounds he
 won,
 And gave meek Cynthia her Endymion.

HYMN TO PAN.

[From *Endymion*, Book I.]

O HEARKENER to the loud-clapping
 shears,
 While ever and anon to his shorn peers
 A ram goes bleating: Winder of the
 horn,
 When snouted wild-boars routing ten-
 der corn
 Anger our huntsman: Breather round
 our farms,
 To keep off mildews, and all weather
 harms:
 Strange ministrant of undescribed
 sounds,
 That come a-swooning over hollow
 grounds,
 And wither drearily on barren moors:
 Dread opener of the mysterious doors
 Leading to universal knowledge—see,
 Great son of Dryope,
 The many that are come to pay their
 vows
 With leaves about their brows!

BACCHUS.

[From *Endymion*, Book IV.]

AND as I sat, over the light blue hills
 There came a noise of revellers: the
 rills
 Into the wide stream came of purple
 hue—
 'Twas Bacchus and his crew!
 The earnest trumpet spake, and silver
 thrills
 From kissing cymbals made a merry
 din—
 'Twas Bacchus and his kin!
 Like to a moving vintage down they
 came,
 Crown'd with green leaves, and faces
 all on flame;
 All madly dancing through the pleasant
 valley,
 To scare thee, Melancholy!

CYNTHIA'S BRIDAL EVENING.

[From *Miscellaneous Poems.*]

THE evening weather was so bright and
 clear,
 That men of health were of unusual
 cheer;
 Stepping like Homer at the trumpet's
 call,
 Or young Apollo on the pedestal:
 And lovely women were as fair and
 warm,
 As Venus looking sideways in alarm.
 The breezes were ethereal and pure,
 And crept through half-closed lattices
 to cure
 The languid sick; it cooled their fevered
 sleep,
 And soothed them into slumbers full
 and deep.
 Soon they awoke clear-eyed: nor
 burned with thirsting,
 Nor with hot fingers, nor with temples
 bursting:
 And springing up, they met the wonder-
 ing sight
 Of their dear friends, nigh foolish with
 delight;

Who feel their arms and breasts, and
 kiss, and stare,
 And on their placid foreheads part the
 hair.
 Young men and maidens at each other
 gazed,
 With hands held back, and motionless,
 amazed
 To see the brightness in each other's
 eyes;
 And so they stood, filled with a sweet
 surprise,
 Until their tongues were loosed in
 poesy.
 Therefore no lover did of anguish die:
 But the soft numbers, in that moment
 spoken,
 Made silken ties, that never may be
 broken.

SATURN.

[From *Hyperion*, Book I.]

DEEP in the shady sadness of a vale
 Far sunken from the healthy breath of
 morn,
 Far from the fiery noon, and eve's one
 star,
 Sat gray-hair'd Saturn, quiet as a stone,
 Still as the silence round about his lair;
 Forest on forest hung about his head
 Like cloud on cloud. No stir of air
 was there,
 Not so much life as on a summer's day
 Robs not one light seed from the feath-
 ered grass,
 But where the dead leaf fell, there did
 it rest.
 A stream went voiceless by, still dead-
 ened more
 By reason of his fallen divinity
 Spreading a shade: the Naiad 'mid her
 reeds
 Pressed her cold finger closer to her
 lips.

Along the margin-sand large foot-
 marks went,
 No further than to where his feet had
 strayed,
 And slept there since. Upon the sod-
 den ground

His old right hand lay nerveless, listless,
 dead,
 Unsceptred; and his realmless eyes
 were closed;
 While his bowed head seem'd listening
 to the Earth,
 His ancient mother, for some comfort
 yet.

It seem'd no force could wake him
 from his place;
 But there came one, who with a kindred
 hand
 Touched his wide shoulders, after bend-
 ing low
 With reverence, though to one who
 knew it not.
 She was a Goddess of the infant world;
 By her in stature the tall Amazon
 Had stood a pigmy's height: she would
 have ta'en
 Achilles by the hair and bent his neck;
 Or with a finger stayed Ixion's wheel.
 Her face was large as that of Mem-
 phian sphinx,
 Pedestal'd haply in a palace-court,
 When sages look'd to Egypt for their
 lore.
 But oh! how unlike marble was that
 face:
 How beautiful, if sorrow had not made
 Sorrow more beautiful than Beauty's
 self.
 There was a listening fear in her regard,
 As if calamity had but begun;
 As if the vanward clouds of evil days
 Had spent their malice, and the sullen
 rear
 Was with its stored thunder laboring up.
 One hand she pressed upon that aching
 spot
 Where beats the human heart, as if just
 there,
 Though an immortal, she felt cruel
 pain:
 The other upon Saturn's bended neck
 She laid, and to the level of his ear
 Leaning with parted lips, some words
 she spake
 In solemn tenor and deep organ tone:
 Some mourning words, which in our
 feeble tongue

Would come in these like accents; O
how frail
To that large utterance of the early
Gods!

COELUS TO HYPERION.

"O BRIGHTEST of my children dear,
earth-born
And sky-engendered, Son of Mysteries!
All unrevealed even to the powers
Which met at thy creating! at whose
joys,
And palpitations sweet, and pleasures
soft,
I, Coelus, wonder how they came and
whence;
And at the fruits thereof what shapes
they be,
Distinct, and visible; symbols divine,
Manifestations of that beauteous life
Diffused unseen throughout eternal
space;
Of these new-formed art thou, O bright-
est child!
Of these, thy brethren and the God-
desses!
There is sad feud among ye, and re-
bellion
Of son against his sire. I saw him fall,
I saw my firstborn tumbled from his
throne!
To me his arms were spread, to me his
voice
Found way from forth the thunders
round his head!
Pale wox I, and in vapors hid my face.
Art thou, too, near such doom? vague
fear there is:
For I have seen my sons most unlike
Gods.
Divine ye were created, and divine
In sad demeanor, solemn, undisturbed,
Unruffled, like high Gods, ye lived and
ruled:
Now I behold in you fear, hope, and
wrath;
Actions of rage and passion; even as
I see them, on the mortal world beneath,
In men who die. — This is the grief, O
Son!

Sad sign of ruin, sudden dismay, and
fall!
Yet do thou strive; as thou art capable,
As thou canst move about, an evident
God,
And canst oppose to each malignant
hour
Ethereal presence. — I am but a voice;
My life is but the life of winds and
tides;
No more than winds and tides can I
avail; —
But thou canst. — Be thou therefore in
the van
Of circumstance; yea, seize the arrow's
barb
Before the tense string murmur. — To
the earth!
For there thou wilt find Saturn, and his
woes.
Meantime I will keep watch on thy
bright sun,
And of thy seasons be a careful
nurse." —
Ere half this region-whisper had come
down
Hyperion arose, and on the stars
Lifted his curved lids, and kept them
wide
Until it ceased; and still he kept them
wide:
And still they were the same bright,
patient stars.
Then with a slow incline of his broad
breast,
Like to a diver in the pearly seas,
Forward he stooped over the airy shore,
And plunged all noiseless into the deep
night.

OCEANUS.

[From *Hyperion*, Book II.]

So ended Saturn; and the God of
the Sea,
Sophist and sage, from no Athenian
grove,
But cogitation in his watery shades,
Arose, with locks not oozy, and began,
In murmurs, which his first endeavoring
tongue

Caught infant-like from the far-foamed
sands.

"O ye, whom wrath consumes! who,
passion-stung,
Writhe at defeat, and nurse your ag-
onies!

Shut up your senses, stifle up your ears,
My voice is not a bellows unto ire.

Yet listen, ye who will, whilst I bring
proof

How ye, perforce, must be content to
stoop:

And in the proof much comfort will I
give,

If ye will take that comfort in its truth.
We fall by course of Nature's law, not
force

Of thunder, or of Jove. Great Saturn,
thou

Hast sifted well the atom-universe;
But for this reason, that thou art the
King,

And only blind from sheer supremacy,
One avenue was shaded from thine eyes,
Through which I wandered to eternal
truth.

And first, as thou wast not the first of
powers,

So art thou not the last; it cannot be.
Thou art not the beginning nor the end.
From chaos and parental darkness
came

Light, the first fruits of that intestine
broil,

That sullen ferment, which for won-
drous ends

Was ripening in itself. The ripe hour
came,

And with it light, and light engendering
Upon its own producer, forthwith
touched

The whole enormous matter into life.
Upon that very hour, our parentage,
The Heavens and the Earth, were man-
ifest:

Then thou first-born, and we the giant-
race,

Found ourselves ruling new and beau-
teous realms.

Now comes the pain of truth, to whom
'tis pain;

O folly! for to bear all naked truths,

And to envisage circumstance, all calm,
That is the top of sovereignty. Mark
well!

As Heaven and Earth are fairer, fairer
far

Than Chaos and blank Darkness,
though once chiefs;

And as we show beyond that Heaven
and Earth

In form and shape compact and beau-
tiful,

In will, in action free, companionship,
And thousand other signs of purer life;
So on our heels a fresh perfection
treads,

A power more strong in beauty, born of
us

And fated to excel us, as we pass
In glory that old Darkness: nor are we
Thereby more conquered than by us
the rule

Of shapeless Chaos. Say, doth the
dull soil

Quarrel with the proud forests it hath
fed,

And feedeth still, more comely than it-
self?

Can it deny the chieftom of green
groves?

Or shall the tree be envious of the dove
Because it cooeth, and hath snowy
wings

To wander wherewithal and find its
joys?

We are such forest-trees, and our fair
boughs

Have bred forth, not pale solitary doves,
But eagles golden-feathered, who do
tower

Above us in their beauty, and must
reign

In right thereof; for 'tis the eternal law
That first in beauty should be first in
might:

Yea, by that law, another race may
drive

Our conquerors to mourn as we do
now.

Have ye beheld the young God of the
Seas,

My disposessor? Have ye seen his
face?

Have ye beheld his chariot, foam'd
along

By noble winged creatures he hath
made?

I saw him on the calmed waters scud,
With such a glow of beauty in his eyes,
That it enforced me to bid sad farewell
To all my empire: farewell sad I took,
And hither came, to see how dolorous
fate

Had wrought upon ye; and how I
might best

Give consolation in this woe extreme.

Receive the truth, and let it be your
balm."

HYPERION'S ARRIVAL.

ALL eyes were on Enceladus's face,
And they beheld, while still Hyperion's
name

Flew from his lips up to the vaulted
rocks,

A pallid gleam across his features stern:
Not savage, for he saw full many a
God

Wroth as himself. He looked upon
them all,

And in each face he saw a gleam of
light,

But splendor in Saturn's, whose hoar
locks

Shone like the bubbling foam about a
keel

When the prow sweeps into a midnight
cove.

In pale and silver silence they remained,
Till suddenly a splendor, like the morn,
Pervaded all the beetling gloomy steeps,
All the sad spaces of oblivion,
And every gulf, and every chasm old,
And every height, and every sullen depth,
Voiceless, or hoarse with loud tormented
streams:

And all the everlasting cataracts,
And all the headlong torrents far and
near,

Mantled before in darkness and huge
shade,

Now saw the light and made it terrible.
It was Hyperion: — a granite peak

His bright feet touched, and there he
stayed to view

The misery his brilliance had betrayed
To the most hateful seeing of itself.

Golden his hair of short Numidian curl,
Regal his shape majestic, a vast shade
In midst of his own brightness, like
the bulk

Of Memnon's image at the set of sun
To one who travels from the dusking

East:

Sighs, too, as mournful as that Memnon's
harp,

He uttered, while his hands, contem-
plative,

He pressed together, and in silence
stood.

THE FLIGHT.

[From *the Eve of St. Agnes*.]

FULL on this casement shone the win-
try moon,

And threw warm gules on Madeline's
fair breast,

As down she knelt for heaven's grace
and boon;

Rose-bloom fell on her hands, together
prest,

And on her silver cross soft amethyst,
And on her hair a glory, like a saint:

She seem'd a splendid angel, newly
drest,

Save wings, for heaven: — Porphyro
grew faint:

She knelt, so pure a thing, so free from
mortal taint.

Anon his heart revives: her vespers
done,

Of all its wreathed pearls her hair she
frees;

Unclass her warmed jewels one by
one;

Loosens her fragrant bodice; by de-
grees

Her rich attire creeps rustling to her
knees:

Half-hidden, like a mermaid in sea-
weed,

Pensive awhile she dreams awake,
and sees,

In fancy, fair St. Agnes in her bed,
But dares not look behind, or all the
charm is fled.

Soon, trembling in her soft and
chilly nest,
In sort of wakeful swoon, perplexed
she lay,
Until the poppied warmth of sleep op-
pressed
Her soothed limbs, and soul fatigued
away;
Flown, like a thought, until the mor-
row-day;
Blissfully havened both from joy and
pain;
Clasped like a missal where swart
Paynims pray:
Blinded alike from sunshine and
from rain,
As though a rose should shut, and be a
bud again.

Stolen to this paradise, and so en-
tranced,
Porphyro gazed upon her empty
dress,
And listened to her breathing, if it
chanced
To wake into a slumberous tender-
ness;
Which when he heard, that minute
did he bless,
And breathed himself: then from the
closet crept,
Noiseless as fear in a wide wilder-
ness,
And over the hushed carpet, silent,
stept,
And 'tween the curtains peeped, where,
lo! — how fast she slept.

Then by the bed-side, where the
faded moon
Made a dim, silver twilight, soft he
set
A table, and, half anguished, threw
thereon
A cloth of woven crimson, gold, and
jet: —
O for some drowsy Morphean amulet!
The boisterous, midnight, festive
clarion,

The kettle-drum, and far-heard clari-
onet,
Affray his ears, though but in dying
tone: —

The hall-door shuts again, and all the
noise is gone.

And still she slept an azure-lidded
sleep,
In blanched linen, smooth, and lav-
endered,
While he from forth the closet brought
a heap
Of candied apple, quince, and plum,
and gourd;
With jellies soother than the creamy
curd,
And lucent syrups, tinct with cinna-
mon;
Manna and dates, in argosy trans-
ferred
From Fez; and spiced dainties, every
one,
From silken Samarcand to cedared
Lebanon.

These delicacies he heaped with glow-
ing hand
On golden dishes and in baskets
bright
Of wreathed silver: sumptuous they
stand
In the retired quiet of the night,
Filling the chilly room with perfume
light. —
“And now, my love, my seraph fair,
awake!
Thou art my heaven, and I thine
eremite:
Open thine eyes, for meek St. Agnes’
sake,
Or I shall drowse beside thee, so my
soul doth ache.”

Thus whispering, his warm, unnerved
arm
Sank in her pillow. Shaded was her
dream
By the dusk curtains: — ’twas a mid-
night charm
Impossible to melt as iced stream:

The lustrous salvers in the moonlight
gleam;
Broad golden fringe upon the carpet
lies:
It seemed he never, never could re-
deem
From such a steadfast spell his lady's
eyes;
So mused awhile, entailed in woofed
phantasies.

Awakening up, he took her hollow
lute, —
Tumultuous, — and, in chords that
tenderest be,
He play'd an ancient ditty, long
since mute,
In Provence called "La belle dame
sans mercy":
Close to her ear touching the mel-
ody; —
Wherewith disturbed, she uttered a
soft moan:
He ceased — she panted quick — and
suddenly
Her blue affrayed eyes wide open
shone:
Upon his knees he sank, pale as smooth-
sculptured stone.

Her eyes were open, but she still be-
held,
Now wide awake, the vision of her
sleep:
There was a painful change, that nigh
expelled
The blisses of her dream so pure and
deep.
At which fair Madeline began to weep,
And moan forth witless words with
many a sigh;
While still her gaze on Porphyro
would keep;
Who knelt, with joined hands and
piteous eye,
Fearing to move or speak, she looked so
dreamingly.

"Ah, Porphyro!" said she, "but even
now
Thy voice was at sweet tremble in
mine ear,

Made tuneable with every sweetest
vow;
And those sad eyes were spiritual and
clear:
How changed thou art! how pallid,
chill, and drear!
Give me that voice again, my Por-
phyro,
Those looks immortal, those complain-
ings dear!
Oh leave me not in this eternal woe,
For if thou diest, my Love, I know not
where to go."

Beyond a mortal man impassioned far
At these voluptuous accents, he arose,
Ethereal, flushed, and like a throbbing
star
Seen 'mid the sapphire heaven's deep
repose;
Into her dream he melted, as the rose
Blendeth its odor with the violet, —
Solution sweet: meantime the frost-
wind blows
Like Love's alarum pattering the
sharp sleet
Against the window-panes; St. Agnes'
moon hath set.

'Tis dark: quick pattereth the flaw-
blown sleet:
"This is no dream, my bride, my
Madeline!"
'Tis dark: the iced gusts still rave
and beat:
"No dream, alas! alas! and woe is
mine!
Porphyro will leave me here to fade
and pine. —
Cruel! what traitor could thee hither
bring?
I curse not, for my heart is lost in
thine,
Though thou forsakest a deceived
thing; —
A dove forlorn and lost with sick un-
pruned wing."

"My Madeline! sweet dreamer! love-
ly bride!
Say, may I be for aye thy vassal blest?"

Thy beauty's shield, heart-shaped and
vermeil dyed?

Ah, silver shrine, here will I take my
rest

After so many hours of toil and quest,
A famished pilgrim, — saved by miracle.

Though I have found, I will not rob
thy nest,

Saving of thy sweet self; if thou
think'st well

To trust, fair Madeline, to no rude in-
fidel."

"Hark! 'tis an elfin-storm from faery
land,

Of haggard seeming, but a boon in-
deed:

Arise — arise! the morning is at
hand;—

The bloated wassailers will never
heed:—

Let us away, my love, with happy
speed;

There are no ears to hear, or eyes to
see,—

Drowned all in Rhenish and the
sleepy mead:

Awake! arise! my love, and fearless
be,

For o'er the southern moors I have a
home for thee."

She hurried at his words, beset with
fears,

For there were sleeping dragons all
around,

At glaring watch, perhaps with ready
spears —

Down the wide stairs a darkling way
they found,

In all the house was heard no human
sound.

A chain-drooped lamp was flickering
by each door;

The arras, rich with horseman, hawk,
and hound,

Fluttered in the besieging wind's up-
roar;

And the long carpets rose along the
gusty floor.

They glide, like phantoms, into the
wide hall!

Like phantoms to the iron porch they
glide,

Where lay the Porter, in uneasy
sprawl,

With a huge empty flagon by his side:
The wakeful bloodhound rose, and

shook his hide,
But his sagacious eye an inmate owns:

By one, and one, the bolts full easy
slide:—

The chains lie silent on the footworn
stones;

The key turns, and the door upon its
hinges groans.

And they are gone: ay, ages long ago
These lovers fled away into the storm.

That night the Baron dreamt of many
a woe,

And all his warrior-guests, with shade
and form

Of witch, and demon, and large coffin-
worm,

Were long be-nightmared. Angela
the old

Died palsy-twitch'd, with meagre face
deform;

The Beadsman, after thousand aves
told,

For aye unsought-for slept among his
ashes cold.

ODE TO A NIGHTINGALE.

MY heart aches, and a drowsy numb-
ness pains

My sense, as though of hemlock I had
drunk,

Or emptied some dull opiate to the drains
One minute past, and Lethe-wards

had sunk:

'Tis not through envy of thy happy lot,
But being too happy in thy happi-
ness,—

That thou, light-winged Dryad of the
trees,

In some melodious plot

Of beechen green, and shadows num-
berless,
Singest of summer in full-throated
ease.

O for a draught of vintage, that hath
been
Cooled a long age in the deep-delved
earth,

Tasting of Flora and the country-green,
Dance, and Provençal song, and sun-
burnt mirth!

O for a beaker full of the warm south,
Full of the true, the blissful Hippo-
crene,

With beaded bubbles winking at
the brim,

And purple-stained mouth;
That I might drink, and leave the
world unseen,

And with thee fade away into the
forest dim:

Fade far away, dissolve, and quite forget
What thou among the leaves hast
never known,

The weariness, the fever, and the fret
Here, where men sit and hear each
other groan;

Where palsy shakes a few, sad, last gray
hairs,

Where youth grows pale, and spectre-
thin, and dies;

Where but to think is to be full of
sorrow

And laden-eyed despairs;

Where Beauty cannot keep her lustrous
eyes,

Or new Love pine at them beyond
to-morrow.

Away! away! for I will fly to thee,
Not charioted by Bacchus and his
pards,

But on the viewless wings of Poesy,
Though the dull brain perplexes and
retards:

Already with thee! tender is the night,
And haply the Queen-Moon is on her
throne,

Clustered around by all her starry
Fays;

But here there is no light,
Save what from heaven is with the
breezes blown

Through verdurous glooms and
winding mossy ways.

I cannot see what flowers are at my feet,
Nor what soft incense hangs upon the
boughs,

But, in embalmed darkness, guess each
sweet

Wherewith the seasonable month en-
dows

The grass, the thicket, and the fruit-tree
wild;

White hawthorn, and the pastoral eg-
lantine;

Fast-fading violets covered up in
leaves;

And mid-May's eldest child,
The coming musk-rose, full of dewy
wine,

The murmurous haunt of flies on
summer eves.

Darkling I listen; and for many a time
I have been half in love with easeful
Death,

Called him soft names in many a mused
rhyme,

To take into the air my quiet breath;
Now more than ever seems it rich to die,
To cease upon the midnight with no
pain,

While thou art pouring forth thy
soul abroad

In such an ecstasy!

Still wouldst thou sing, and I have ears
in vain —

To thy high requiem become a sod.

Thou wast not born for death, immortal
Bird!

No hungry generations tread thee
down;

The voice I hear this passing night
was heard

In ancient days by emperor and clown:
Perhaps the self-same song that found a
path

Through the sad heart of Ruth, when,
sick for home,

She stood in tears amid the alien
corn;

The same that oft-times hath
Charmed magic casements, opening on
the foam

Of perilous seas, in faery lands for-
lorn.

Forlorn! the very word is like a bell
To toll me back from thee to my sole
self!

Adieu! the fancy cannot cheat so well
As she is fabled to do, deceiving elf.
Adieu! adieu! thy plaintive anthem
fades

Past the near meadows, over the still
stream,

Up the hill-side; and now 'tis
buried deep

In the next valley-glades:
Was it a vision, or a waking dream?
Fled is that music: — do I wake or
sleep?

ODE ON A GRECIAN URN.

THOU still unravished bride of quiet-
ness!

Thou foster-child of Silence and slow
Time,

Sylvan historian, who canst thus ex-
press

A flowery tale more sweetly than our
rhyme:

What leaf-fringed legend haunts about
thy shape

Of deities or mortals, or of both,
In Tempe or the dales of Arcady?

What men or gods are these? What
maidens loath?

What maid pursuit? What struggle to
escape?

What pipes and timbrels? What
wild ecstasy?

Heard melodies are sweet, but those
unheard

Are sweeter; therefore, ye soft pipes,
play on;

Not to the sensual ear, but, more en-
deared,

Pipe to the spirit ditties of no tone:

Fair youth, beneath the trees, thou canst
not leave

Thy song, nor ever can those trees be
bare;

Bold Lover, never, never canst
thou kiss,

Though winning near the goal — yet,
do not grieve;

She cannot fade, though thou hast
not thy bliss,

For ever wilt thou love, and she be
fair!

Ah, happy, happy boughs! that cannot
shed

Your leaves, nor ever bid the Spring
adieu;

And, happy melodist, unwearied,
For ever piping songs for ever new;

More happy love! more happy, happy
love!

For ever warm and still to be enjoyed,
For ever panting and for ever

young;

All breathing human passion far above,
That leaves a heart high sorrowful

and cloyed,
A burning forehead, and a parch-
ing tongue.

Who are these coming to the sacrifice?
To what green altar, O mysterious

priest,
Lead'st thou that heifer lowing at the
skies,

And all her silken flanks with gar-
lands drest?

What little town by river or sea-shore,
Or mountain-built with peaceful cita-
del,

Is emptied of its folk, this pious
morn?

And, little town, thy streets for ever-
more

Will silent be; and not a soul to tell
Why thou art desolate, can e'er
return.

O Attic shape! Fair attitude! with
brede

Of marble men and maidens over-
wrought,

With forest branches and the trodden
weed;

Thou, silent form! dost tease us out
of thought

As doth eternity. Cold pastoral!

When old age shall this generation
waste,

Thou shalt remain, in midst of other
woe

Than ours, a friend to man, to whom
thou say'st:

"Beauty is truth, truth beauty, — that is
all

Ye know on earth, and all ye need
to know."

LINES ON THE MERMAID TAVERN.

SOULS of poets dead and gone,
What Elysium have ye known,
Happy field or mossy cavern,
Choicer than the Mermaid Tavern?
Have ye tipped drink more fine
Than mine host's Canary wine?
Or are fruits of Paradise
Sweeter than those dainty pies
Of venison? O generous food!
Drest as though bold Robin Hood
Would, with his maid Marian,
Sup and bouse from horn and can.

I have heard that on a day
Mine host's sign-board flew away,
Nobody knew whither, till
An astrologer's old quill
To a sheepskin gave the story, —
Said he saw you in your glory,
Underneath a new old-sign
Sipping beverage divine,
And pledging with contented smack
The Mermaid in the Zodiac.

Souls of poets dead and gone,
What Elysium have ye known,
Happy field or mossy cavern,
Choicer than the Mermaid Tavern?

SONNETS.

ON FIRST LOOKING INTO CHAP- MAN'S HOMER.

MUCH have I travelled in the realms of
gold,

And many goodly states and kingdoms
seen;

Round many western islands have I been
Which bards in fealty to Apollo hold.

Oft of one wide expanse had I been told
That deep-browed Homer ruled as his
demesne:

Yet did I never breathe its pure serene
Till I heard Chapman speak out loud
and bold:

Then felt I like some watcher of the skies
When a new planet swims into his ken;
Or like stout Cortez when with eagle eyes
Hestared at the Pacific — and all his men
Looked at each other with a wild sur-
mise —

Silent, upon a peak in Darien.

WRITTEN IN JANUARY, 1817.

AFTER dark vapors have oppressed our
plains

For a long dreary season, comes a day
Born of the gentle South, and clears away
From the sick heavens all unseemly stains.
The anxious mouth, relieved from its
pains,

Takes as a long-lost right the feel of
May,

The eyelids with the passing coolness
play,

Like rose leaves with the drip of sum-
mer rains.

And calmest thoughts come round us, —
as, of leaves

Budding, — fruit ripening in stillness, —
autumn suns

Smiling at eve upon the quiet sheaves, —
Sweet Sappho's cheek, — a sleeping in-
fant's breath, —

The gradual sand that through an hour-
glass runs, —

A woodland rivulet, — a Poet's death.

WRITTEN IN JANUARY, 1818.

WHEN I have fears that I may cease to
 be
 Before my pen has gleaned my teeming
 brain,
 Before high piled books, in charact'ry,
 Hold like full garnerers the full-ripened
 grain;
 When I behold, upon the night's starred
 face,
 Huge cloudy symbols of a high romance,
 And feel that I may never live to trace
 Their shadows, with the magic hand of
 chance;
 And when I feel, fair creature of an
 hour!
 That I shall never look upon thee more,
 Never have relish in the faery power
 Of unreflecting love! — then on the
 shore
 Of the wide world I stand alone, and
 think
 Till Love and Fame to nothingness do
 sink.

ADDRESSED TO HAYDON.

GREAT spirits now on earth are sojourn-
 ing:
 He of the cloud, the cataract, the lake,
 Who on Helvellyn's summit, wide
 awake,
 Catches his freshness from Archangel's
 wing:
 He of the rose, the violet, the spring,
 The social smile, the chain for Free-
 dom's sake:
 And lo! whose steadfastness would
 never take
 A meaner sound than Raphael's whis-
 pering.
 And other spirits there are, standing
 apart
 Upon the forehead of the age to come;
 These, these will give the world another
 heart,
 And other pulses. Hear ye not the hum
 Of mighty workings? —
 Listen awhile, ye nations, and be dumb.

*ON THE GRASSHOPPER AND
CRICKET.*

THE poetry of earth is never dead:
 When all the birds are faint with the
 hot sun,
 And hide in cooling trees, a voice will
 run
 From hedge to hedge about the new-
 mown mead:
 That is the grasshopper's, — he takes
 the lead
 In summer luxury, — he has never done
 With his delights, for, when tired out
 with fun,
 He rests at ease beneath some pleasant
 weed.
 The poetry of earth is ceasing never:
 On a long winter evening, when the
 frost
 Has wrought a silence, from the stove
 there shrills
 The Cricket's song, in warmth increas-
 ing ever,
 And seems to one in drowsiness half
 lost,
 The Grasshopper's among some grassy
 hills.

THE HUMAN SEASONS.

FOUR Seasons fill the measure of the
 year;
 There are four seasons in the mind of
 man:
 He has his lusty Spring, when fancy
 clear
 Takes in all beauty with an easy span:
 He has his Summer, when luxuriously
 Spring's honeyed cud of youthful thought
 he loves
 To ruminate, and by such dreaming high
 Is nearest unto heaven: quiet coves
 His soul has in its Autumn, when his
 wings
 He furleth close; contented so to look
 On mists in idleness — to let fair things
 Pass by unheeded as a threshold brook.
 He has his Winter too of pale misfeature,
 Or else he would forego his mortal nature.

ON A PICTURE OF LEANDER.

COME hither, all sweet maidens, soberly,
 Down-looking aye, and with a chastened
 light,
 Hid in the fringes of your eyelids white,
 And meekly let your fair hands joined
 be,
 As if so gentle that ye could not see,
 Untouched, a victim of your beauty
 bright,
 Sinking away to his young spirit's night,
 Sinking bewildered 'mid the dreary sea:
 'Tis young Leander toiling to his death;
 Nigh swooning, he doth purse his weary
 lips
 For Hero's cheek, and smiles against
 her smile.
 O horrid dream! see how his body
 dips
 Dead-heavy; arms and shoulders gleam
 awhile:
 He's gone; up bubbles all his amorous
 breath!

KEATS'S LAST SONNET.

BRIGHT star! would I were steadfast as
 thou art —
 Not in lone splendor hung aloft the
 night,
 And watching, with eternal lids apart,
 Like Nature's patient sleepless Eremité,
 The moving waters at their priestlike task
 Of pure ablution round earth's human
 shores,
 Or gazing on the new soft fallen mask
 Of snow upon the mountains and the
 moors. —
 No — yet still steadfast, still unchange-
 able,
 Pillowed upon my fair love's ripening
 breast,
 To feel for ever its soft fall and swell,
 Awake for ever in a sweet unrest;
 Still, still to hear her tender-taken
 breath,
 And so live ever — or else swoon to
 death.

HARTLEY COLERIDGE.

1796-1849.

[HARTLEY COLERIDGE, son of Samuel Taylor Coleridge, was born 19th September, 1796; died 6th January, 1849. Besides some prose writings, we have *Poems by Hartley Coleridge*, vol. i. (all published) Leeds, 1833; *Poems by Hartley Coleridge, with a Memoir of his Life by his Brother*, 2 vols., 1851.]

SONNET.

LONG time a child, and still a child,
 when years
 Had painted manhood on my cheek,
 was I, —
 For yet I lived like one not born to die;
 A thriftless prodigal of smiles and
 tears,
 No hope I needed, and I knew no fears.
 But sleep, though sweet, is only sleep,
 and waking,
 I waked to sleep no more, at once o'er-
 taking
 The vanguard of my age, with all
 arrears
 Of duty on my back. Nor child, nor
 man,

Nor youth, nor sage, I find my head is
 gray,
 For I have lost the race I never ran:
 A rathe December blights my lagging
 May;
 And still I am a child, though I be old,
 Time is my debtor for my years untold.

TO A LOFTY BEAUTY, FROM
HER POOR KINSMAN.

FAIR maid, had I not heard thy baby
 cries,
 Nor seen thy girlish, sweet vicissitude,
 Thy mazy motions, striving to elude,
 Yet wooing still a parent's watchful
 eyes,

Thy humors, many as the opal's dyes,
 And lovely all; — methinks thy scorn-
 ful mood,
 And bearing high of stately woman-
 hood, —
 Thy brow, where Beauty sits to tyr-
 annize
 O'er humble love, had made me sadly
 fear thee;
 For never sure was seen a royal bride,
 Whose gentleness gave grace to so
 much pride —
 My very thoughts would tremble to be
 near thee:
 But when I see thee at thy father's
 side,
 Old times unqueen thee, and old loves
 endear thee.

—
 MAY, 1840.

A LOVELY morn, so still, so very still,
 It hardly seems a growing day of Spring,
 Though all the odorous buds are blos-
 soming,
 And the small matin birds were glad
 and shrill
 Some hours ago; but now the wood-
 land rill
 Murmurs along, the only vocal thing,
 Save when the wee wren flits with
 stealthy wing,
 And cons by fits and bits her evening
 trill.
 Lovers might sit on such a morn as
 this
 An hour together, looking at the sky,
 Nor dare to break the silence with a
 kiss,
 Long listening for the signal of a sigh;
 And the sweet Nun, diffused in voice-
 less prayer,
 Feel her own soul through all the
 brooding air.

—
 TO A DEAF AND DUMB LITTLE
 GIRL.

LIKE a loose island on the wide ex-
 panse,
 Unconscious floating on the fickle sea,

Herself her all, she lives in privacy;
 Her waking life as lonely as a trance,
 Doomed to behold the universal dance,
 And never hear the music which
 expounds
 The solemn step, coy slide, the merry
 bounds,
 The vague, mute language of the
 countenance.
 In vain for her I smooth my antic
 rhyme;
 She cannot hear it, all her little being
 Concentred in her solitary seeing —
 What can she know of beaut[eous] or
 sublime?
 And yet methinks she looks so calm
 and good,
 God must be with her in her solitude.

—
 STANZAS.

SHE was a queen of noble Nature's
 crowning,
 A smile of her's was like an act of
 grace;
 She had no winsome looks, no pretty
 frowning,
 Like daily beauties of the vulgar race:
 But if she smiled, a light was on her
 face,
 A clear, cool kindliness, a lunar beam
 Of peaceful radiance, silvering o'er the
 stream
 Of human thought with unabiding
 glory;
 Not quite a waking truth, not quite a
 dream,
 A visitation, bright and transitory.
 But she is changed, — hath felt the
 touch of sorrow,
 No love hath she, no understanding
 friend;
 Oh grief! when heaven is forced of
 earth to borrow
 What the poor niggard earth has not to
 lend;
 But when the stalk is snapt, the rose
 must bend.
 The tallest flower that skyward rears its
 head,

Grows from the common ground, and
there must shed
Its delicate petals. Cruel fate, too
surely,
That they should find so base a bridal
bed,
Who lived in virgin pride, so sweet and
purely.

She had a brother, and a tender father,
And she was loved, but not as others
are
From whom we ask return of love, —
but rather
As one might love a dream; a phantom
fair
Of something exquisitely strange and
rare,
Which all were glad to look on, men
and maids,
Yet no one claimed — as oft, in dewy
glades
The peering primrose, like a sudden
gladness,
Gleams on the soul, yet unregarded
fades; —
The joy is ours, but all its own the sad-
ness.

'Tis vain to say — her worst of grief is
only
The common lot, which all the world
have known;
To her 'tis more, because her heart is
lonely,
And yet she hath no strength to stand
alone, —
Once she had playmates, fancies of her
own,
And she did love them. They are past
away
As Fairies vanish at the break of day;
And like a spectre of an age departed,
Or unsphered Angel woefully astray,
She glides along — the solitary hearted.

SONG.

SHE is not fair to outward view
As many maidens be,
Her loveliness I never knew
Until she smiled on me;
Oh! then I saw her eye was bright,
A well of love, a spring of light.

But now her looks are coy and cold,
To mine they ne'er reply,
And yet I cease not to behold
The love-light in her eye:
Her very frowns are fairer far,
Than smiles of other maidens are.

SUMMER RAIN.

THICK lay the dust, uncomfortably
white,
In glaring mimicry of Arab sand.
The woods and mountains slept in hazy
light;
The meadows look'd athirst and tawny
tanned;
The little rills had left their channels
bare,
With scarce a pool to witness what
they were;
And the shrunk river gleamed 'mid
oozy stones,
That stared like any famished giant's
bones.

Sudden the hills grew black, and hot
as stove
The air beneath; it was a toil to be.
There was a growling as of angry Jove,
Provoked by Juno's prying jealousy —
A flash — a crash — the firmament
was split,
And down it came in drops — the
smallest fit
To drown a bee in fox-glove bell con-
ceal'd;
Joy filled the brook, and comfort
cheered the field.

WILLIAM MOTHERWELL.

1797-1834.

[WILLIAM MOTHERWELL, born in Glasgow in 1797, became a "limb of the law" in 1819, being then appointed to the office of Sheriff Clerk Depute at Paisley. In 1828 he put his literary talent at the service of his party, edited a Tory newspaper, *The Paisley Advertiser*, and afterwards *The Glasgow Courier*. The strain of journalism proved too much for him, and he died of apoplexy at the early age of thirty-seven. A small volume of poems, narrative and lyrical, published in 1832, was the only fruit of his fine poetic gifts.]

TRUE LOVE'S DIRGE.

SOME love is light and fleets away,
Heigho! the wind and rain;
Some love is deep and scorns decay,
Ah, well-a-day! in vain.

Of loyal love I sing this lay,
Heigho! the wind and rain;
'Tis of a knight and lady gay,
Ah, well-a-day! bright twain.

He loved her, — heart loved ne'er so
well,
Heigho! the wind and rain;
She was a cold and proud damsel,
Ah, well-a-day! and vain.

He loved her, — oh, he loved her long,
Heigho! the wind and rain;
But she for love gave bitter wrong,
Ah, well-a-day! Disdain!

It is not meet for knight like me,
Heigho! the wind and rain;
Though scorned, love's recreant to be,
Ah, well-a-day! Refrain.

That brave knight buckled on his brand,
Heigho! the wind and rain;
And fast he sought a foreign strand,
Ah, well-a-day! in pain.

He wandered wide by land and sea,
Heigho! the wind and rain;
A mirror of bright constancy.
Ah, well-a-day! in vain.

He would not chide, he would not blame,
Heigho! the wind and rain,

But at each shrine he breathed her
name,
Ah, well-a-day! Amen!

He would not carp, he would not sing,
Heigho! the wind and rain,
That broke his heart with love-longing.
Ah, well-a-day! poor brain.

He scorned to weep, he scorned to
sigh,
Heigho! the wind and rain,
But like a true knight he could die, —
Ah, well-a-day! life's vain.

The banner which that brave knight
bore,
Heigho! the wind and rain;
Had scrolled on it, "Faith Evermore."
Ah, well-a-day! again.

That banner led the Christian van,
Heigho! the wind and rain;
Against Seljuck and Turcoman.
Ah, well-a-day! bright train.

The fight was o'er, the day was done,
Heigho! the wind and rain;
But lacking was that loyal one, —
Ah, well-a-day! sad pain.

They found him on the battle-field,
Heigho! the wind and rain;
With broken sword and cloven shield,
Ah, well-a-day! in twain.

They found him pillowed on the dead,
Heigho! the wind and rain;
The blood-soaked sod his bridal bed,
Ah, well-a-day! the Slain.

And his pale brow and paler cheek,
Heigho! the wind and rain;
The white moonshine did fall so meek,
Ah! well-a-day! sad strain.

They lifted up the True and Brave,
Heigho! the wind and rain;
And bore him to his lone cold grave,
Ah! well-a-day! in pain.

They buried him on that far strand,
Heigho! the wind and rain;
His face turned towards his love's own
land,
Ah, well-a-day! how vain.

The wearied heart was laid at rest,
Heigho! the wind and rain;
The dream of her he liked best,
Ah, well-a-day! again.

They nothing said, but many a tear,
Heigho! the wind and rain;
Rained down on that knight's lowly
bier,
Ah, well-a-day! amain.

They nothing said, but many a sigh,
Heigho! the wind and rain;
Told how they wished like him to die,
Ah, well-a-day! sans stain.

With solemn mass and orison,
Heigho! the wind and rain;
They reared to him a cross of stone,
Ah, well-a-day! in pain.

And on it graved with daggers bright,
Heigho! the wind and rain;
"Here lies a true and gentle knight,"
Ah, well-a-day! Amen!

JEANIE MORRISON.

I've wandered east, I've wandered west,
Through mony a weary way;
But never, never can forget
The love o' life's young day!
The fire that's blawn on Beltane e'en
May weel be black gin Yule;
But blacker fa' awaits the heart
Where first fond love grows cule.

Oh dear, dear Jeanie Morrison,
The thochts o' bygone years
Still fling their shadows ower my path,
And blind my een wi' tears!
They blind my een wi' saut, saut tears,
And sair and sick I pine,
As memory idly summons up
The blithe blinks o' langsyne.

'Twas then we luvit ilk ither weel,
'Twas than we twa did part;
Sweet time, sad time! twa bairns at
schule,
Twa bairns, and but ae heart!
'Twas then we sat on ae high bink,
To leir¹ ilk ither lear²:
And tones, and looks, and smiles were
shed,
Remembered ever mair.

I wonder, Jeanie, often yet
When sitting on that bink,
Cheek touchin' cheek, loof³ locked in
loof,
What our wee heads could think.
When baith bent down ower ae braid
page,
Wi' ae buik on our knee,
Thy lips were on thy lesson, but
My lesson was in thee.

Oh mind ye how we hung our heads,
How cheeks brent red wi' shame,
Whene'er the school-weans laughin'
said,
We cleecked⁴ thegither hame?
And mind ye o' the Saturdays
(The schule then skail't⁵ at noon)
When we ran aft to speel⁶ the braes —
The broomy braes o' June?

My head rins round and round about,
My heart flows like a sea,
As ane by ane the thochts rush back
O' schuletime and o' thee.
O mornin' life! O mornin' luvie!
O lightsome days and lang,
When hinnied hopes around our hearts,
Like summer blossoms sprang!

¹ learn. ² learning. ³ palm.

⁴ lit., hooked = clung. ⁵ dispersed. ⁶ climb

Oh, mind ye, luvie, how oft we left
 The deavin' dinsome town,
 To wander by the green burnside,
 And hear its water croon.
 The summer leaves hung ower our heids,
 The flowers burst round our feet,
 And in the gloamin' i' the wud
 The throstle whusslit sweet.

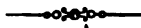
The throstle whusslit i' the wud,
 The burn sang to the trees,
 And we with Nature's heart in tune,
 Concerted harmonies;
 And on the knowe abune the burn,
 For hours thegither sat
 In the silentest o' joy, till baith
 Wi' very gladness grat!

Aye, aye, dear Jeanie Morrison,
 Tears trinkled down your cheek,
 Like dew-beads on a rose, yet nane
 Had ony power to speak!
 That was a time, a blessed time,
 When hearts were fresh and young,
 When freely gushed all feelings forth
 Unsyllabled — unsung!

I marvel, Jeanie Morrison,
 Gin I hae been to thee,
 As closely twined wi' earliest thochts
 As ye hae been to me?
 Ch, tell me gin their music fills
 Thine ear as it does mine;
 Oh, say gin e'er your heart grows grit
 Wi' dreamings o' langsyne?

I've wandered east, I've wandered west,
 I've borne a weary lot;
 But in my wanderings, far or near,
 Ye never were forgot.
 The fount that first burst frae this heart,
 Still travels on its way;
 And channels deeper as it rins
 The luvie o' life's long day.

O dear, dear Jeanie Morrison,
 Since we were sindered young,
 I've never seen your face, nor heard
 The music of your tongue;
 But I could hug all wretchedness,
 And happy could I die,
 Did I but ken your heart still dreamed
 O' bygone days and me.



SAMUEL LOVER.

1797-1868.

[BORN at Dublin, early attained some distinction as a painter, poet, and singer. His earliest work, except contributions to journals, was *Legends and Songs of Ireland*. His *Rory O'Moore* (1837), *Handy Andy* (1842), and *Treasure Trove* (1844), comic Irish tales, widely extended his fame. *Songs and Ballads* (1839), *Lyrics of Ireland* (1858), *Metrical Tales* (1859), and several successful dramatic works, were written by him. He also gave public exhibitions and lectures in Great Britain, Ireland, and America with much success. Died July 6, 1868.]

THE FOUR-LEAVED SHAMROCK.

I'LL seek a four-leaved shamrock
 In all the fairy dells,
 And if I find the charmed leaf,
 Oh, how I'll weave my spells!
 I would not waste my magic might
 On diamond, pearl, or gold,
 For treasure tires the weary sense —
 Such triumph is but cold;

But I will play the enchanter's
 part
 In casting bliss around;
 Oh! not a tear, nor aching heart,
 Should in the world be found.

To worth I would give honor,
 I'd dry the mourner's tears,
 And to the pallid lip recall
 The smile of happier years;

And hearts that had been long estranged,
And friends that had grown cold,
Should meet again like parted streams,
And mingle as of old.

Oh! thus I'd play the enchanter's part

In casting bliss around;
Oh! not a tear, nor aching heart,
Should in the world be found.

The heart that had been mourning
O'er vanish'd dreams of love,
Should see them all returning,
Like Noah's faithful dove.

And Hope should launch her blessed bark

On Sorrow's darkening sea,
And Misery's children have an ark,
And saved from sinking be.

Oh! thus I'd play the enchanter's part

In casting bliss around;
Oh! not a tear, nor aching heart,
Should in the world be found.

THE ANGELS' WHISPER.

A BABY was sleeping, its mother was weeping,

For her husband was far on the wild raging sea;

And the tempest was swelling, round the fisherman's dwelling,

And she cried, "Dermot darling, oh! come back to me."

Her beads while she numbered, the baby still slumbered,

And smiled in her face, as she bended her knee.

"Oh! blessed be that warning, my child, thy sleep adorning,

For I know that the angels are whispering with thee.

"And while they are keeping bright watch o'er thy sleeping,

Oh! pray to them softly, my baby, with me;

And say thou wouldst rather they'd watch'd o'er thy father.

For I know that the angels are whispering with thee."

The dawn of the morning saw Dermot returning,

And the wife wept with joy her babe's father to see,

And closely caressing her child, with a blessing,

Said, "I knew that the angels were whispering with thee."

THOMAS HAYNES BAYLEY.

1797-1839.

[BORN in 1797, the son of an eminent and wealthy solicitor near Bath. Destined for the church, he studied for some time at Oxford, but ultimately came to depend chiefly on literature for support. His latter years were marked by misfortune. Died in 1839. He was, next to Moore, the most successful song writer of our age. Several of them, as *She Wore a Wreath of Roses* and *Oh, no, we Never Mention Him*, attained to an extraordinary degree of popularity.]

OH, NO! WE NEVER MENTION HIM.

OH, no! we never mention him, his name is never heard;

My lips are now forbid to speak that once familiar word:

From sport to sport they hurry me, to banish my regret;

And when they win a smile from me, they think that I forget.

They bid me seek in change of scene the charms that others see;

But were I in a foreign land, they'd find
no change in me.

'Tis true that I behold no more the valley
where we met,
I do not see the hawthorn-tree; but
how can I forget?

For oh! there are so many things recall
the past to me, —

The breeze upon the sunny hills, the
billows of the sea;

The rosy tint that decks the sky before
the sun is set; —

Ay, every leaf I look upon forbids me to
forget.

They tell me he is happy now, the
gayest of the gay;

They hint that he forgets me too, — but
I heed not what they say:

Perhaps like me he struggles with each
feeling of regret;

But if he loves as I have loved, he never
can forget.

*HARK! THE CONVENT-BELLS
ARE RINGING.*

HARK! the convent-bells are ring-
ing,

And the nuns are sweetly singing;

Holy Virgin, hear our prayer!

See the novice comes to sever

Every worldly tie for ever;

Take, oh, take her to your care!

Still radiant gems are shining,

Her jet-black locks entwining;

And her robes around her flowing

With many tints are glowing,

But all earthly rays are dim.

Splendors brighter

Now invite her,

While thus we chant our vesper-hymn.

Now the lovely maid is kneeling,

With uplifted eyes appealing;

Holy Virgin, hear our prayer!

See the abbess, bending o'er her,

Breathes the sacred vow before
her;

Take, oh, take her to your care!

Her form no more possesses
Those dark luxuriant tresses.
The solemn words are spoken,
Each earthly tie is broken,
And all earthly joys are dim.

Splendors brighter

Now invite her,

While thus we chant our vesper-hymn.

*ISLE OF BEAUTY, FARE THEE
WELL.*

SHADES of ev'ning close not o'er us,
Leave our lonely bark awhile;

Morn, alas! will not restore us

Yonder dim and distant isle.

Still my fancy can discover

Sunny spots where friends may dwell;

Darker shadows round us hover,—

Isle of Beauty, fare thee well!

'Tis the hour when happy faces

Smile around the taper's light;

Who will fill our vacant places?

Who will sing our songs to-night?

Through the mist that floats above us

Faintly sounds the vesper-bell,

Like a voice from those who love us,

Breathing fondly, Fare thee well!

When the waves are round me break-
ing,

As I pace the deck alone,

And my eye is vainly seeking

Some green leaf to rest upon;

When on that dear land I ponder,

Where my old companions dwell,

Absence makes the heart grow fonder—

Isle of Beauty, fare thee well!

THE FIRST GRAY HAIR.

THE matron at her mirror, with her
hand upon her brow,

Sits gazing on her lovely face — ay,
lovely even now:

Why doth she lean upon her hand with
such a look of care?

Why steals that tear across her cheek?—
She sees her first gray hair.

time from her form hath ta'en away
 but little of its grace;
 His touch of thought hath dignified the
 beauty of her face;
 Yet she might mingle in the dance
 where maidens gaily trip,
 So bright is still her hazel eye, so beautiful
 her lip.

The faded form is often mark'd by sorrow
 more than years;
 The wrinkle on the cheek may be the
 course of secret tears;
 The mournful lip may murmur of a love
 it ne'er confest,
 And the dimness of the eye betray a
 heart that cannot rest.

But she hath been a happy wife; — the
 lover of her youth
 May proudly claim the smile that pays
 the trial of his truth;
 A sense of slight — of loneliness — hath
 never banish'd sleep;
 Her life hath been a cloudless one; —
 then, wherefore doth she weep?

She look'd upon her raven locks; —
 what thoughts did they recall?
 Oh! not of nights when they were
 deck'd for banquet or for ball; —
 They brought back thoughts of early
 youth, e'er she had learnt to
 check,
 With artificial wreaths, the curls that
 sported o'er her neck.

She seem'd to feel her mother's hand
 pass lightly through her hair,
 And draw it from her brow, to leave a
 kiss of kindness there;
 She seem'd to view her father's smile,
 and feel the playful touch
 That sometimes feign'd to steal away
 the curls she prized so much.

And now she sees her first gray hair!
 oh, deem it not a crime
 For her to weep — when she beholds
 the first footmark of Time!
 She knows that, one by one, those mute
 mementos will increase,
 And steal youth, beauty, strength away,
 till life itself shall cease.

'Tis not the tear of vanity for beauty on
 the wane —
 Yet though the blossom may not sigh to
 bud, and bloom again,
 It cannot but remember with a feeling
 of regret,
 The Spring for ever gone — the Summer
 sun so nearly set.

Ah, Lady! heed the monitor! Thy
 mirror tells the truth,
 Assume the matron's folded veil, resign
 the wreath of youth;
 Go! — bind it on thy daughter's brow,
 in her thou'lt still look fair;
 'Twere well would all learn wisdom
 who behold the first gray hair!

THOMAS HOOD.

1799-1845.

[THOMAS HOOD was born in London in May, 1799. His chief poetical works, scattered during his lifetime in various publications, are contained in two volumes entitled respectively *Poems*, 1846, and *Poems of Wit and Humour*, 1847. A complete edition of his works appeared in 1862. He died in May, 1845, and was buried in Kensal Green Cemetery, where some years after his death a monument was erected to him by public subscription.]

THE SONG OF THE SHIRT.

WITH fingers weary and worn,
 With eyelids heavy and red,
 A woman sat, in unwomanly rags,

Plying her needle and thread —
 Stitch — stitch — stitch!
 In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
 And still with a voice of dolorous pitch
 She sang the "Song of the Shirt!"

"Work — work — work !
While the cock is crowing aloof;
And work — work — work
Till the stars shine through the roof !
It's O ! to be a slave
Along with the barbarous Turk,
Where woman has never a soul to save
If this is Christian work !

"Work — work — work
Till the brain begins to swim;
Work — work — work
Till the eyes are heavy and dim !
Seam, and gusset, and band, —
Band, and gusset, and seam,
Till over the buttons I fall asleep,
And sew them on in a dream !

"O ! men with Sisters dear !
O ! men with Mothers and Wives !
It is not linen you're wearing out,
But human creatures' lives !
Stitch — stitch — stitch,
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
Sewing at once with a double thread,
A Shroud as well as a Shirt.

"But why do I talk of Death !
That phantom of grisly bone,
I hardly fear his terrible shape,
It seems so like my own —
It seems so like my own,
Because of the fasts I keep;
Oh God ! that bread should be so dear,
And flesh and blood so cheap !

"Work — work — work !
My labor never flags;
And what are its wages ? A bed of straw,
A crust of bread — and rags.
That shattered roof, — and this naked
floor, —
A table, — a broken chair, —
And a wall so blank, my shadow I thank
For sometimes falling there.

"Work — work — work !
From weary chime to chime,
Work — work — work
As prisoners work for crime !
Band, and gusset, and seam,
Seam, and gusset, and band,

Till the heart is sick, and the brain be-
numbed,
As well as the weary hand.

"Work — work — work,
In the dull December light,
And work — work — work,
When the weather is warm and bright . .
While underneath the eaves
The brooding swallows cling,
As if to show me their sunny backs
And twit me with the Spring.

"Oh ! but to breathe the breath
Of the cowslip and primrose sweet —
With the sky above my head,
And the grass beneath my feet,
For only one short hour
To feel as I used to feel,
Before I knew the woes of want
And the walk that costs a meal !

"Oh ! but for one short hour !
A respite however brief !
No blessed leisure for Love or Hope,
But only time for Grief !
A little weeping would ease my heart,
But in their briny bed
My tears must stop, for every drop
Hinders needle and thread !"

With fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat, in unwomanly rags,
Plying her needle and thread —
Stitch — stitch — stitch !
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch, —
Would that its tone could reach the Rich !
She sang this "Song of the Shirt !"

THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS.

ONE more unfortunate,
Weary of breath,
Rashly importunate,
Gone to her death !

Take her up tenderly,
Lift her with care;
Fashioned so slenderly,
Young, and so fair.

Look at her garments
 Clinging like cerements;
 Whilst the wave constantly
 Drips from her clothing;
 Take her up instantly,
 Loving, not loathing.

Touch her not scornfully;
 Think of her mournfully;
 Gently and humanly;
 Not of the stains of her;
 All that remains of her
 Now is pure womanly.

Make no deep scrutiny
 Into her mutiny
 Rash and undutiful;
 Past all dishonor,
 Death has left on her
 Only the beautiful.

Still, for all slips of hers,
 One of Eve's family,
 Wipe those poor lips of hers,
 Oozing so clammy.

Loop up her tresses,
 Escaped from the comb,
 Her fair auburn tresses;
 Whilst wonderment guesses
 Where was her home?
 Who was her father?
 Who was her mother?
 Had she a sister?
 Had she a brother?
 Or was there a dearer one
 Still, or a nearer one
 Yet, than all other?

Alas! for the rarity
 Of Christian charity
 Under the sun!
 Oh! it was pitiful,
 Near a whole city full,
 Home she had none!

Sisterly, brotherly,
 Fatherly, motherly,
 Feelings had changed;
 Love, by harsh evidence
 Thrown from its eminence,
 Even God's providence
 Seeming estranged.

When the lamps quiver
 So far in the river,
 With many a light
 From many a casement,
 From garret to basement,
 She stood, with amazement,
 Houseless by night.

The bleak wind of March
 Made her tremble and shiver,
 But not the dark arch
 Or the black flowing river.
 Mad from life's history,
 Glad to death's mystery,
 Swift to be hurled
 Anywhere! anywhere
 Out of the world!

In she plunged boldly,
 No matter how coldly
 The rough river ran;
 Over the brink of it,
 Picture it — think of it,
 Dissolute man!
 Lave in it — drink of it
 Then, if you can.

Take her up tenderly,
 Lift her with care,
 Fashioned so slenderly,
 Young, and so fair.

Ere her limbs frigidly
 Stiffen too rigidly,
 Decently, kindly
 Smooth and compose them;
 And her eyes, close them,
 Staring so blindly!

Dreadfully staring
 Through muddy impurity,
 As when with the daring,
 Last look of despairing,
 Fixed on futurity.

Perishing gloomily,
 Spurned by contumely
 Bold inhumanity,
 Burning insanity,
 Into her rest;
 Cross her hands humbly,
 As if praying dumbly,
 Over her breast!

Owning her weakness,
Her evil behavior,
And leaving, with meekness,
Her sins to her Saviour.

SONG.

THE stars are with the voyager,
Wherever he may sail;
The moon is constant to her time,
The sun will never fail,
But follow, follow, round the world,
The green earth and the sea;
So love is with the lover's heart,
Wherever he may be.

Wherever he may be, the stars
Must daily lose their light,
The moon will veil her in the shade,
The sun will set at night;
The sun may set, but constant love
Will shine when he's away,
So that dull night is never night,
And day is brighter day.

RUTH.

SHE stood breast high amid the corn,
Clasped by the golden light of morn,
Like the sweetheart of the sun,
Who many a glowing kiss had won.

On her cheek an autumn flush
Deeply ripened — such a blush
In the midst of brown was born —
Like red poppies grown with corn.

Round her eyes her tresses fell,
Which were blackest none could tell,
But long lashes veiled a light
That had else been all too bright.

And her hat, with shady brim,
Made her tressy forehead dim: —
Thus she stood amid the stooks,
Praising God with sweetest looks: —

Sure, I said, Heav'n did not mean
Where I reap thou shouldst but glean,
Lay thy sheaf adown and come
Share my harvest and my home.

I LOVE THEE! I LOVE THEE!

I LOVE thee! I love thee!
'Tis all that I can say; —
It is my vision in the night,
My dreaming in the day;
The very echo of my heart,
The blessing when I pray,
I love thee! I love thee!
Is all that I can say.

I love thee! I love thee!
Is ever on my tongue;
In all my proudest poesy,
That chorus still is sung.
It is the verdict of my eyes
Amidst the gay and young;
I love thee! I love thee!
A thousand maids among.

I love thee! I love thee!
Thy bright and hazel glance,
The mellow lute upon those lips
Whose tender tones entrance.
But most, dear heart of hearts, thy proofs,
That still these words enhance;
I love thee! I love thee!
Whatever be thy chance.

FAIR INES.

O SAW you not fair Ines?
She's gone into the West,
To dazzle when the sun is down,
And rob the world of rest.
She took our daylight with her,
The smiles that we love best,
With morning blushes on her cheek,
And pearls upon her breast.

Oh, turn again, fair Ines!
Before the fall of night,
For fear the moon should shine alone,
And stars unrivalled bright.
And blessed will the lover be,
That walks beneath their light,
And breathes the love against thy cheek,
I dare not even write!

Would I had been, fair Ines,
That gallant cavalier,

Who rode so gaily by thy side
 And whispered thee so near! —
 Were there no loving dames at home,
 Or no true lovers here,
 That he should cross the seas to win
 The dearest of the dear?

I saw thee, lovely Ines,
 Descend along the shore,
 With a band of noble gentlemen,
 And banners waved before,
 And gentle youths and maidens gay —
 And snowy plumes they wore;
 It would have been a beauteous dream,
 —If it had been no more!

Alas, Alas, fair Ines!
 She went away with song,
 With music waiting on her steps,
 And shoutings of the throng.
 And some were sad, and felt no mirth,
 But only music's wrong,
 In sounds that sang, Farewell, farewell
 To her you've loved so long.

Farewell, farewell, fair Ines,
 That vessel never bore
 So fair a lady on its decks,
 Nor danced so light before.
 Alas for pleasure on the sea,
 And sorrow on the shore;
 The smile that blest one lover's heart,
 Has broken many more!

ROBERT POLLOK.

1799–1827.

[BORN in Renfrewshire, Scotland, 1799; educated for the church, but produced, before he had attained his twenty-sixth year, a very remarkable poem, entitled *The Course of Time*, which attracted the most unqualified admiration in the religious world. The young poet's constitution was frail, and was undermined by his intense application. He was preparing to start for Italy, but died at Southampton in 1827.]

THE GENIUS OF BYRON.

[*The Course of Time.*]

HE touched his harp, and nations
 heard, entranced.
 As some vast river of unfailing source,
 Rapid, exhaustless, deep, his numbers
 flowed,
 And oped new fountains in the human
 heart.
 Where Fancy halted, weary in her flight,
 In other men, his, fresh as morning,
 rose,
 And soared untrodden heights, and
 seemed at home,
 Where angels bashful looked. Others,
 though great,
 Beneath their argument seemed strug-
 gling whiles;
 He from above descending, stooped to
 touch
 The loftiest thought; and proudly
 stooped as though

It scarce deserved his verse. With Na-
 ture's self
 He seemed an old acquaintance, free to
 jest
 At will with all her glorious majesty.
 He laid his hand upon "the Ocean's
 mane,"
 And played familiar with his hoary
 locks:
 Stood on the Alps, stood on the Apen-
 nines,
 And with the thunder talked as friend
 to friend;
 And wove his garland of the lightning's
 wing,
 In sportive twist, the lightning's fiery
 wing,
 Which, as the footsteps of the dreadful
 God,
 Marching upon the storm in vengeance,
 seemed;
 Then turned, and with the grasshopper,
 who sung

His evening song beneath his feet, con-
versed.
Suns, moons, and stars, and clouds, his
sisters were;
Rocks, mountains, meteors, seas, and
winds, and storms;
His brothers, younger brothers, whom
he scarce
As equals deemed. All passions of all
men,
The wild and tame, the gentle and se-
vere;
All thoughts, all maxims, sacred and
profane;
All creeds, all seasons, Time, Eternity;
All that was hated, and all that was
dear;
All that was hoped, all that was feared,
by man,
He tossed about, as tempest-withered
leaves;
Then, smiling, looked upon the wreck
he made.
With terror now he froze the cowering
blood,
And now dissolved the heart in tender-
ness;
Yet would not tremble, would not weep
himself;

But back into his soul retired, alone,
Dark, sullen, proud, gazing contemp-
tuously
On hearts and passions prostrate at his
feet.
So Ocean, from the plains his waves
had late
To desolation swept, retired in pride,
Exulting in the glory of his might,
And seemed to mock the ruin he had
wrought.
As some fierce comet of tremendous
size,
To which the stars did reverence as it
passed,
So he, through learning and through
fancy, took
His flights sublime, and on the loftiest
top
Of Fame's dread mountain sat; not
soiled and worn,
As if he from the earth had labored
up;
But, as some bird of heavenly plumage
fair,
He looked, which down from higher
regions came,
And perched it there, to see what lay
beneath.



LORD MACAULAY.

1800-1859.

[THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY was born at Rothley Temple, Leicestershire, Oct. 25, 1800, and died at Holly Lodge, Campden Hill, Dec. 28, 1859. His *Lays of Ancient Rome* were published in 1843; other ballads and poems were written from time to time, his earliest published piece, an *Epitaph on Henry Martyn*, being dated 1812.]

HENRY OF NAVARRE.

Now glory to the Lord of hosts, from
whom all glories are!
And glory to our Sovereign Liege, King
Henry of Navarre!
Now let there be the merry sound of
music and of dance,

Through thy corn-fields green, and sunny
vines, oh pleasant land of France!
And thou, Rochelle, our own Rochelle,
proud city of the waters,
Again let rapture light the eyes of all
thy mourning daughters.
As thou wert constant in our ills, be
joyous in our joy,

For cold, and stiff, and still are they
 who wrought thy walls annoy.
 Hurrah! hurrah! a single field hath
 turned the chance of war,
 Hurrah! hurrah! for Ivry, and King
 Henry of Navarre.

Oh! how our hearts were beating, when
 at the dawn of day
 We saw the army of the League drawn
 out in long array;
 With all its priest-led citizens, and all
 its rebel peers,
 And Appenzel's stout infantry, and Eg-
 mont's Flemish spears.
 There rode the brood of false Lorraine,
 the curses of our land!
 And dark Mayenne was in the midst, a
 truncheon in his hand!
 And as we looked on them, we thought
 of Seine's empurpled flood,
 And good Coligni's hoary hair all dab-
 bled with his blood;
 And we cried unto the living God, who
 rules the fate of war,
 To fight for his own holy name, and
 Henry of Navarre.

The King is come to marshal us, in all
 his armor drest,
 And he has bound a snow-white plume
 upon his gallant crest.
 He looked upon his people, and a tear
 was in his eye;
 He looked upon the traitors, and his
 glance was stern and high.
 Right graciously he smiled on us, as
 rolled from wing to wing,
 Down all our line, a deafening shout,
 "God save our Lord the King!"
 "And if my standard-bearer fall, as fall
 full well he may,
 For never saw I promise yet of such a
 bloody fray,
 Press where ye see my white plume shine,
 amidst the ranks of war,
 And be your oriflamme to-day the hel-
 met of Navarre."

Hurrah! the foes are moving. Hark
 to the mingled din

Of fife, and steed, and trump and drum,
 and roaring culverin!
 The fiery Duke is pricking fast across
 Saint André's plain,
 With all the hireling chivalry of Guel-
 ders and Almayne.
 Now by the lips of those ye love, fair
 gentlemen of France,
 Charge for the Golden Lilies now—
 upon them with the lance!
 A thousand spurs are striking deep, a
 thousand spears in rest,
 A thousand knights are pressing close
 behind the snow-white crest;
 And in they burst, and on they rushed,
 while, like a guiding star,
 Amidst the thickest carnage blazed the
 helmet of Navarre.

Now, God be praised, the day is ours!
 Mayenne hath turned his rein.
 D'Aumale hath cried for quarter. The
 Flemish Count is slain.
 Their ranks are breaking like thin clouds
 before a Biscay gale;
 The field is heaped with bleeding steeds,
 and flags, and cloven mail;
 And then, we thought on vengeance,
 and all along our van,
 "Remember St. Bartholomew," was
 passed from man to man;
 But out spake gentle Henry, "No
 Frenchman is my foe:
 Down, down with every foreigner, but
 let your brethren go."
 Oh! was there ever such a knight, in
 friendship or in war,
 As our Sovereign Lord King Henry, the
 soldier of Navarre!

Ho! maidens of Vienna! Ho! matrons
 of Lucerne!
 Weep, weep, and rend your hair for
 those who never shall return.
 Ho! Philip, send, for charity, thy Mexi-
 can pistoles,
 That Antwerp monks may sing a mass
 for thy poor spearmen's souls!
 Ho! gallant nobles of the League, look
 that your arms be bright!
 Ho! burghers of Saint Genevieve, keep
 watch and ward to-night!

For our God hath crushed the tyrant,
 our God hath raised the slave,
 And mocked the counsel of the wise,
 and the valor of the brave.
 Then glory to His holy name, from whom
 all glories are;
 And glory to our Sovereign Lord, King
 Henry of Navarre!

NASEBY.

O! WHEREFORE come ye forth in triumph
 from the North,
 With your hands and your feet, and your
 raiment all red?
 And wherefore do your rout send forth
 a joyous shout?
 And whence are the grapes of the wine-
 press that ye tread?

O! evil was the root, and bitter was the
 fruit,
 And crimson was the juice of the vintage
 that we trod;
 For we trampled on the throng of the
 haughty and the strong,
 Who sate in the high places and slew
 the saints of God.

It was about the noon of a glorious day
 of June,
 That we saw their banners dance and
 their cuirasses shine,
 And the Man of Blood was there, with
 his long essenced hair,
 And Astley, and Sir Marmaduke, and
 Rupert of the Rhine.

Like a servant of the Lord, with his
 Bible and his sword,
 The General rode along us to form us
 for the fight;
 When a murmuring sound broke out,
 and swell'd into a shout
 Among the godless horsemen upon the
 tyrant's right.

And hark! like the roar of the billow
 on the shore,
 The cry of battle rises along their charg-
 ing line:

For God! for the Cause! for the Church!
 for the Laws!
 For Charles, King of England, and Ru-
 pert of the Rhine!

The furious German comes, with his
 trumpets and his drums,
 His bravoës of Alsatia and pages of
 Whitehall;
 They are bursting on our flanks! Grasp
 your pikes! Close your ranks!
 For Rupert never comes, but to conquer,
 or to fall.

They are here — they rush on — we are
 broken — we are gone —
 Our left is borne before them like stub-
 ble on the blast.
 O Lord, put forth thy might! O Lord,
 defend the right!
 Stand back to back, in God's name! and
 fight it to the last!

Stout Skippen hath a wound — the cen-
 tre hath given ground.
 But hark! what means this trampling
 of horsemen in the rear?
 What banner do I see, boys? 'Tis he!
 thank God! 'tis he, boys!
 Bear up another minute! Brave Oliver
 is here!

Their heads are stooping low, their pikes
 all in a row:
 Like a whirlwind on the trees, like a
 deluge on the dykes,
 Our cuirassiers have burst on the ranks
 of the Accurst,
 And at a shock have scatter'd the forest
 of his pikes.
 Fast, fast, the gallants ride, in some safe
 nook to hide
 Their coward heads, predestined to rot
 on Temple Bar.
 And he — he turns! he flies! shame to
 those cruel eyes
 That bore to look on torture, and dare
 not look on war.

Ho, comrades! scour the plain, and ere
 ye strip the slain,
 First give another stab to make the
 quest secure;

Then shake from sleeves and pockets
their broad pieces and lockets,
The tokens of the wanton, the plunder
of the poor.

Fools! your doublets shone with gold, and
your hearts were gay and bold,
When you kiss'd your lily hands to your
lemans to-day;
And to-morrow shall the fox from her
chambers in the rocks
Lead forth her tawny cubs to howl above
the prey.

Where be your tongues, that late mock'd
at heaven, and hell, and fate?
And the fingers that once were so busy
with your blades?
Your perfumed satin clothes, your
catches and your oaths?

Your stage-plays and your sonnets? your
diamonds and your spades?

Down! down! for ever down with the
mitre and the crown!
With the Belial of the Court, and the
Mammon of the Pope!
There is woe in Oxford halls, there is
wail in Durham stalls;
The Jesuit smites his bosom, the Bishop
rends his cope.

And she of the Seven Hills shall mourn
her children's ills,
And tremble when she thinks on the
edge of England's sword;
And the Kings of earth in fear shall
tremble when they hear
What the hand of God hath wrought for
the Houses and the Word!



SIR HENRY TAYLOR.

1800-1886.

[BORN in 1800; entered the colonial office in 1824, in which he has been for many years one of the five senior clerks; author of several volumes of dramas and essays, of which *Philip Van Artevelde*, a tragedy (1834), and *Edwin the Fair*, an historical drama (1842), are accounted his best works. A collected edition of his plays and poems was issued in 3 vols. in 1863.]

REPENTANCE AND IMPROVEMENT.

[*Philip Van Artevelde*.]

HE that lacks time to mourn, lacks time
to mend.

Eternity mourns that. 'Tis an ill cure
For life's worst ills, to have no time to
feel them.

Where sorrow 's held intrusive and
turned out,

There wisdom will not enter, nor true
power,

Nor aught that dignifies humanity.
Yet such the barrenness of busy life!
From shelf to shelf ambition clammers
up,

To reach the naked'st pinnacle of all,
Whilst magnanimity, absolved from
toil,

Reposes self-included at the base.

GREATNESS AND SUCCESS.

[*Philip Van Artevelde*.]

HE was one
Of many thousand such that die betimes,
Whose story is a fragment known to
few.

Then comes the man who has the luck
to live,

And he 's a prodigy. Compute the
chances,

And deem there's never one in danger-
ous times

Who wins the race of glory, but than
him

A thousand men more gloriously en-
dowed

Have fallen upon the course; a thou-
sand others

Have had their fortunes foundered by
a chance,

Whilst lighter barks pushed past them;
 to whom add
 A smaller tally, of the singular few,
 Who, gifted with predominating powers,
 Bear yet a temperate will and keep the
 peace.
 The world knows nothing of its greatest
 men.

REPOSE OF THE HEART.

[*Philip Van Artevelde.*]

THE heart of man, walk it which way it
 will,
 Sequestered or frequented, smooth or
 rough,
 Down the deep valley amongst tinkling
 flocks,
 Or mid the clang of trumpets and the
 march
 Of clattering ordnance, still must have
 its halt,
 Its hour of truce, its instant of repose,
 Its inn of rest; and craving still must
 seek
 The food of its affections, — still must
 slake
 Its constant thirst of what is fresh and
 pure,
 And pleasant to behold.

A WIFE.

[*Philip Van Artevelde.*]

SHE was a creature framed by love
 divine
 For mortal love to muse a life away
 In pondering her perfections; so un-
 moved

Amidst the world's contentions, if they
 touched
 No vital chord nor troubled what she
 loved,
 Philosophy might look her in the face,
 And like a hermit stooping to the well
 That yields him sweet refreshment,
 might therein
 See but his own serenity reflected
 With a more heavenly tenderness of
 hue!
 Yet whilst the world's ambitious empty
 cares,
 Its small disquietudes and insect stings,
 Disturbed her never, she was one made
 up
 Of feminine affections, and her life
 Was one full stream of love from fount
 to sea.

A SCHOLAR.

[*Edwin the Fair.*]

THIS life, and all that it contains, to him
 Is but a tissue of illuminous dreams
 Filled with book-wisdom, pictured
 thought and love
 That on its own creations spends itself.
 All things he understands, and nothing
 does.
 Profusely eloquent in copious praise
 Of action, he will talk to you as one
 Whose wisdom lay in dealings and
 transactions;
 Yet so much action as might tie his shoe
 Cannot his will command; himself alone
 By his own wisdom not a jot the gainer.
 Of silence, and the hundred thousand
 things
 'Tis better not to mention, he will speak,
 And still most wisely.

LETITIA ELIZABETH LONDON.

1802-1838.

[BORN at Brompton, England, 1802; acquired considerable reputation by a number of poems published in the *Literary Gazette* over the signature "L. E. L.," by which she was thenceforth known. She soon became a regular contributor to the various literary journals and annuals, and for fifteen years supported her family by her pen. She published several volumes of poems and four novels, all of which were successful, many of them reprinted in the United States. In June, 1838, married to Mr. George Maclean, governor of Cape Coast Castle, West Africa, and accompanied him to that place, where she died Oct. 15, 1838.]

CRESCENTIUS.

I LOOK'D upon his brow — no sign
Of guilt or fear was there;
He stood as proud by that death-shrine
As even o'er despair
He had a power; in his eye
There was a quenchless energy,
A spirit that could dare
The deadliest form that death could take,
And dare it for the daring's sake.

He stood, the fetters on his hand,
He raised them haughtily;
And had that grasp been on the brand,
It could not wave on high
With freer pride than it waved now;
Around he look'd with changeless brow
On many a torture nigh;
The rack, the chain, the axe, the wheel,
And worst of all, his own red steel.

I saw him once before; he rode
Upon a coal-black steed,
And tens of thousands throng'd the road,
And bade their warrior speed.
His helm, his breastplate, were of gold,
And graced with many dint, that told
Of many a soldier's deed;
The sun shone on his sparkling mail,
And danced his snow-plume on the gale.

But now he stood chain'd and alone,
The headsman by his side,
The plume, the helm, the charger gone;
The sword, which had defied
The mightiest, lay broken near;
And yet no sign or sound of fear
Came from that lip of pride;
And never king or conqueror's brow
Wore higher look than did his now.

He bent beneath the headsman's stroke
With an uncover'd eye;
A wild shout from the numbers broke
Who throng'd to see him die.
It was a people's loud acclaim,
The voice of anger and of shame,
A nation's funeral cry,
Rome's wail above her only son,
Her patriot and her latest one.

NIGHT AT SEA.

THE lovely purple of the noon's bestow-
ing
Has vanish'd from the waters, where
it flung
A royal color, such as gems are throw-
ing
Tyrian or regal garniture among.
'Tis night, and overhead the sky is
gleaming,
Thro' the slight vapor trembles each
dim star;
I turn away — my heart is sadly dream-
ing
Of scenes they do not light, of scenes
afar.
My friends, my absent friends!
Do you think of me, as I think
of you?

By each dark wave around the vessel
sweeping,
Farther am I from old dear friends
removed;
Till the lone vigil that I now am keep-
ing,
I did not know how much you were
beloved.

How many acts of kindness little heeded,
Kind looks, kind words, rise half
reproachful now!

Hurried and anxious, my vex'd life has
speeded,

And memory wears a soft accusing
brow.

My friends, my absent friends!

Do you think of me, as I think
of you?

The very stars are strangers, as I catch
them

Athwart the shadowy sails that swell
above;

I cannot hope that other eyes will watch
them

At the same moment with a mutual
love.

They shine not there, as here they now
are shining;

The very hours are changed. — Ah,
do ye sleep?

O'er each home pillow midnight is de-
clining —

May some kind dream at least my
image keep!

My friends, my absent friends!

Do you think of me, as I think
of you?

Yesterday has a charm, To-day could
never

Fling o'er the mind, which knows not
till it parts

How it turns back with tenderest en-
deavor

To fix the past within the heart of
hearts.

Absence is full of memory, it teaches

The value of all old familiar things;

The strengthener of affection, while it
reaches

O'er the dark parting, with an angel's
wings.

My friends, my absent friends!

Do you think of me as I think
of you?

The world, with one vast element
omitted —

Man's own especial element, the
earth;

Yet, o'er the waters is his rule trans-
mitted

By that great knowledge whence has
power its birth.

How oft on some strange loveliness
while gazing

Have I wish'd for you — beautiful as
new,

The purple waves like some wild army
raising

Their snowy banners as the ship cuts
through.

My friends, my absent friends!

Do you think of me, as I think
of you?

Bearing upon its wings the hues of
morning,

Up springs the flying fish like life's
false joy,

Which of the sunshine asks that frail
adorning

Whose very light is fated to destroy.

Ah, so doth genius on its rainbow pinion
Spring from the depths of an unkindly
world;

So spring sweet fancies from the heart's
dominion —

Too soon in death the scorch'd-up
wing is furl'd.

My friends, my absent friends!

Whate'er I see is link'd with
thoughts of you.

No life is in the air, but in the waters

Are creatures, huge, and terrible and
strong;

The sword-fish and the shark pursue
their slaughters,

War universal reigns these depths
along.

Like some new island on the ocean
springing,

Floats on the surface some gigantic
whale,

From its vast head a silver fountain
flinging,

Bright as the fountain in a fairy tale.

My friends, my absent friends!

I read such fairy legends while
with you.

Light is amid the gloomy canvas spreading,
The moon is whitening the dusky sails,

From the thick bank of clouds she masters, shedding
The softest influence that o'er night prevails.

Pale is she like a young queen pale with splendor,
Haunted with passionate thoughts too fond, too deep;

The very glory that she wears is tender,
The very eyes that watch her beauty fain would weep.

My friends, my absent friends!
Do you think of me, as I think of you?

Sunshine is ever cheerful, when the morning
Wakens the world with cloud-dispelling eyes;

The spirits mount to glad endeavor, scorning
What toil upon a path so sunny lies.

Sunshine and hope are comrades, and their weather
Calls into life an energy like Spring's;

But memory and moonlight go together,
Reflected in the light that either brings.

My friends, my absent friends!
Do you think of me, then? I think of you.

The busy deck is hush'd, no sounds are waking
But the watch pacing silently and slow;

The waves against the sides incessant breaking,
And rope and canvas swaying to and fro.

The topmost-sail, it seems like some dim pinnacle
Cresting a shadowy tower amid the air;

While red and fitful gleams come from the binnacle,
The only light on board to guide us — where?

My friends, my absent friends!
Far from my native land, and far from you.

On one side of the ship, the moon-beam's shimmer
In luminous vibrations sweeps the sea,

But where the shadow falls, a strange, pale glimmer
Seems, glow-worm like, amid the waves to be.

All that the spirit keeps of thought and feeling,
Takes visionary hues from such an hour;

But while some phantasy is o'er me stealing,
I start — remembrance has a keener power:

My friends, my absent friends!
From the fair dream I start to think of you.

A dusk line in the moonlight — I discover
What all day long vainly I sought to catch;

Or is it but the varying clouds that hover
Thick in the air, to mock the eyes that watch?

No; well the sailor knows each speck, appearing,
Upon the tossing waves, the far-off strand;

To that dark line our eager ship is steering.
Her voyage done — to-morrow we shall land.

HANNIBAL'S OATH.

AND the night was dark and calm,
There was not a breath of air;
The leaves of the grove were still,
And the presence of death was there;—

Only a moaning sound
Came from the distant sea;
It was as if, like life,
It had no tranquillity.

A warrior and a child
 Pass'd through the sacred wood,
 Which, like a mystery,
 Around the temple stood.

The warrior's brow was worn
 With the weight of casque and plume,
 And sun-burnt was his cheek,
 And his eye and brow were gloom.

The child was young and fair,
 But the forehead large and high,
 And the dark eyes' flashing light
 Seem'd to feel their destiny.

They enter'd in the temple,
 And stood before the shrine;
 It stream'd with the victim's blood,
 With incense and with wine.

The ground rock'd beneath their feet,
 The thunder shook the dome;
 But the boy stood firm, and swore
 Eternal hate to Rome.

There's a page in history
 O'er which tears of blood were wept,
 And that page is the record
 How that oath of hate was kept.



WINTHROP MACKWORTH PRAED.

1802-1839.

[WINTHROP MACKWORTH PRAED was born in London on the 26th of July, 1802. He was educated at Eton and Trinity College, Cambridge. He died on the 15th of July, 1839. His Poems were edited in New York by R. W. Griswold in 1844; with a Memoir by W. H. Whitmore, 2 vols., 1859; and a complete edition, with a Memoir by Rev. Derwent Coleridge, was issued by his sister, Lady Young, in 2 vols., in 1864.]

TIME'S SONG.

O'ER the level plains, where mountains
 greet me as I go,
 O'er the desert waste, where fountains
 at my bidding flow,
 On the boundless beam by day, on the
 cloud by night,
 I am riding hence away: who will chain
 my flight?

War his weary watch was keeping, —
 I have crushed his spear;
 Grief within her bower was weeping, —
 I have dried her tear;
 Pleasure caught a minute's hold, — then
 I hurried by,
 Leaving all her banquet cold, and her
 goblet dry.

Power had won a throne of glory:
 where is now his fame?
 Genius said "I live in story": who hath
 heard his name?
 Love beneath a myrtle bough whispered
 "Why so fast?"
 And the roses on his brow withered as
 I past.

I have heard the heifer lowing o'er the
 wild wave's bed;
 I have seen the billow flowing where
 the cattle fed;
 Where began my wanderings? Memory
 will not say!
 Where will rest my weary wings? Sci-
 ence turns away!

FUIMUS!

Go to the once loved bowers;
 Wreath the blushing roses for the lady's
 hair:
 Winter has been upon the leaves
 and flowers, —
 They were!

Look for the domes of kings;
 Lo! the owl's fortress, or the tiger's
 lair;
 Oblivion sits beside them; mockery
 sings
 They were!

Waken the minstrel's lute;
Bid the smooth pleader charm the listen-
ing air:

The chords are broken, and the lips
are mute; —
They were!

Visit the great and brave;
Worship the witcheries of the bright
and fair.

Is not thy foot upon a new-made
grave? —
They were!

Speak to thine own heart; prove
The secrets of thy nature. What is
there?

Wild hopes, warm fancies, fervent
faith, fond love, —
They were!

We too, we too must fall;
A few brief years to labor and to
bear; —

Then comes the sexton, and the old
trite tale,
"We were!"



THOMAS LOVELL BEDDOES.

1803-1849.

[THOMAS LOVELL BEDDOES was born at Rodney Place, Clifton, on the 29th of July, 1803; he was the son of the famous physician, Dr. Thomas Beddoes, and nephew of the no-less famous Maria Edgeworth. He was educated at Bath and at the Charterhouse, and entered Pembroke College, Oxford, in 1820. From 1825 to 1846 he resided in Germany and Switzerland. He left England again after a stay of a few months, and died under somewhat mysterious circumstances in the hospital at Basle, Jan. 26, 1849. He published during his lifetime *The Improvisatore*, 1821, and *The Bride's Tragedy*, 1822, besides various works in German; after his death appeared *Death's Jest Book*, 1850, and *Poems*, 1851.]

WOLFRAM'S DIRGE.

If thou wilt ease thine heart
Of love and all its smart,

Then sleep, dear, sleep;
And not a sorrow

Hang any tear on your eyelashes;
Lie still and deep,

Sad soul, until the sea-wave washes
The rim o' the sun to-morrow,
In eastern sky.

But wilt thou cure thine heart
Of love and all its smart,

Then die, dear, die;
'Tis deeper, sweeter,
Than on a rose bank to lie dreaming
With folded eye;

And then alone, amid the beaming
Of love's stars, thou'lt meet her
In eastern sky.

SONG.

A ho! A ho!

Love's horn doth blow,
And he will out a-hawking go.
His shafts are light as beauty's sighs,
And bright as midnight's brightest eyes,
And round his starry way
The swan-winged horses of the skies,
With summer's music in their manes,
Curve their fair necks to zephyr's reins,
And urge their graceful play.

A ho! A ho!

Love's horn doth blow,
And he will out a-hawking go.
The sparrows flutter round his wrist,
The feathery thieves that Venus kissed
And taught their morning song,
The linnets seek the airy list,
And swallows two, small pets of spring,
Beat back the gale with swifter wing,
And dart and wheel along.

A ho! A ho!
 Love's horn doth blow,
 And he will out a-hawking go.
 Now woe to every gnat that skips
 To filch the fruit of ladies' lips,

His felon blood is shed;
 And woe to flies, whose airy ships
 On beauty cast their anchoring bite,
 And bandit wasp, that naughty wight,
 Whose sting is slaughter-red.



LORD LYTTON

(EDWARD BULWER LYTTON).

1803-1873.

[BORN in Norfolk, May 25, 1803. The youngest of three sons of William Earle Bulwer and Elizabeth Lytton. Educated at Cambridge; gained the Chancellor's prize for English verse by his poem on *Sculpture* (1825); graduated at Trinity Hall, 1826. Author of numerous works of fiction, among which are *Pelham, or the Adventures of a Gentleman* (1828), *The Disowned* (1828); *Paul Clifford* (1830), *Last Days of Pompeii* (1835), *Rienzi* (1835), *The Caxtons* (1854), *What Will He Do With It?* (1858), etc. His novels have great popularity in England and in this country, and have been translated into several languages. His dramas entitled *The Lady of Lyons* (1838) and *Richelieu* were very successful, as well as the comedy of *Money*, which came out soon after. He was made a Peer in 1866, with the title of Baron Lytton. Died Jan. 18, 1873.]

THE SECRET WAY.

[From *The Lost Tales of Miletus*.]

IN haste he sent to gather fresh recruits
 Among the fiercest tribes his fathers
 ruled,

They whom a woman led
 When to her feet they tossed the
 head of Cyrus.

And the tribes answered — "Let the
 Scythian King

Return repentant to old Scythian ways,
 And laugh with us at foes.

Wains know no sieges — Freedom
 moves her cities."

Soon came the Victor with his Persian
 guards,

And all the rallied vengeance of his
 Medes;

One night, sprang up dread camps
 With lurid watch-lights circling
 dooméd ramparts,

As hunters round the wild beasts in their
 lair

Marked for the javelin, wind a belt of fire.

Omartes scanned his walls
 And said, "Ten years Troy baffled
 Agamemnon."

Yet pile up walls, out-topping Babylon,
 Manned foot by foot with sleepless sen-
 tinels,

And to and fro will pass,
 Free as the air thro' keyholes,
 Love and Treason.

Be elsewhere told the horrors of that
 siege,

The desperate sally, slaughter, and
 repulse

Repelled in turn the foe,
 With Titan ladders scaling cloud-
 capt bulwarks,

Hurled back and buried under rocks
 heaved down

By wrathful hands from scatheless battle-
 ments.

With words of holy charm,
 Soothing despair and leaving resig-
 nation.

Mild thro' the city moved Argiope,
Pale with a sorrow too divine for fear;
And when, at morn and eve,
She bowed her meek head to her
father's blessing,

Omarthes felt as if the righteous gods
Could doom no altars at whose foot she
prayed.

Only, when all alone,
Stole from her lips a murmur like
complaint,

Shaped in these words, "Wert thou,
then, but a dream?
Or shall I see thee in the Happy Fields?"
Now came with stony eye
The livid vanquisher of cities,
Famine;

And moved to pity now, the Persian
sent
Heralds with proffered peace on terms
that seem
Gentle to Asian kings,
And unendurable to Europe's
Freemen;

"I from thy city will withdraw my
hosts,
And leave thy people to their chiefs and
laws,
Taking from all thy realm
Nought save the river, which I make
my border,

' If but, in homage to my sovereign
throne,
Thou pay this petty tribute once a year;
Six grains of Scythian soil,
One urn of water spared from Scy-
thian fountains."

And the Scyth answered—"Let the
Mede demand
That which is mine to give, or gold or
life;
The water and the soil
Are, every grain and every drop,
my country's:

"And no man hath a country where a
King
Pays tribute to another for his crown."
And at this stern reply,
The Persian doomed to fire and
sword the city.

THE LANGUAGE OF THE EYES.

THOSE eyes, those eyes, how full of
heaven they are,
When the calm twilight leaves the
heaven most holy,
Tell me, sweet eyes, from what divinest
star
Did ye drink in your liquid melan-
choly?
Tell me, beloved eyes!

Was it from yon lone orb, that ever by
The quiet moon, like hope on patience,
hovers,
The star to which hath sped so many
a sigh,
Since lutes in Lesbos hallowed it to
lovers?
Was that your fount, sweet
eyes?

Ye sibyl books, in which the truths fore-
told,
Inspire the heart, your dreaming
priest, with gladness,
Bright alchemists that turn to thoughts
of gold
The leaden cares ye steal away from
sadness,
Teach only me, sweet eyes!

Hush! when I ask ye how at length to
gain
The cell where Love the sleeper yet
lies hidden,
Loose not those arch lips from their
rosy chain;
Be every answer, save your own, for-
bidden,—
Feelings are words for eyes!

THE HOLLOW OAK.

HOLLOW is the oak beside the sunny
waters drooping;
Thither came, when I was young, happy
children trooping;
Dream I now, or hear I now — far, their
mellow whooping?

Gay below the cowslip bank, see the
billow dances,
There I lay, beguiling time — when I
lived romances;
Dropping pebbles in the wave, fancies
into fancies; —

Farther, where the river glides by the
wooded cover,
Where the merlin singeth low, with the
hawk above her,
Came a foot and shone a smile — woe is
me, the lover!

Leaflets on the hollow oak still as greenly
quiver,
Musical amid the reeds murmurs on the
river;
But the footstep and the smile! — woe is
me for ever!



FRANCIS MAHONEY

(FATHER PROUT).

1805-1866.

[BORN in Cork, Ireland, about 1805; educated at Jesuit colleges in Paris and Rome; took orders in the Catholic church, and relinquished that profession to connect himself with *Fraser's Magazine*, about 1831; he was also a contributor to *Bentley's Miscellany*, 1837, and afterwards Paris correspondent for the *Globe*. His closing years were passed in a monastery at Paris, where he died, May 19, 1866.]

THE BELLS OF SHANDON.

WITH deep affection and recollection
I often think of the Shandon bells,
Whose sounds so wild would, in days
of childhood,

Fling round my cradle their magic
spells.

On this I ponder, where'er I wander,
And thus grow fonder, sweet Cork,
of thee;

With thy bells of Shandon,
That sound so grand on
The pleasant waters of the river Lee.

I have heard bells chiming full many a
clime in,
Tolling sublimely in cathedral shrine;
While at a glib rate brass tongues would
vibrate,
But all their music spoke naught to
thine;

For memory dwelling on each proud
swelling

Of thy belfry knelling its bold notes
free,

Made the bells of Shandon
Sound far more grand on
The pleasant waters of the river Lee.

I have heard bells tolling "old Adrian's
mole" in,

Their thunder rolling from the Vati-
can,

With cymbals glorious, swinging up-
roarious

In the gorgeous turrets of Notre
Dame;

But thy sounds were sweeter than the
dome of Peter

Flings o'er the Tiber, pealing sol-
emnly.

Oh the bells of Shandon
Sound far more grand on
The pleasant waters of the river Lee.

There's a bell in Moscow, while on
tower and kiosk

In St. Sophia the Turkman gets,
And loud in air, calls men to prayer,
From the tapering summit of tall
minarets.
Such empty phantom, I freely grant
them,

But there's an anthem more dear to
me,
It's the bells of Shandon,
That sound so grand on
The pleasant waters of the river
Lee.



JOHN STERLING.

1806-1844.

[BORN at Kames Castle, Isle of Bute, July 20, 1806; son of Edward Sterling, editor of the *London Times*; was for a short time on the editorial staff of the *Athenaeum*, afterwards a curate, but soon gave his attention to literary studies and pursuits. Among his works are *Arthur Coningsby* (1833), *The Onyx Ring* (1856), *Minor Poems* (1839), *The Election* (1841), and *Stratford*, a drama (1843). Died at Ventnor, Isle of Wight, Sept. 18, 1844.]

ON A BEAUTIFUL DAY.

O UNSEEN Spirit! now a calm divine
Comes forth from thee, rejoicing
earth and air!

Trees, hills, and houses, all distinctly
shine,
And thy great ocean slumbers every-
where.

The mountain ridge against the purple
sky
Stands clear and strong, with dark-
ened rocks and dells,
And cloudless brightness opens wide
and high
A home aerial, where thy presence
dwells.

The chime of bells remote, the mur-
muring sea,
The song of birds in whispering copse
and wood,
The distant voice of children's thought-
less glee,
And maiden's song, are all one voice
of good.

Amid the leaves' green mass a sunny
play
Of flash and shadow stirs like inward
life:

The ship's white sail glides onward far
away,
Unhaunted by a dream of storm or
strife.

THE SPICE-TREE.

THE Spice-Tree lives* in the garden
green;
Beside it the fountain flows;
And a fair bird sits the boughs be-
tween,
And sings his melodious woes.

No greener garden e'er was known
Within the bounds of an earthly king;
No lovelier skies have ever shone
Than those that illumine its constant
Spring.

That coil-bound stem has branches
three;
On each a thousand blossoms grow;
And, old as aught of time can be,
The root stands fast in the rocks below.

In the spicy shade ne'er seems to tire
The fount that builds a silvery dome;
And flakes of purple and ruby fire
Gush out, and sparkle amid the foam.

The fair white bird of flaming crest,
And azure wings bedropt with gold,
Ne'er has he known a pause of rest,
But sings the lament that he framed of
old :

"O Princess bright ! how long the night
Since thou art sunk in the waters clear !
How sadly they flow from the depth be-
low —
How long must I sing and thou wilt not
hear ?

"The waters play, and the flowers are
gay,
And the skies are sunny above ;
I would that all could fade and fall,
And I, too, cease to mourn my love.

"Oh ! many a year, so wakeful and
drear,
I have sorrowed and watched, beloved,
for thee !
But there comes no breath from the
chambers of death,
While the lifeless fount gushes under
the tree."

The skies grow dark, and they glare
with red ;
The tree shakes off its spicy bloom ;

The waves of the fount in a black poo
spread ;
And in thunder sounds the garden's
doom.

Down springs the bird, with a long shrill
cry,
Into the sable and angry flood ;
And the face of the pool, as he falls
from high,
Curdles in circling stains of blood.

But sudden again upswells the fount ;
Higher and higher the waters flow —
In a glittering diamond arch they
mount,
And round it the colors of morning
glow.

Finer and finer the watery mound
Softens and melts to a thin-spun veil,
And tones of music circle around,
And bear to the stars the fountain's
tale.

And swift the eddying rainbow screen
Falls in dew on the grassy floor ;
Under the Spice-Tree the garden's
Queen
Sits by her lover, who wails no more.



LADY DUFFERIN.

1807-1867.

[HELEN SELINA SHERIDAN, sister of Caroline Norton and granddaughter of Richard Brinsley Sheridan, born in 1807; became, in 1825, wife of Hon. Price Blackwood, afterwards Lord Dufferin. Her husband died in 1841, and in 1862 she married the Earl of Gifford. She died June 13, 1867. Her son, the present Earl of Dufferin, is widely known as an accomplished statesman and author. Lady Dufferin was the author of many popular songs and ballads, of which *The Irish Emigrant's Lament* is the best known.]

LAMENT OF THE IRISH EMI- GRANT.

I'm sittin' on the stile, Mary,
Where we sat side by side
On a bright May mornin' long ago,
When first you were my bride ;
The corn was springin' fresh and green,
And the lark sang loud and high ;

And the red was on your lip, Mary,
And the love-light in your eye.

The place is little changed, Mary ;
The day is bright as then ;
The lark's loud song is in my ear,
And the corn is green again ;
But I miss the soft clasp of your hand,
And your breath, warm on my cheek ;

And I still keep list'nin' for the words
 .You nevermore will speak.

'Tis but a step down yonder lane,
 And the little church stands near, —
 The church where we were wed, Mary;
 I see the spire from here.
 But the graveyard lies between, Mary,
 And my step might break your rest, —
 For I've laid you, darling, down to
 sleep,
 With your baby on your breast.

I'm very lonely now, Mary, —
 For the poor make no new friends;
 But, O, they love the better still
 The few our Father sends!
 And you were all I had, Mary, —
 My blessin' and my pride:
 There's nothing left to care for now,
 Since my poor Mary died.

Yours was the good, brave heart, Mary,
 That still kept hoping on,
 When the trust in God had left my soul,
 And my arm's young strength was
 gone;
 There was comfort ever on your lip,
 And the kind look on your brow, —
 I bless you, Mary, for that same,
 Though you cannot hear me now.

I thank you for the patient smile
 When your heart was fit to break, —
 When the hunger-pain was gnawin'
 there,
 And you hid it for my sake;
 I bless you for the pleasant word,
 When your heart was sad and sore, —
 O, I'm thankful you are gone, Mary,
 Where grief can't reach you more!

I'm biddin' you a long farewell,
 My Mary, — kind and true!
 But I'll not forget you, darling,
 In the land I'm goin' to;
 They say there's bread and work for
 all,
 And the sun shines always there, —
 But I'll not forget old Ireland,
 Were it fifty times as fair!

And often in those grand old woods
 I'll sit, and shut my eyes,
 And my heart will travel back again
 To the place where Mary lies;
 And I'll think I see the little stile
 Where we sat side by side,
 And the springin' corn, and the bright
 May morn,
 When first you were my bride.

LADY NORTON

(CAROLINE ELIZABETH SARAH NORTON).

1808-1877.

[DAUGHTER of Thomas Sheridan, born in 1808; at the age of nineteen married the Hon. George C. Norton. In 1829 published the *Sorrows of Rosalie*; the following year achieved her success as a poetess by the production of the *Undying One*, which the *Quarterly Review* declared to be worthy of Lord Byron. Subsequent works in prose and poetry obtained a large circulation; her most quoted poem is *Bingen on the Rhine*. Died June 15, 1877.]

LOVE NOT.

LOVE not, love not, ye hapless sons of
 clay!
 Hope's gayest wreaths are made of
 earthly flowers —
 Things that are made to fade and fall
 away,
 When they have blossomed but a
 few short hours.

Love not, love not! The thing you
 love may die —
 May perish from the gay and glad-
 some earth;
 The silent stars, the blue and smiling
 sky,
 Beam on its grave as once upon its
 birth.

Love not, love not! The thing you
 love may change,
 The rosy lip may cease to smile on
 you;
 The kindly-beaming eye grow cold and
 strange,
 The heart still warmly beat, yet not
 be true.

Love not, love not! Oh warning vainly
 said
 In present years as in the years gone
 by;
 Love flings a halo round the dear one's
 head,
 Faultless, immortal — till they change
 or die.

NOT LOST, BUT GONE BEFORE.

How mournful seems, in broken dreams,
 The memory of the day,
 When icy Death hath sealed the breath
 Of some dear form of clay.

When pale, unmoved, the face we
 loved,
 The face we thought so fair,
 And the hand lies cold, whose fervent
 hold
 Once charmed away despair.

Oh, what could heal the grief we feel
 For hopes that come no more,
 Had we ne'er heard the Scripture
 word,
 "Not lost, but gone before."

Oh sadly yet with vain regret
 The widowed heart must yearn;
 And mothers weep their babes asleep
 In the sunlight's vain return.

The brother's heart shall rue to part
 From the one through childhood
 known;
 And the orphan's tears lament for
 years
 A friend and father gone.

For death and life, with ceaseless strife,
 Beat wild on this world's shore,
 And all our calm is in that balm,
 "Not lost, but gone before."

Oh! world wherein nor death, nor sin,
 Nor weary warfare dwells;
 Their blessed home we parted from
 With sobs and sad farewells.

Where eyes awake, for whose dear sake
 Our own with tears grow dim,
 And faint accords of dying words
 Are changed for heaven's sweet
 hymn;

Oh! there at last, life's trials past,
 We'll meet our loved once more,
 Whose feet have trod the path to God —
 "Not lost, but gone before."

NONE REMEMBER THEE.

NONE remember thee! thou whose
 heart
 Poured love on all around;
 Thy name no anguish can impart —
 'Tis a forgotten sound.
 Thy old companions pass me by
 With a cold bright smile, and a vacant
 eye,
 And none remember thee
 Save me!

None remember thee! thou wert not
 Beauteous as some things are;
 My glory beamed upon thy lot,
 My pale and quiet star!
 Like a winter bud that too soon hath
 burst,
 Thy cheek was fading from the first —
 And none remember thee
 Save me!

None remember thee! they could spy
 Nought when they gazed on thee,
 But thy soul's deep love in thy quiet
 eye —
 It hath passed from their memory.

The gifts of genius were not thine,
Proudly before the world to shine —
And none remember thee
Save me!

None remember thee now thou'rt gone!
Or they could not choose but weep,
When they thought of thee, my gentle
one,
In thy long and lonely sleep.
Fain would I murmur thy name, and tell
How fondly together we used to dwell —
But none remember thee
Save me!

*WE HAVE BEEN FRIENDS TO-
GETHER.*

We have been friends together,
In sunshine and in shade;
Since first beneath the chestnut trees
In infancy we play'd.

But coldness dwells within thy heart —
A cloud is on thy brow;
We have been friends together —
Shall a light word part us now?

We have been gay together;
We have laugh'd at little jests;
For the fount of hope was gushing,
Warm and joyous, in our breasts.
But laughter now hath fled thy lip,
And sullen glooms thy brow;
We have been gay together —
Shall a light word part us now?

We have been sad together —
We have wept, with bitter tears,
O'er the grass-grown graves, where
slumber'd
The hopes of early years.
The voices which are silent there
Would bid thee clear thy brow;
We have been sad together —
O! what shall part us now?



HENRY FOTHERGILL CHORLEY.

1808-1872.

THE BRAVE OLD OAK.

A SONG to the oak, the brave old oak,
Who hath ruled in the greenwood
long;
Here's health and renown to his broad
green crown,
And his fifty arms so strong.
There's fear in his frown when the sun
goes down,
And the fire in the west fades out;
And he showeth his might on a wild
midnight,
When the storms through his
branches shout.
Then here's to the oak, the brave
old oak,
Who stands in his pride alone;
And still flourish he, a hale green
tree,
When a hundred years are gone!

In the days of old, when the spring
with gold
Had brightened his branches gray,
Through the grass at his feet crept
maidens sweet,
To gather the dew of May.
And on that day to the rebeck gay
They frolicked with lovesome swains;
They are gone, they are dead, in the
churchyard laid,
But the tree it still remains.
Then here's, etc.

He saw the rare times when the Christ-
mas chimes
Were a merry sound to hear,
When the squire's wide hall and the
cottage small
Were filled with good English cheer.
Now gold hath the sway we all obey,
And a ruthless king is he;

But he never shall send our ancient
friend
To be tossed on the stormy sea.
Then here's to the oak, the brave
old oak,

Who stands in his pride alone;
And still flourish he, a hale green
tree,
When a hundred years are
gone!



LORD HOUGHTON

(RICHARD MONCKTON MILNES).

1809-1885.

[BORN in 1809; a modern English politician, poet, and prosewriter. A few years after completing his university course at Cambridge he was elected to Parliament, and distinguished himself as a zealous supporter of all questions relative to popular education and complete religious equality. His literary efforts were various in kind and of an excellent character. His poetical works comprise *Poems of Many Years*, *Memorials of Many Scenes*, *Poems Legendary and Historical*, and *Palm Leaves*. He was also the author of the *Life, Letters, and Literary Remains of John Keats*, and a contributor to the *Westminster Review*.]

GOOD NIGHT AND GOOD MORNING.

A FAIR little girl sat under a tree
Sewing as long as her eyes could see;
Then smoothed her work and folded it
right,
And said, "Dear work, good night,
good night!"

Such a number of rooks came over her
head,
Crying "Caw, caw!" on their way to
bed,
She said, as she watched their curious
flight,
"Little black things, good night, good
night!"

The horses neighed, and the oxen lowed,
The sheep's "Bleat! bleat!" came over
the road;
All seeming to say, with a quiet delight,
"Good little girl, good night, good
night!"

She did not say to the sun, "Good
night!"
Though she saw him there like a ball
of light;
For she knew he had God's time to
keep
All over the world and never could
sleep.

The tall pink foxglove bowed his head;
The violets courtesied, and went to bed;
And good little Lucy tied up her hair,
And said, on her knees, her favorite
prayer.

And, while on her pillow she softly lay,
She knew nothing more till again it
was day;
And all things said to the beautiful sun,
"Good morning, good morning! our
work is begun."

THE MEN OF OLD.

I KNOW not that the men of old
Were better than men now,
Of heart more kind, of hand more
bold,
Of more ingenuous brow;
I heed not those who pine for force
A ghost of time to raise,
As if they thus could check the course
Of these appointed days.

Still it is true, and over-true,
That I delight to close
This book of life self-wise and new,
And let my thoughts repose
On all that humble happiness
The world has since foregone, —
The daylight of contentedness
That on those faces shone!

With rights, though not too closely
scanned,
Enjoyed as far as known,
With will by no reverse unmanned,
With pulse of even tone,
They from to-day, and from to-
night,
Expected nothing more
Than yesterday and yesternight
Had proffered them before.

To them was life a simple art
Of duties to be done,
A game where each man took his
part,
A race where all must run;
A battle whose great scheme and
scope
They little cared to know,
Content, as men-at-arms, to cope
Each with his fronting foe.

Man now his virtue's diadem
Puts on, and proudly wears. —
Great thoughts, great feelings, came
to them,
Like instincts unawares;
Blending their souls' sublimest needs
With tasks of every day
They went about their gravest deeds
As noble boys at play.

And what if Nature's fearful wound
They did not probe and bare,
For that their spirits never swooned
To watch the misery there,
For that their love but flowed more
fast,
Their charities more free,
Not conscious what mere drops they
cast
Into the evil sea.

A man's best things are nearest him,
Lie close about his feet;
It is the distant and the dim
That we are sick to greet;
For flowers that grow our hands be-
neath
We struggle and aspire, —

Our hearts must die, except they breathe
The air of fresh desire.

Yet, brothers, who up reason's hill
Advance with hopeful cheer, —
Oh, loiter not, those heights are chill,
As chill as they are clear;
And still restrain your haughty gaze
The loftier that ye go,
Remembering distance leaves a haze
On all that lies below.

THE BROOKSIDE.

I WANDERED by the brookside,
I wandered by the mill;
I could not hear the brook flow, —
The noisy wheel was still;
There was no burr of grasshopper,
No chirp of any bird,
But the beating of my own heart
Was all the sound I heard.

I sat beneath the elm-tree;
I watched the long, long shade,
And, as it grew still longer,
I did not feel afraid;
For I listened for a footfall,
I listened for a word, —
But the beating of my own heart
Was all the sound I heard.

He came not, — no, he came not, —
The night came on alone, —
The little stars sat one by one,
Each on his golden throne;
The evening wind passed by my cheek,
The leaves above were stirred, —
But the beating of my own heart
Was all the sound I heard.

Fast silent tears were flowing,
When something stood behind;
A hand was on my shoulder, —
I knew its touch was kind:
It drew me nearer, — nearer, —
We did not speak one word,
For the beating of our own hearts
Was all the sound we heard.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

1809-1861.

[BORN at Herts, England, 1809. Published *Prometheus Bound* and other poems, 1835; the *Seraphim* and other poems, 1838; *Romaunt of the Page*, 1839; two volumes of *Poems*, 1844; married Robert Browning, 1846, and went with him to reside in Italy; published in 1850 her collected works, including *The Drama of Exile* and *Lady Geraldine's Courtship*; among her other poems are *Casa Guidi Windows*, 1851; *Aurora Leigh*, 1856; *Poems before Congress*, 1860. The *Last Poems* were published posthumously in 1862, with a dedication to "grateful Florence," in allusion to the inscription on the tablet which after her death the city of Florence had put up in her honor. She died at Florence, June 29, 1861, with the reputation of being the greatest poetess England had ever produced.]

COWPER'S GRAVE.

It is a place where poets crowned may
feel the hearts' decaying —
It is a place where happy saints may
weep amid their praying:
Yet let the grief and humbleness, as low
as silence, languish!
Earth surely now may give her calm to
whom she gave her anguish.

O poets! from a maniac's tongue was
poured the deathless singing!
O Christians! at your cross of hope a
hopeless hand was clinging!
O men! this man in brotherhood your
weary paths beguiling,
Groaned inly while he taught you peace,
and died while ye were smiling!

And now, what time ye all may read
through dimming tears his story,
How discord on the music fell, and
darkness on the glory,
And how, when one by one, sweet
sounds and wandering lights de-
parted,
He wore no less a loving face because
so broken-hearted.

He shall be strong to sanctify the poet's
high vocation;
And bow the meekest Christian down
in meeker adoration;
Nor ever shall he be, in praise, by wise
or good forsaken,
Named softly as the household name of
one whom God hath taken.

With quiet sadness and no gloom I learn
to think upon him,
With meekness that is gratefulness to
God whose heaven hath won
him —
Who suffered once the madness-cloud to
His own love to blind him,
But gently led the blind along where
breath and bird could find him;

And wrought within his shatter'd brain,
such quick poetic senses
As hills have language for, and stars,
harmonious influences!
The pulse of dew upon the grass kept
his within its number,
And silent shadow from the trees re-
freshed him like a slumber.

Wild timid hares were drawn from
woods to share his home-caresses,
Uplooking to his human eyes with syl-
van tenderesses;
The very world, by God's constraint,
from falsehood's ways removing,
Its women and its men became beside
him true and loving.

But while in blindness he remained un-
conscious of the guiding,
And things provided came without the
sweet sense of providing,
He testified this solemn truth though
phrenzy desolated —
Nor man nor nature satisfy, whom only
God created!

Like a sick child that knoweth not his
 mother whilst she blesses,
 And drops upon his burning brow the
 coolness of her kisses;
 That turns his fevered eyes around —
 "My mother! where's my moth-
 er?" —
 As if such tender words and looks could
 come from any other! —

The fever gone, with leaps of heart he
 sees her bending o'er him,
 Her face all pale from watchful love,
 the unwearied love she bore him! —
 Thus woke the poet from the dream his
 life's long fever gave him,
 Beneath those deep pathetic Eyes, which
 closed in death to save him!

Thus? oh, not thus! no type of earth
 could image that awaking,
 Wherein he scarcely heard the chant of
 seraphs round him breaking,
 Or felt the new immortal throb of soul
 from body parted,
 But felt those eyes alone, and knew,
 "My Saviour! not deserted!"

Deserted! who hath dreamt that when
 the cross in darkness rested
 Upon the Victim's hidden face no love
 was manifested!
 What frantic hands outstretched have
 e'er the atoning drops averted?
 What tears have washed them from the
 soul, that one should be deserted?

Deserted! God could separate from His
 own essence rather,
 And Adam's sins have swept between
 the righteous Son and Father;
 Yea, once, Immanuel's orphaned cry his
 universe hath shaken —
 It went up single, echoless, "My God,
 I am forsaken!"

It went up from the Holy's lips amid
 his lost creation,
 That, of the lost, no son should use
 those words of desolation,

That earth's worst phrenzies, marring
 hope, should mar not hope's
 fruition,
 And I, on Cowper's grave, should see
 his rapture in a vision!

A DEAD ROSE.

O ROSE! who dares to name thee?
 No longer roseate now, nor soft, nor
 sweet;
 But barren, and hard, and dry as stubble-
 wheat,
 Kept seven years in a drawer — thy
 titles shame thee.

The breeze that used to blow thee
 Between the hedge-row thorns, and take
 away
 An odor up the lane, to last all day —
 If breathing now — unsweetened
 would forego thee.

The sun that used to smite thee,
 And mix his glory in thy gorgeous urn,
 Till beam appeared to bloom and flower
 to burn —
 If shining now — with not a hue
 would light thee.

IRREPARABLENESS.

I HAVE been in the meadows all the
 day,
 And gathered there the nosegay that
 you see,
 Singing within myself as bird or bee
 When such do field-work on a morn of
 May.
 But, now I look upon my flowers, decay
 Has met them in my hands more
 fatally
 Because more warmly clasped, — and
 sobs are free
 To come instead of songs. What you
 say,
 Sweet counsellors, dear friends? that I
 should go

Back straightway to the fields and
gather more?
Another, sooth, may do it, but not I!
My heart is very tired, my strength is
low,
My hands are full of blossoms plucked
before,
Held dead within them till myself
shall die.

GRIEF.

I TELL you, hopeless grief is passion-
less;
That only men incredulous of despair,
Half-taught in anguish, through the
midnight air
Beat upward to God's throne in loud ac-
cess
Of shrieking and reproach. Full desert-
ness
In souls as countries lieth silent-bare
Under the blanching vertical eye-glare
Of the absolute heavens. Deep-hearted
man, express
Grief for thy Dead in silence like to
death—
Most like a monumental statue set
In everlasting watch and moveless woe,
Till itself crumble to the dust beneath.
Touch it; the marble eyelids are not
wet:
If it could weep, it could arise and go.

*SONNETS FROM THE PORTU-
GUESE.*

I THOUGHT once how Theocritus had
sung
Of the sweet years, the dear and wished-
for years,
Who each one in a gracious hand ap-
pears
To bear a gift for mortals, old or
young:
And, as I mused it in his antique
tongue,

I saw, in gradual vision through my
tears,
The sweet, sad years, the melancholy
years,—
Those of my own life, who by turns
had flung
A shadow across me. Straightway I
was 'ware,
So weeping, how a mystic Shape did
move
Behind me, and drew me backward by
the hair;
And a voice said in mastery while I
strove,—
“Guess now who holds thee?”—
“Death,” I said. But, there,
The silver answer rang,—“Not Death,
but Love.”

Thou hast thy calling to some palace
floor,
Most gracious singer of high poems!
where
The dancers will break footing from the
care
Of watching up thy pregnant lips for
more.
And dost thou lift this house's latch, too
poor
For hand of thine? and canst thou
think and bear
To let thy music drop here unaware
In folds of golden fulness at my door?
Look up and see the casement broken in,
The bats and owlets builders in the
roof!
My cricket chirps against thy mandolin.
Hush! call no echo up in further proof
Of desolation! there's a voice within
That weeps—as thou must sing—alone,
aloof.

Go from me. Yet I feel that I shall
stand
Henceforward in thy shadow. Never-
more
Alone upon the threshold of my door
Of individual life, I shall command
The uses of my soul, nor lift my hand
Serenely in the sunshine as before,

Without the sense of that which I fore-
 bore, —
 Thy touch upon the palm. The widest
 land
 Doom takes to part us, leaves thy heart
 in mine
 With pulses that beat double. What I
 do
 And what I dream include thee, as the
 wine
 Must taste of its own grapes. And
 when I sue
 God for myself, He hears that name of
 thine,
 And sees within my eyes the tears of
 two.

My own beloved, who hast lifted me
 • From this dear flat of earth where I was
 thrown,
 And in betwixt the languid ringlets,
 blown
 A life breath, till the forehead hopefully
 Shines out again, as all the angels see,
 Before thy saving kiss! My own, my
 own,
 Who camest to me when the world was
 gone,
 And I who looked for only God, found
 thee!
 I find thee; I am safe, and strong, and
 glad.
 As one who stands in dewless asphodel,
 Looks backward on the tedious time he
 had
 • In the upper life — so I, with bosom-
 swell,
 Make witness, here, between the good
 and bad,
 That Love, as strong as Death, retrieves
 as well.

My letters! all dead paper, mute and
 white!
 And yet they seem alive and quivering
 Against my tremulous hands which
 loose the string
 And let them drop down on my knee
 to-night.
 This said, — he wished to have me in
 his sight

Once, as a friend: this fixed a day in
 spring
 To come and touch my hand — a simple
 thing,
 Yet I weep for it! this — the paper's
 light —
 Said, *Dear, I love thee*; and I sank
 and quailed
 As if God's future thundered on my
 past.
 This said, *I am thine* — and so its ink
 has paled
 With lying at my heart that beat too
 fast:
 And this — O Love, thy words have ill
 availed,
 If, what this said, I dared repeat at
 last!

How do I love thee? Let me count
 the ways.
 I love thee to the depth and breadth and
 height
 My soul can reach, when feeling out of
 sight
 For the ends of Being and Ideal Grace.
 I love thee to the level of every day's
 Most quiet need, by sun and candle-
 light.
 I love thee freely, as men strive for
 Right;
 I love thee purely, as they turn from
 Praise;
 I love thee with the passion put to use
 In my old griefs, and with my child-
 hood's faith;
 I love thee with a love I seemed to
 lose
 With my lost saints, — I love thee with
 the breath,
 Smiles, tears, of all my life! — and, if
 God choose,
 I shall but love thee better after death.

FROM "CASA GUIDI WINDOWS."

THEN, gazing, I beheld the long-drawn
 street
 Live out, from end to end, full in the
 sun,

With Austria's thousand; sword and
 bayonet,
 Horse, foot, artillery, — cannons rolling
 on
 Like blind slow storm-clouds gestant
 with the heat
 Of undeveloped lightnings, each be-
 strode
 By a single man, dust-white from head
 to heel,
 Indifferent as the dreadful thing he
 rode,
 Like sculptured Fate serene and ter-
 rible.
 As some smooth river which has over-
 flowed,
 Will slow and silent down its current
 wheel
 A loosened forest, all the pines
 erect,
 So swept, in mute significance of
 storm,
 The marshalled thousands; not an eye
 deflects
 To left or right, to catch a novel
 form
 Of Florence city adorned by architect
 And carver, or of Beauties live and
 warm
 Scared at the casements, — all, straight-
 forward eyes
 And faces, held as steadfast as their
 swords,
 And cognizant of acts, not imageries.
 The key, O Tuscans, too well fits the
 wards!
 Ye asked for mimes, — these bring you
 tragedies:
 For purple, — these shall wear it as
 your lords.
 Ye played like children, — die like in-
 nocents.
 Ye mimicked lightnings with a torch, —
 the crack
 Of the actual bolt, your pastime circum-
 vents.
 Ye called up ghosts, believing they
 were slack
 To follow any voice from Gilboa's
 tents, . . .
 Here's Samuel! — and, so, Grand-dukes
 come back!

A MUSICAL INSTRUMENT.

WHAT was he doing, the great God
 Pan,
 Down in the reeds by the river?
 Spreading ruin and scattering ban,
 Splashing and paddling with hoofs of a
 goat,
 And breaking the golden lilies afloat
 With the dragon-fly on the river.

He tore out a reed, the great God Pan
 From the deep cool bed of the river.
 The limpid water turbidly ran,
 And the broken lilies a-dying lay,
 And the dragon-fly had fled away,
 Ere he brought it out of the river.

High on the shore sat the great God[•]
 Pan,
 While turbidly flowed the river;
 And hacked and hewed as a great God
 can,
 With his hard bleak steel at the patient
 reed,
 Till there was not a sign of the leaf in-
 deed
 To prove it fresh from the river.

He cut it short, did the great God Pan,
 (How tall it stood in the river!)
 Then drew the pith, like the heart of a
 man,
 Steadily from the outside ring,
 And notched the poor dry empty thing[•]
 In holes, as he sat by the river.

"This is the way," laughed the great
 God Pan,
 (Laughed while he sat by the river,)
 "The only way, since Gods began
 To make sweet music, they could suc-
 ceed."
 Then, dropping his mouth to a hole in
 the reed,
 He blew in power by the river.

Sweet, sweet, sweet, O Pan!
 Piercing sweet by the river!
 Blinding sweet, O great God Pan!
 The sun on the hill forgot to die,

And the lilies revived, and the dragon-
fly
Came back to dream on the river.

Yet half a beast is the great God Pan,
To laugh as he sits by the river,
Making a poet out of a man:
The true Gods sigh for the cost and
pain, —
For the reed which grows never more
again
As a reed with the reeds in the river.

AURORA'S HOME.

[From *Aurora Leigh*.]

"I HAD a little chamber in the house,
As green as any privet-hedge a bird
Might choose to build in, though the
nest itself
Could show but dead brown sticks and
straws; the walls
Were green, the carpet was pure green,
the straight
Small bed was curtained greenly, and
the folds
Hung green about the window which
let in
The out-door world with all its greenery.
You could not push your head out and
escape
A dash of dawn-dew from the honey-
suckle,
But so you were baptized into the grace
And privilege of seeing. . . .
First, the lime,
(I had enough there, of the lime, be
sure, —
My morning-dream was often hummed
away
By the bees in it); past the lime, the
lawn,
Which, after sweeping broadly round
the house,
Went trickling through the shrubberies
in a stream,
Of tender turf, and wore and lost itself
Among the acacias, over which you
saw

The irregular line of elms by the deep
lane
Which stopped the grounds and
dammed the overflow
Of arbutus and laurel. Out of sight
The lane was; sunk so deep, no foreign
tramp
Nor drover of wild ponies out of
Wales
Could guess if lady's hall or tenant's
lodge
Dispensed such odors, — though his
stick well-crooked
Might reach the lowest trail of blos-
soming briar
Which dipped upon the wall. Behind
the elms,
And through their tops, you saw the
folded hills
Striped up and down with hedges (burly
oaks
Projecting from the line to show them-
selves)
Through which my cousin Romney's
chimney smoked
As still as when a silent month in
frost
Breathes, showing where the woodlands
hid Leigh Hall;
While, far above, a jut of table-land,
A promontory without water stretched, —
You could not catch it if the days were
thick,
Or took it for a cloud; but, otherwise,
The vigorous sun would catch it up at
eve
And use it for an anvil till he had
filled
The shelves of heaven with burning
thunderbolts,
Protesting against night and darkness:
— then,
When all his setting trouble was re-
solved
To a trance of passive glory, you might
see
In apparition on the golden sky
(Alas, my Giotto's background!) the
sheep run
Along the fine clear outline, small as
mice
That run along a witch's scarlet thread.

THE BEAUTY OF ENGLAND.

[From *Aurora Leigh*.]

I LEARNT to love that England. Very
 oft,
 Before the day was born, or otherwise
 Through secret windings of the after-
 noons,
 I threw my hunters off and plunged my-
 self
 Among the deep hills, as a hunted stag
 Will take the waters, shivering with the
 fear
 And passion of the course. And when
 at last
 Escaped, so many a green slope built on
 slope
 Betwixt me and the evening's house be-
 hind,
 I dared to rest, or wander, in a rest
 Made sweeter for the step upon the
 grass,
 And view the ground's most gentle dim-
 plement,
 (As if God's finger touched, but did not
 press
 In making England) such an up and
 down
 Of verdure, — nothing too much up or
 down,
 A ripple of land; such little hills, the
 sky
 Can stoop so tenderly and the wheat-
 fields climb;
 Such nooks of valleys lined with or-
 chises,
 Fed full of noises by invisible streams;
 And open pastures where you scarcely
 tell
 White daisies from white dew, — at in-
 tervals
 The mythic oaks and elm-trees standing
 out
 Self-poised upon their prodigy of
 shade, —
 I thought my father's land was worthy
 too
 Of being my Shakespeare's.

After we walked only two,
 If cousin Romney pleased to walk with
 me.

We read, or talked, or quarrelled, as it
 chanced.

We were not lovers, nor even friends
 well-matched:

Say rather, scholars upon different
 tracks,

And thinkers disagreed, he, overfull
 Of what is, and I, haply, overbold
 For what might be.

But then the thrushes sang,
 And shook my pulses and the elms' new
 leaves;

At which I turned, and held my finger
 up,

And bade him mark that, howsoe'er the
 world

Went ill, as he related, certainly
 The thrushes still sang in it. At the
 word

His brow would soften, — and he bore
 with me

In melancholy patience, not unkind,
 While breaking into voluble ecstasy
 I flattered all the beauteous country
 round,

As poets use, the skies, the clouds, the
 fields,

The happy violets hiding from the
 roads

The primroses run down to, carrying
 gold;

The tangled hedgerows, where the cows
 push out

Impatient horns and tolerant churning
 mouths

'Twixt dripping ash-boughs, — hedge-
 rows all alive

With birds and gnats and large white
 butterflies,

Which look as if the May-flower had
 caught life

And palpitated forth upon the wind;
 Hills, vales, woods, netted in a silver
 mist,

Farms, granges, doubled up among the
 hills;

And cattle grazing in the watered
 vales,

And cottage-chimneys smoking from
 the woods,

And cottage-gardens smelling every-
 where,

Confused with smell of orchards.

"See," I said,

"And see! is God not with us on the earth?

And shall we put him down by aught we do?

Who says there's nothing for the poor and vile

Save poverty and wickedness? behold!"

And ankle-deep in English grass I leaped

And clapped my hands, and called all very fair.

MARIAN'S CHILD.

[From *Aurora Leigh*.]

THERE he lay upon his back,
The yearling creature, warm and moist
with life

To the bottom of his dimples, — to the ends

Of the lovely tumbled curls about his face;

For since he had been covered over-much

To keep him from the light-glare, both his cheeks

Were hot and scarlet as the first live rose

The shepherd's heart-blood ebbed away into

The faster for his love. And love was here

As instant; in the pretty baby-mouth,
Shut close as if for dreaming that it sucked,

The little naked feet, drawn up the way
Of nestled birdlings; everything so soft
And tender, — to the tiny holdfast hands,

Which, closing on a finger into sleep,
Had kept the mould of 't.

While we stood there dumb,
For oh, that it should take such innocence

To prove just guilt, I thought, and stood there dumb, —

The light upon his eyelids pricked them wide,

And, staring out at us with all their blue,

As half perplexed between the angel-hood

He had been away to visit in his sleep,
And our most mortal presence, gradually

He saw his mother's face, accepting it
In change for heaven itself with such a smile

As might have well been learnt there, — never moved,

But smiled on, in a drowse of ecstasy,
So happy (half with her and half with heaven)

He could not have the trouble to be stirred,

But smiled and lay there. Like a rose, I said;

As red and still indeed as any rose,
That blows in all the silence of its leaves,
Content in blowing to fulfil its life.

SOUNDS.

I.

HEARKEN, hearken!

The rapid river carrieth

Many noises underneath

The hoary ocean:

Teaching his solemnity

Sounds of inland life and glee,

Learnt beside the waving tree,

When the winds in summer prank

Toss the shades from bank to bank,

And the quick rains, in emotion

Which rather gladdens earth than grieves,

Count and visibly rehearse

The pulse of the universe

Upon the summer leaves —

Learnt among the lilies straight,

When they bow them to the weight

Of many bees whose hidden hum

Seemeth from themselves to come —

Learnt among the grasses green,

Where the rustling mice are seen

By the gleaming, as they run,

Of their quick eyes in the sun;

And lazy sheep are browsing through,

With their noses trailed in dew;

And the squirrel leaps adown,
 Holding fast the filbert brown;
 And the lark, with more of mirth
 In his song than suits the earth,
 Droppeth some in soaring high,
 To pour the rest out in the sky:
 While the woodland doves, apart
 In the copse's leafy heart,
 Solitary, not ascetic,
 Hidden and yet vocal seem
 Joining in a lovely psalm,
 Man's despondence Nature's calm,
 Half mystical and half pathetic,
 Like a sighing in a dream.
 All these sounds the river telleth,
 Softened to an undertone
 Which ever and anon he swelleth
 By a burden of his own,
 In the ocean's ear.
 Ay! and ocean seems to hear
 With an inward gentle scorn,
 Smiling to his caverns worn.

II.

Hearken, hearken!
 The child is shouting at his play
 Just in the tramping funeral's way:
 The widow moans as she turns aside
 To shun the face of the blushing bride,
 While, shaking the tower of the ancient
 church,
 The marriage-bells do swing:
 And in the shadow of the porch
 An idiot sits, with his lean hands full
 Of hedgerow flowers and a poet's skull,
 Laughing loud and gibbering,
 Because it is so brown a thing,
 While he sticketh the gaudy poppies red
 In and out the senseless head
 Where all sweet fancies grew instead.
 And you may hear, at the self-same time,
 Another poet who reads his rhyme,
 Low as a brook in summer air, —
 Save when he droppeth his voice adown,
 To dream of the amaranthine crown
 His mortal brow shall wear.
 And a baby cries with a feeble sound
 'Neath the weary weight of the life
 new-found;
 And an old man groans, — with his
 testament

Only half signed, — for the life that's
 spent:
 And lovers twain do softly say,
 As they sit on a grave, "for aye, for
 aye!"
 And foemen twain, while Earth their
 mother
 Looks greenly upward, curse each other.
 A school-boy drones his task, with looks
 Cast over the page to the elm-tree rooks:
 A lonely student cries aloud
Eureka! clapping at his shroud;
 A beldame's age-cracked voice doth sin
 To a little infant slumbering:
 A maid forgotten weeps alone,
 Muffling her sobs on the trysting stone;
 A sick man wakes at his own mouth's
 wail;
 A gossip coughs in her thrice-told tale;
 A muttering gamester shakes the dice;
 A reaper foretells good luck from the
 skies;
 A monarch vows as he lifts his hand to
 them;
 A patriot leaving his native land to them,
 Cries to the world against perjured state;
 A priest disserts upon linen skirts;
 A sinner screams for one hope more;
 A dancer's feet do palpitate
 A piper's music out on the floor;
 And nigh to the awful Dead, the living
 Low speech and stealthy steps are
 giving,
 Because he cannot hear;
 And *he* who on that narrow bier
 Has room enow, is closely wound
 In a silence piercing more than sound.

III.

Hearken, hearken!
 God speaketh to thy soul;
 Using the supreme voice which doth
 confound
 All life with consciousness of Deity,
 All senses into one;
 As the seer-saint of Patmos, loving John,
 For whom did backward roll
 The cloud-gate of the future, turned to
 see
 The Voice which spake. It speaketh
 now —

Through the regular breath of the calm
creation,
Through the moan of the creature's
desolation
Striking, and in its stroke, resembling
The memory of a solemn vow,
Which pierceth the din of a festival
To one in the midst, — and he letteth fall
The cup, with a sudden trembling.

IV.

Hearken, hearken!
God speaketh in thy soul;
Saying, "O thou that movest
With feeble steps across this earth of
mine,
To break beyond the fount thy golden
bowl,
And spill its purple wine, —
Look up to heaven and see how, like a
scroll,
My right hand hath thine immortality
In an eternal grasping! Thou, that
lovest
The songful birds and grasses underfoot,
And also what change mars and tombs
pollute —
I am the end of love! — give love to me!
O thou that sinnest, grace doth more
abound
Than all thy sin! sit still beneath my
rood,
And count the droppings of my victim-
blood,
And seek none other sound!"

V.

Hearken, hearken!
Shall we hear the lapsing river
And our brother's sighing ever,
And not the voice of God?

MOTHER AND POET.

[Turin. *After news from Gaeta*, 1861.]

DEAD! one of them shot by the sea in
the east,
And one of them shot in the west by
the sea.

Dead! both my boys! When you sit
at the feast
And are wanting a great song for
Italy free,
Let none look at *me!*

Yet I was a poetess only last year,
And good at my art, for a woman,
men said.
But *this* woman, *this*, who is agonized
here,
The east sea and west sea rhyme on
in her head
Forever instead.

What art can a woman be good at?
Oh vain!
What art *is* she good at, but hurting
her breast
With the milk-teeth of babes, and a
smile at the pain?
Ah, boys, how you hurt! you were
strong as you pressed,
And *I* proud, by that test.

What art's for a woman? to hold on
her knees
Both darlings! to feel all their arms
round her throat
Cling, strangle a little! to sew by de-
grees,
And 'broider the long clothes and
neat little coat!
To dream and to dote.

To teach them . . . It stings there. *I*
made them indeed
Speak plain the word "country." *I*
taught them, no doubt,
That a country's a thing men should die
for at need.
I prated of liberty, rights, and about
The tyrant turned out.

And when their eyes flashed . . . O my
beautiful eyes!
I exulted! nay, let them go forth at
the wheels
Of the guns, and denied not. But then
the surprise,
When one sits quite alone! Then
one weeps, then one kneels!
— God! how the house feels!

At first happy news came, in gay letters
moiled

With my kisses, of camp-life and glory
and how

They both loved me, and soon, coming
home to be spoiled,

In return would fan off every fly from
my brow

With their green-laurel bough.

Then was triumph at Turin. "Ancona
was free!"

And some one came out of the cheers
in the street,

With a face pale as stone, to say some-
thing to me.

— My Guido was dead! — I fell down
at his feet,

While they cheered in the street.

I bore it — friends soothed me: my
grief looked sublime

As the ransom of Italy. One boy re-
mained

To be leant on and walked with, recall-
ing the time

When the first grew immortal, while
both of us strained

To the height he had gained.

And letters still came, — shorter, sadder,
more strong,

Writ now but in one hand. "I was
not to faint.

One loved me for two . . . would be
with me ere long:

And "Viva Italia" *he* died for, our
saint,

Who forbids our complaint.

My Nanni would add "he was safe and
aware

Of a presence that turned off the balls
. . . was imprest

It was Guido himself, who knew what I
could bear.

And how 'twas impossible, quite dis-
possessed,

To live on for the rest."

On which without pause up the tele-
graph line

Swept smoothly the next news from
Gaeta: — *Shot.*

Tell his mother, Ah, ah, — "his,"
"their" mother: not "mine."

No voice says "my mother" again to
me. What!

You think Guido forgot?

Are souls straight so happy that, dizzy
with Heaven,

They drop earth's affection, conceive
not of woe?

I think not. Themselves were too
lately forgiven

Through that Love and Sorrow which
reconciled so

The Above and Below.

O Christ of the seven wounds, who
look'dst through the dark

To the face of Thy mother! consider,
I pray,

How we common mothers stand deso-
late, mark,

Whose sons, not being Christs, die
with eyes turned away,

And no last word to say!

Both boys dead! but that's out of na-
ture. We all

Have been patriots, yet each house
must always keep one

'Twere imbecile, hewing out roads to a
wall.

And, when Italy's made, for what
end is it done

If we have not a son?

Ah, ah, ah! when Gaeta's taken, what
then?

When the fair wicked queen sits no
more at her sport

Of the fire-balls of death crashing souls
out of men?

When your guns of Cavalli with final
retort

Have cut the game short, —

When Venice and Rome keep their new
jubilee,

When your flag takes all heaven for
its white, green, and red,

When *you* have your country from
mountain to sea,

When King Victor has Italy's crown
on his head,
(And I have my dead,)

What then? Do not mock me? Ah,
ring your bells low,
And burn your lights faintly. *My*
country is there,
Above the star pricked by the last peak
of snow.

My Italy's there — with my brave
civic Pair,
To disfranchise despair.

Forgive me. Some women bear chil-
dren in strength,
And bite back the cry of their pain in
self-scorn.

But the birth-pangs of nations will
wring us at length
Into wail such as this! — and we sit
on forlorn
When the man-child is born.

Dead! — one of them shot by the sea in
the west!

And one of them shot in the east by
the sea!

Both! both my boys! — If in keeping
the feast

You want a great song for your Italy
free,

Let none look at *me*!

THE SLEEP.

Of all the thoughts of God that are
Borne inward unto souls afar,
Along the Psalmist's music deep,
Now tell me if that any is
For gift or grace surpassing this —
“He giveth His beloved sleep.”

What would we give to our beloved?
The hero's heart, to be unmoved —
The poet's star-tuned harp to sweep —
The senate's shout to patriot's vows —
The monarch's crown, to light the
brows?
“He giveth His beloved sleep.”

What do we give to our beloved?

A little faith, all undisproved —

A little dust to overweep —
And bitter memories, to make
The whole earth blasted for our sake! —
“He giveth His beloved sleep.”

“Sleep soft, beloved!” we sometimes
say,

But have no tune to charm away
Sad dreams that through the eyelid
creep,

But never doleful dream again
Shall break the happy slumber when
“He giveth His beloved sleep.”

O earth, so full of dreary noises!

O men, with wailing in your voices!

O delved gold the wailers' heap!

O strife, O curse, that o'er it fall!

God makes a silence through you all,

“And giveth His beloved sleep.”

His dew drops mutely on the hill;

His cloud above it saileth still,

Though on its slope men toil and
reap.

More softly than the dew is shed,

Or cloud is floated overhead,

“He giveth His beloved sleep.”

Yea! men may wonder while they scan

A living, thinking, feeling man

In such a rest his heart to keep;

But angels say — and through the word

I ween their blessed smile is heard —

“He giveth His beloved sleep.”

For me, my heart that erst did go

Most like a tired child at a show,

That sees through tears the juggler's
leap,

Would now its wearied vision close —

Would, childlike, on His love repose

Who “giveth His beloved sleep.”

And friends! — dear friends! — when
it shall be

That this low breath is gone from me,

And round my bier ye come to weep,

Let one, most loving of you all,

Say “Not a tear must o'er her fall” —

“He giveth His beloved sleep.”

SIR SAMUEL FERGUSON.

1810-1886.

[BORN at Belfast, Ireland, in 1810; educated at the Belfast Academical Institution and at Trinity College, Dublin. Called to the Irish Bar in 1838; to the Inner Bar, 1859, and appointed Deputy Keeper of the Public Records in Ireland in 1867. Sir Samuel is the author of *Lays of the Western Gael* (1865); *Congal, a Poem in Five Books* (1872); *Poems* (1880); *Shakesperian Bre-viates* (1882); and of numerous contributions to *Blackwood's Magazine*, including *The Forging of the Anchor*, *Father Tom and the Pope*, *The Widow's Cloak*, and a series of Irish tales called *The Hibernian Nights Entertainments*. The honor of knighthood was conferred upon him in March, 1878, in acknowledgment of his literary and antiquarian merits.]

THE FORGING OF THE ANCHOR.

COME, see the Dolphin's anchor forged !
'tis at a white heat now —

The bellows ceased, the flames de-
creased; though, on the forge's
brow,

The little flames still fitfully play through
the sable mound;

And fitfully you still may see the grim
smiths ranking round;

All clad in leathern panoply, their broad
hands only bare,

Some rest upon their sledges here, some
work the windlass there.

The windlass strains the tackle-chains
— the black mould heaves below;

And red and deep, a hundred veins
burst out at every throe.

It rises, roars, rends all outright — O,
Vulcan, what a glow!

'Tis blinding white, 'tis blasting bright
— the high sun shines not so!

The high sun sees not, on the earth, such
fiery fearful show!

The roof-ribs swarth, the candent hearth,
the ruddy lurid row

Of smiths — that stand, an ardent band,
like men before the foe!

As, quivering through his fleece of flame,
the sailing monster slow

Sinks on the anvil — all about, the faces
fiery grow:

"Hurrah!" they shout, "leap out, leap
out!" bang, bang! the sledges
go;

Hurrah! the jetted lightnings are hiss-
ing high and low;

A hailing fount of fire is struck at every
squashing blow;

The leathern mail rebounds the hail;
the rattling cinders strew

The ground around; at every bound the
sweltering fountains flow;

And, thick and loud, the swinking crowd
at every stroke pant "ho!"

Leap out, leap out, my masters! leap
out, and lay on load!

Let's forge a goodly anchor — a bower
thick and broad;

For a heart of oak is hanging on every
blow, I bode;

And I see the good ship riding, all in a
perilous road —

The low reef roaring on her lea; the
roll of ocean poured

From stem to stern, sea after sea; the
main-mast by the board;

The bulwarks down; the rudder gone;
the boats stove at the chains;

But courage still, brave mariners — the
bower yet remains!

And not an inch to flinch he deigns —
save when ye pitch sky high;

Then moves his head, as though he said,
"Fear nothing — here am I!"

Swing in your strokes in order! let foot
and hand keep time;

Your blows make music sweeter far than
any steeple's chime.

But while ye swing your sledges, sing;
and let the burden be,

The anchor is the anvil king, and royal
craftsmen we!

Strike in, strike in! — the sparks begin
to dull their rustling red;

Our hammers ring with sharper din —
 our work will soon be sped;
 Our anchor soon must change his bed
 of fiery rich array
 For a hammock at the roaring bows, or
 an oozy couch of clay;
 Our anchor soon must change the lay of
 merry craftsmen here
 For the yeo-heav-o, and the heave-
 away, and the sighing seamen's
 cheer —
 When, weighing slow, at eve they go,
 far, far from love and home;
 And sobbing sweethearts, in a row, wail
 o'er the ocean foam.

In livid and obdurate gloom, he darkens
 down at last;
 A shapely one he is, and strong, as e'er
 from cat was cast.
 O trusted and trustworthy guard! if thou
 hadst life like me,
 What pleasures would thy toils reward
 beneath the deep green sea!
 O deep sea-diver, who might then be-
 hold such sights as thou? —
 The hoary monster's palaces! — Me-
 thinks what joy 'twere now
 To go plumb-plunging down, amid the
 assembly of the whales,
 And feel the churned sea round me boil
 beneath their scourging tails!
 Then deep in tangle-woods to fight the
 fierce sea-unicorn,
 And send him foiled and bellowing
 back, for all his ivory horn;
 To leave the subtle sworder-fish of bony
 blade forlorn;
 And for the ghastly-grinning shark, to
 laugh his jaws to scorn;
 To leap down on the kraken's back,
 where 'mid Norwegian isles
 He lies, a lubber anchorage for sudden
 shallowed miles —
 Till, snorting like an under-sea volcano,
 off he rolls;
 Meanwhile to swing, a-buffeting the far
 astonished shoals

Of his back-browsing ocean-calves; or,
 haply, in a cove
 Shell-strown, and consecrate of old to
 some Undine's love,
 To find the long-haired mermaidens; or,
 hard by icy lands,
 To wrestle with the sea-serpent, upon
 cerulean sands.

O broad-armed fisher of the deep! whose
 sports can equal thine?
 The dolphin weighs a thousand tons,
 that tugs thy cable line;
 And night by night 'tis thy delight, thy
 glory day by day,
 Through sable sea and breaker white
 the giant game to play.
 But, shamer of our little sports! forgive
 the name I gave:
 A fisher's joy is to destroy — thine office
 is to save.
 O lodger in the sea-kings' halls! couldst
 thou but understand
 Whose be the white bones by thy side —
 or who that dripping band,
 Slow swaying in the heaving wave, that
 round about thee bend,
 With sounds like breakers in a dream
 blessing their ancient friend —
 Oh, couldst thou know what heroes glide
 with larger steps round thee,
 Thine iron side would swell with pride
 — thou'dst leap within the sea!

Give honor to their memories who left
 the pleasant strand
 To shed their blood so freely for the
 love of father-land —
 Who left their chance of quiet age and
 grassy churchyard grave
 So freely, for a restless bed amid the
 tossing wave!
 Oh, though our anchor may not be all I
 have fondly sung,
 Honor him for their memory whose
 bones he goes among!

In the days o' langsyne there were
 feasting and glee,
 Wi' pride in ilk heart, and joy in ilk ee;
 And the auld, 'mang the nappy, their
 eild seem'd to tyne,
 It was your stoup the nicht, and the
 morn 'twas mine:
 O! the days o' langsyne — O! the days
 o' langsyne.

— — —
THE EXILE'S SONG.

Oh! why left I my hame?
 Why did I cross the deep?
 Oh! why left I the land
 Where my forefathers sleep?
 I sigh for Scotia's shore,
 And I gaze across the sea,
 But I canna get a blink
 O' my ain countrie!

The palm-tree waveth high,
 And fair the myrtle springs;

And, to the Indian maid,
 The bulbul sweetly sings.
 But I dinna see the broom
 Wi' its tassels on the lea,
 Nor hear the lintie's sang
 O' my ain countrie!
 Oh! here no Sabbath bell
 Awakes the Sabbath morn,
 Nor song of reapers heard
 Among the yellow corn:
 For the tyrant's voice is here,
 And the wail of slavery;
 But the sun of freedom shines
 In my ain countrie!

There's a hope for every woe,
 And a balm for every pain;
 But the first joys o' our heart
 Come never back again.
 There's a track upon the deep
 And a path across the sea;
 But the weary ne'er return
 To their ain countrie!

— — —
 HENRY ALFORD.

1810-1871.

LADY MARY.

I'HOU wert fair, Lady Mary,
 As the lily in the sun:
 And fairer yet thou mightest be,
 Thy youth was but begun:
 Thine eye was soft and glancing,
 Of the deep bright blue;
 And on the heart thy gentle words
 Fell lighter than the dew.

They found thee, Lady Mary,
 With thy palms upon thy breast,
 Even as thou hadst been praying,
 At thine hour of rest:
 The cold pale moon was shining
 On thy cold pale cheek;
 And the morn of the Nativity
 Had just begun to break.

They carved thee, Lady Mary,
 All of pure white stone,
 With thy palms upon thy breast,
 In the chancel all alone:

And I saw thee when the winter moon
 Shone on thy marble cheek,
 When the morn of the Nativity
 Had just begun to break.

But thou kneelest, Lady Mary,
 With thy palms upon thy breast,
 Among the perfect spirits,
 In the land of rest:
 Thou art even as they took thee
 At thine hour of prayer,
 Save the glory that is on thee
 From the sun that shineth there.

We shall see thee, Lady Mary,
 On that shore unknown,
 A pure and happy angel
 In the presence of the throne;
 We shall see thee when the light divine
 Plays freshly on thy cheek,
 And the resurrection morning
 Hath just begun to break.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

1809-1892

[BORN at Somersby, Lincolnshire, England, 1809, being the third of the seven sons of Rev. George Clayton Tennyson, D.D., rector of Somersby; entered Trinity College, Cambridge, about 1827, together with his two elder brothers, Frederick and Charles. A small anonymous volume of *Poems by Two Brothers* (1827) contained the earliest published verses of Charles and Alfred; in 1828 the eldest brother, Frederick, gained the medal for a Greek poem, and in 1829 Alfred obtained the Chancellor's medal for an English poem (*Timbuctoo*) of 250 lines. One of his chief competitors for this prize was his most intimate college friend, Arthur H. Hallam (d. 1833), to whose memory, in later years, the poem *In Memoriam* was dedicated. In 1830 he published a small volume of *Poems Chiefly Lyrical*; in 1832 his third volume of poems appeared, containing the *Lady of Shalott*, *Enone*, *The May Queen*, and *The Lotus Eaters*. In 1842 a new edition of his poems, in two volumes, was issued, which contained *Morte d'Arthur*, *Locksley Hall*, and other noted pieces. The *Princess* was given to the public in 1847, *In Memoriam* in 1850. In 1851 he succeeded Wordsworth as Poet Laureate. *Maud* and other poems appeared in 1855. *The Idyls of the King* was issued in 1858, and has been generally accepted as his greatest poetical effort. *The Holy Grail* and other poems, published in 1869, completed the Arthurian legend. His other principal works include *Enoch Arden* (1864), *Gareth and Lynette* (1872), *Queen Mary*, a drama (1875), *Harold* (1877). He has lived for the most part a retired life in the Isle of Wight, not much caring to cultivate society, but greatly beloved by his intimate friends. Wordsworth pronounced him to be "decidedly the first of our living poets," an opinion which has been accepted by critics and reviewers on both sides of the Atlantic. In December, 1883, Mr. Tennyson was appointed a Baron of the United Kingdom. He died at Aldworth, England, Oct. 6, 1892.]

MARIANA.

"Mariana in the moated grange."
Measure for Measure.

WITH blackest moss the flower-plots
Were thickly crusted, one and all:
The rusted nails fell from the knots
That held the peach to the garden-
wall.

The broken sheds look'd sad and
strange:

Unlifted was the clinking latch:
Weeded and worn the ancient thatch
Upon the lonely moated grange.

She only said, "My life is dreary,
He cometh not," she said;
She said, "I am aweary, aweary,
I would that I were dead!"

Her tears fell with the dews at even;
Her tears fell ere the dews were
dried;

She could not look on the sweet heaven,
Either at morn or eventide.

After the flitting of the bats,
When thickest dark did trance the
sky,

She drew her casement-curtain by,

And glanced athwart the glooming
flats.

She only said, "The night is dreary,
He cometh not," she said;

She said, "I am aweary, aweary,
I would that I were dead!"

Upon the middle of the night,
Waking she heard the night-fowl
crow:

The cock sung out an hour ere light:
From the dark fen the oxen's low
Came to her: without hope of change,
In sleep she seemed to walk forlorn,
Till cold winds woke the gray-eyed
morn

About the lonely moated grange.
She only said, "The day is dreary,
He cometh not," she said;
She said, "I am aweary, aweary,
I would that I were dead!"

About a stone-cast from the wall
A sluice with blacken'd waters slept,
And o'er it many, round and small,
The cluster'd marish-mosses crept.
Hard by a poplar shook alway,
All silver-green with gnarled bark:

For leagues no other tree did mark
The level waste, the rounding gray.

She only said, "My life is dreary,
He cometh not," she said;
She said, "I am aweary, aweary,
I would that I were dead!"

And ever when the moon was low,
And the shrill winds were up and
away,

In the white curtain, to and fro,
She saw the gusty shadows sway.

But when the moon was very low,
And wild winds bound within their
cell,

The shadow of the poplar fell
Upon her bed, across her brow.

She only said, "The night is dreary,
He cometh not," she said;
She said, "I am aweary, aweary,
I would that I were dead!"

All day within the dreamy house,
The doors upon their hinges creak'd;
The blue fly sung in the pane; the
mouse

Behind the mouldering wainscot
shriek'd,

Or from the crevice peered about.

Old faces glimmer'd thro' the doors,
Old footsteps trod the upper floors,
Old voices called her from without.

She only said, "My life is dreary,
He cometh not," she said;
She said, "I am aweary, aweary,
I would that I were dead!"

The sparrow's chirrup on the roof,
The slow clock ticking, and the sound
Which to the wooing wind aloof
The poplar made, did all confound
Her sense; but most she loathed the
hour

When the thick-moted sunbeam lay
Athwart the chambers, and the day
Was sloping toward his western bower.

Then said she, "I am very dreary,
He will not come," she said;
She wept, "I am aweary, aweary,
O God, that I were dead!"

THE LADY OF SHALOTT.

PART I.

ON either side the river lie
Long fields of barley and of rye,
That clothe the wold and meet the sky;
And thro' the field the road runs by
To many-tower'd Camelot;
And up and down the people go,
Gazing where the lilies blow
Round an island there below,
The island of Shalott.

Willows whiten, aspens quiver,
Little breezes dusk and shiver
Thro' the wave that runs forever
By the island in the river

Flowing down to Camelot.
Four gray walls, and four gray towers,
Overlook a space of flowers,
And the silent isle imbowers
The Lady of Shalott.

By the margin, willow-veil'd,
Slide the heavy barges trail'd
By slow horses; and unhail'd
The shallop flitteth silken-sail'd
Skimming down to Camelot:
But who hath seen her wave her hand?
Or at the casement seen her stand?
Or is she known in all the land,
The Lady of Shalott?

Only reapers, reaping early
In among the bearded barley,
Hear a song that echoes cheerly
From the river winding clearly,
Down to tower'd Camelot:
And by the moon the reaper weary,
Piling sheaves in uplands airy,
Listening, whispers, "'Tis the fairy
Lady of Shalott."

PART II.

There she weaves by night and day
A magic web with colors gay.
She has heard a whisper say,
A curse is on her if she stay
To look down to Camelot.
She knows not what the curse may be,

And so she weaveth steadily,
And little other care hath she,
The Lady of Shalott.

And moving thro' a mirror clear
That hangs before her all the year,
Shadows of the world appear.
There she sees the highway near
Winding down to Camelot:

There the river eddy whirls,
And there the surly village-churls,
And the red cloaks of market girls,
Pass onward from Shalott.

Sometimes a troop of damsels glad,
An abbot on an ambling pad,
Sometimes a curly shepherd-lad,
Or long-hair'd page in crimson clad,
Goes by to tower'd Camelot;
And sometimes thro' the mirror blue
The knights come riding two and two:
She hath no loyal knight and true,
The Lady of Shalott.

But in her web she still delights
To weave the mirror's magic sights,
For often thro' the silent nights
A funeral, with plumes and lights,
And music, went to Camelot:
Or when the moon was overhead,
Came two young lovers lately wed;
"I am half-sick of shadows," said
The Lady of Shalott.

PART III.

A bow-shot from her bower-eaves,
He rode between the barley-sheaves,
The sun came dazzling thro' the leaves,
And flamed upon the brazen greaves
Of bold Sir Lancelot.
A redcross knight forever kneeled
To a lady in his shield,
That sparkled on the yellow field,
Beside remote Shalott.

The gemmy bridle glitter'd free,
Like to some branch of stars we see
Hung in the golden Galaxy.
The bridle bells rang merrily
As he rode down to Camelot:
And from his blazon'd baldric slung
A mighty silver bugle hung,
And as he rode his armor rung,
Beside remote Shalott.

All in the blue unclouded weather
Thick-jewell'd shone the saddle-leather
The helmet and the helmet-feather
Burned like one burning flame together,
As he rode down to Camelot.
As often thro' the purple night,
Below the starry clusters bright,
Some bearded meteor, trailing light,
Moves over still Shalott.

His broad clear brow in sunlight glow'd;
On burnish'd hooves his war-horse
trode:

From underneath his helmet flow'd
His coal-black curls as on he rode,
As he rode down to Camelot.
From the bank and from the river
He flash'd into the crystal mirror,
"Tirra lirra," by the river
Sang Sir Lancelot.

She left the web, she left the loom,
She made three paces thro' the room,
She saw the water-lily bloom,
She saw the helmet and the plume,
She look'd down to Camelot.
Out flew the web and floated wide;
The mirror crack'd from side to side;
"The curse is come upon me," cried
The Lady of Shalott.

PART IV.

In the stormy east-wind straining,
The pale yellow woods were waning,
The broad stream in his banks complain-
ing,
Heavily the low sky raining
Over tower'd Camelot;
Down she came and found a boat
Beneath a willow left afloat,
And round about the prow she wrote
The Lady of Shalott.

And down the river's dim expanse—
Like some bold seer in a trance,
Seeing all his own mischance—
With a glassy countenance
Did she look to Camelot.
And at the closing of the day
She loosed the chain, and down she lay;
The broad stream bore her far away,
The Lady of Shalott.

Lying, robed in snowy white
 That loosely flew to left and right,
 The leaves upon her falling light —
 Thro' the noises of the night
 She floated down to Camelot:

And as the boat-head wound along
 The willowy hills and fields among,
 They heard her singing her last song,
 The Lady of Shalott.

Heard a carol, mournful, holy,
 Chanted loudly, chanted lowly.
 Till her blood was frozen slowly,
 And her eyes were darkened wholly,
 Turn'd to tower'd Camelot;
 For ere she reach'd upon the tide
 The first house by the water-side,
 Singing in her song she died,
 The Lady of Shalott.

Under tower and balcony,
 By garden-wall and gallery,
 A gleaming shape she floated by,
 A corse between the houses high,
 Silent into Camelot.
 Out upon the wharfs they came,
 Knight and burgher, lord and dame,
 And round the prow they read her name,
 The Lady of Shalott.

Who is this? and what is here?
 And in the lighted palace near
 Died the sound of royal cheer:
 And they cross'd themselves for fear,
 All the knights at Camelot:
 But Lancelot mused a little space:
 He said, "She has a lovely face:
 God in his mercy lend her grace,
 The Lady of Shalott."

THE MILLER'S DAUGHTER.

It is the miller's daughter,
 And she is grown so dear, so dear,
 That I would be the jewel
 That trembles at her ear:
 For hid in ringlets day and night,
 I'd touch her neck so warm and white.

And I would be the girdle
 About her dainty, dainty waist,
 And her heart would beat against me,
 In sorrow and in rest:
 And I should know if it beat right,
 I'd clasp it round so close and tight.

And I would be the necklace,
 And all day long to fall and rise
 Upon her balmy bosom,
 With her laughter or her sighs,
 And I would lie so light, so light,
 I scarce should be unclasp'd at night.

THE SISTERS.

We were two daughters of one race:
 She was the fairest in the face:
 The wind is blowing in turret and tree.

They were together, and she fell;
 Therefore revenge became me well.
 O the Earl was fair to see!

She died: she went to burning flame:
 She mix'd her ancient blood with shame.
 The wind is howling in turret and tree.

Whole weeks and months, and early
 and late,
 To win his love I lay in wait:
 O the Earl was fair to see!

I made a feast; I bade him come;
 I won his love, I brought him home.
 The wind is roaring in turret and tree.
 And after supper, on a bed,
 Upon my lap he laid his head:
 O the Earl was fair to see!

I kiss'd his eyelids into rest:
 His ruddy cheek upon my breast.
 The wind is raging in turret and tree.
 I hated him with the hate of hell,
 But I loved his beauty passing well.
 O the Earl was fair to see!

I rose up in the silent night:
 I made my dagger sharp and bright.
 The wind is raving in turret and tree.

As half-asleep his breath he drew,
Three times I stabb'd him thro' and thro'.

O the Earl was fair to see!

I curl'd and comb'd his comely head,
He look'd so grand when he was dead.
The wind is blowing in turret and tree.

I wrapt his body in the sheet,
And laid him at his mother's feet.
O the Earl was fair to see!

LADY CLARA VERE DE VERE.

LADY Clara Vere de Vere,
Of me you shall not win renown :
You thought to break a country heart
For pastime, ere you went to town.
At me you smiled, but unbeguiled
I saw the snare, and I retired :
The daughter of a hundred Earls,
You are not one to be desired.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere,
I know you proud to bear your name.
Your pride is yet no mate for mine,
Too proud to care from whence I came.
Nor would I break for your sweet sake
A heart that dotes on truer charms.
A simple maiden in her flower
Is worth a hundred coats-of-arms.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere,
Some meeker pupil you must find,
For were you queen of all that is,
I could not stoop to such a mind.
You sought to prove how I could love,
And my disdain is my reply.
The lion on your old stone gates
Is not more cold to you than I.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere,
You put strange memories in my head.
Not thrice your branching limes have blown
Since I beheld young Laurence dead.
Oh your sweet eyes, your low replies :

A great enchantress you may be ;
But there was that across his throat
Which you had hardly cared to see.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere,
When thus he met his mother's view,
She had the passions of her kind,
She spake some certain truths of you.
Indeed I heard one bitter word
That scarce is fit for you to hear ;
Her manners had not that repose
Which stamps the caste of Vere de Vere.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere,
There stands a spectre in your hall :
The guilt of blood is at your door :
You changed a wholesome heart to gall.
You held your course without remorse,
To make him trust his modest worth,
And, last, you fix'd a vacant stare,
And slew him with your noble birth.

Trust me, Clara Vere de Vere,
From yon blue heavens above us bent
The grand old gardener and his wife
Smile at the claims of long descent.
Howe'er it be, it seems to me,
'Tis only noble to be good.
Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood.

I know you, Clara Vere de Vere :
You pine among your halls and towers :
The languid light of your proud eyes
Is wearied of the rolling hours.
In glowing health, with boundless wealth,
But sickening of a vague disease,
You know so ill to deal with time,
You needs must play such pranks as these.

Clara, Clara Vere de Vere,
If Time be heavy on your hands,
Are there no beggars at your gate,
Nor any poor about your lands?
Oh! teach the orphan-boy to read,
Or teach the orphan-girl to sew,
Pray Heaven for a human heart,
And let the foolish yeoman go.

THE LOTOS-EATERS.

"COURAGE!" he said, and pointed toward the land,
 "This mounting wave will roll us shoreward soon."
 In the afternoon they came unto a land,
 In which it seemed always afternoon.
 All round the coast the languid air did swoon,
 Breathing like one that hath a weary dream.
 Full-faced above the valley stood the moon;
 And like a downward smoke, the slender stream
 Along the cliff to fall and pause and fall did seem.

A land of streams! some, like a downward smoke,
 Slow-dropping veils of thinnest lawn, did go;
 And some thro' wavering lights and shadows broke,
 Rolling a slumbrous sheet of foam below.
 They saw the gleaming river seaward flow
 From the inner land: far off, three mountain-tops,
 Three silent pinnacles of aged snow,
 Stood sunset-flush'd: and, dew'd with showery drops,
 Up-clomb the shadowy pine above the woven copse.
 The charmed sunset linger'd low adown
 In the red West: thro' mountain clefts the dale
 Was seen far inland, and the yellow down
 Border'd with palm, and many a wind-ing vale
 And meadow, set with slender galingale:
 A land where all things always seem'd the same!
 And round about the keel with faces pale,
 Dark faces pale against that rosy flame,
 The mild-eyed melancholy Lotos-eaters came.

Branches they bore of that enchanted stem,
 Laden with flower and fruit, whereof they gave
 To each, but whoso did receive of them,
 And taste, to him the gushing of the wave
 Far far away did seem to mourn and rave
 On alien shores; and if his fellow spake,
 His voice was thin, as voices from the grave;
 And deep-asleep he seem'd, yet all awake,
 And music in his ears his beating heart did make.

They sat them down upon the yellow sand,
 Between the sun and moon upon the shore;
 And sweet it was to dream of Fatherland,
 Of child, and wife, and slave; but evermore
 Most weary seem'd the sea, weary the oar,
 Weary the wandering fields of barren foam.
 Then some one said, "We will return no more";
 And all at once they sang, "Our island home
 Is far beyond the wave; we will no longer roam."

MORTE D'ARTHUR.

So all day long the noise of battle roll'd
 Among the mountains by the winter sea;
 Until King Arthur's table, man by man,
 Had fall'n in Lyonness about their Lord,
 King Arthur: then, because his wound was deep,
 The bold Sir Bedivere uplifted him,
 Sir Bedivere, the last of all his knights,
 And bore him to a chapel nigh the field,
 A broken chancel with a broken cross,

That stood on a dark strait of barren
land.

On one side lay the Ocean, and on one
Lay a great water, and the moon was
full.

Then spake King Arthur to Sir Bedi-
vere :

"The sequel of to-day unsolders all
The goodliest fellowship of famous
knights

Whereof this world holds record. Such
a sleep

They sleep — the men I loved. I think
that we

Shall never more, at any future time,
Delight our souls with talk of knightly
deeds,

Walking about the gardens and the
halls

Of Camelot, as in the days that were.
I perish by this people which I made, —
Tho' Merlin sware that I should come
again

To rule once more — but let what will
be, be,

I am so deeply smitten thro' the helm
That without help I cannot last till
morn.

Thou therefore take my brand Excali-
bur,

Which was my pride : for thou remem-
berest how

In those old days, one summer noon, an
arm

Rose up from out the bosom of the lake,
Clothed with white samite, mystic, won-
derful,

Holding the sword — and how I rowed
across

And took it, and have worn it, like a
king :

And, wheresoever I am sung or told
In aftertime, this also shall be known :
But now delay not : take Excalibur,
And fling him far into the middle
mere :

Watch what thou seest, and lightly
bring me word."

.

Then quickly rose Sir Bedivere, and
ran,

And, leaping down the ridges lightly,
plunged

Among the bulrush-beds, and clutch'd
the sword,

And strongly wheel'd and threw it.
The great brand

Made lightnings in the splendor of the
moon,

And flashing round and round, and
whirl'd in an arch,

Shot like a streamer of the northern
morn,

Seen where the moving isles of winter
shock

By night, with noises of the northern
sea.

So flash'd and fell the brand Excalibur :
But ere he dipt the surface, rose an
arm

Cloth'd in white samite, mystic, wonder-
ful,

And caught him by the hilt, and bran-
dish'd him

Three times, and drew him under in the
mere.

And lightly went the other to the
King.

Then spoke King Arthur, drawing
thicker breath :

"Now see I by thine eyes that this is
done.

Speak out : what is it thou hast heard,
or seen?"

And answer made the bold Sir Bedi-
vere :

"Sir King, I closed mine eyelids, lest
the gems

Should blind my purpose, for I never
saw,

Nor shall see, here or elsewhere, till I
die,

Not tho' I live three lives of mortal
men,

So great a miracle as yonder hilt.
Then with both hands I flung him,

wheeling him ;
But when I look'd again, behold an
arm,

Clothed in white samite, mystic, won-
derful,

That caught him by the hilt, and bran-
dish'd him

Three times, and drew him under in
the mere."

And answer made King Arthur,
breathing hard:

"My end draws nigh; 'tis time that
I were gone.

Make broad thy shoulders to receive
my weight,

And bear me to the margin; yet I
fear

My wound hath taken cold, and I shall
die."

So saying, from the pavement he half
rose,

Slowly, with pain, reclining on his arm,
And looking wistfully with wide blue
eyes

As in a picture. Him Sir Bedivere
Remorsefully regarded thro' his tears,
And would have spoken, but he found
not words,

Then took with care, and kneeling on
one knee,

O'er both his shoulders drew the lan-
guid hands,

And rising bore him thro' the place of
tombs.

But, as he walk'd, King Arthur panted
hard,

Like one that feels a nightmare on his
bed

When all the house is mute. So sigh'd
the King,

Muttering and murmuring at his ear
"Quick, quick!

I fear it is too late, and I shall die."

But the other swiftly strode from ridge
to ridge,

Clothed with his breath, and looking,
as he walk'd,

Larger than human on the frozen hills.
He heard the deep behind him, and a
cry

Before. His own thought drove him
like a goad.

Dry clash'd his harness in the icy caves
And barren chasms, and all to left and
right

The bare black cliff clang'd round him,
as he based

His feet on juts of slippery crag that
rang

Sharp-smitten with the dint of armed
heels—

And on a sudden, lo! the level lake,
And the long glories of the winter
moon.

Then saw they how there hove a
dusky barge,

Dark as a funeral scarf from stem to
stern,

Beneath them; and descending they
were ware

That all the decks were dense with
stately forms

Black-stoled, black-hooded, like a
dream—by these

Three Queens with crowns of gold—
and from them rose

A cry that shiver'd to the tingling stars,
And, as it were one voice, an agony

Of lamentation, like a wind, that shrills
All night in a waste land, where no one
comes,

Or hath come, since the making of the
world.

Then murmur'd Arthur, "Place me
in the barge,"

And to the barge they came. There
those three Queens

Put forth their hands, and took the
King, and wept.

But she that rose the tallest of them all
And fairest, laid his head upon her lap,

And loosed the shatter'd casque, and
chafed his hands

And call'd him by his name, complain-
ing loud,

And dropping bitter tears against his
brow

Striped with dark blood: for all his
face was white

And colorless, and like the wither'd
moon

Smote by the fresh beam of the spring-
ing east;

And all his grieves and cuisses dash'd
with drops

Of onset; and the light and lustrous
curls—

That made his forehead like a rising
sun

High from the dais-throne—were
parch'd with dust;

Dr, clotted into points and hanging
loose,
Mix'd with the knightly growth that
fringed his lips.

So like a shatter'd column lay the
King;

Not like that Arthur who, with lance in
rest,

From spur to plume a star of tourna-
ment,

Shot thro' the lists at Camelot, and
charged

Before the eyes of ladies and of
kings.

Then loudly cried the bold Sir Bedi-
vere,

"Ah! my Lord Arthur, whither shall I
go?

Where shall I hide my forehead and
my eyes?

For now I see the true old times are
dead,

When every morning brought a noble
chance,

And every chance brought out a noble
knight.

Such times have been not since the
light hath led

The holy Elders with the gift of
myrrh.

But now the whole ROUND TABLE is
dissolved

Which was an image of the mighty
world;

And I, the last, go forth companionless,
And the days darken round me, and the

years,
Among new men, strange faces, other
minds."

And slowly answer'd Arthur from the
barge;

"The old order changeth, yielding
place to new,

And God fulfils himself in many ways,
Lest one good custom should corrupt

the world.

Comfort thyself: what comfort is in
me?

I have lived my life, and that which I
have done

May He within himself make pure! but
thou,

If thou shouldst never see my face
again,

Pray for my soul. More things are
wrought by prayer

Than this world dreams of. Where-
fore, let thy voice

Rise like a fountain for me night and
day.

For what are men better than sheep or
goats

That nourish a blind life within the
brain,

If, knowing God, they lift not hands of
prayer

Both for themselves and those who call
them friend?

For so the whole round earth is every
way

Bound by gold chains about the feet of
God.

But now farewell. I am going a long
way

With these thou seest—if indeed I
go—

(For all my mind is clouded with a
doubt)

To the island-valley of Avilion;

Where falls not hail, or rain, or any
snow,

Nor ever wind blows loudly; but it
lies

Deep-meadow'd, happy, fair with
orchard-lawns

And bowery hollows crown'd with sum-
mer sea,

Where I will heal me of my grievous
wound."

So said he, and the barge with oar
and sail

Moved from the brink, like some full-
breasted swan—

That, fluting a wild carol ere her
death,

Ruffles her pure cold plume, and takes
the flood

With swarthy webs. Long stood Sir
Bedivere

Revolving many memories, till the hull
Look'd one black dot against the verge

of dawn,

And on the mere the wailing died
away.

ST. AGNES.

DEEP on the convent-roof the snows
 Are sparkling to the moon :
 My breath to heaven like vapor goes :
 May my soul follow soon !
 The shadows of the convent-towers
 Slant down the snowy sward,
 Still creeping with the creeping hours
 That lead me to my Lord :
 Make Thou my spirit pure and clear
 As are the frosty skies,
 Or this first snowdrop of the year
 That in my bosom lies.

As these white robes are soiled and dark,
 To yonder shining ground ;
 As this pale taper's earthly spark,
 To yonder argent round ;
 So shows my soul before the Lamb,
 My spirit before Thee ;
 So in mine earthly house I am,
 To that I hope to be.
 Break up the heavens, O Lord ! and far,
 Thro' all yon starlight keen,
 Draw me, thy bride, a glittering star,
 In raiment white and clean.

He lifts me to the golden doors ;
 The flashes come and go ;
 All heaven bursts her starry floors,
 And strews her lights below,
 And deepens on and up ! the gates
 Roll back, and far within
 For me the Heavenly Bridegroom waits,
 To make me pure of sin.
 The sabbaths of Eternity,
 One sabbath deep and wide —
 A light upon the shining sea —
 The Bridegroom with his bride !

SIR GALAHAD.

My good blade carves the casques of
 men,
 My tough lance thrusteth sure,
 My strength is as the strength of ten,
 Because my heart is pure.
 The shattering trumpet shrilleth high,
 The hard brands shiver on the steel,

The splinter'd spear-shafts crack and fly,
 The horse and rider reel :
 They reel, they roll in clanging lists,
 And when the tide of combat stands,
 Perfume and flowers fall in showers,
 That lightly rain from ladies' hands.

How sweet are looks that ladies bend
 On whom their favors fall !
 For them I battle to the end,
 To save from shame and thrall :
 But all my heart is drawn above,
 My knees are bow'd in crypt and
 shrine :

I never felt the kiss of love,
 Nor maiden's hand in mine.
 More bounteous aspects on me beam,
 Me mightier transports move and
 thrill ;
 So keep I fair thro' faith and prayer
 A virgin heart in work and will.

When down the stormy crescent goes,
 A light before me swims,
 Between dark stems the forest glows,
 I hear a noise of hymns :
 Then by some secret shrine I ride ;
 I hear a voice, but none are there ;
 The stalls are void, the doors are wide,
 The tapers burning fair.
 Fair gleams the snowy altar-cloth,
 The silver vessels sparkle clean,
 The shrill bell rings, the censer swings,
 And solemn chants resound between.

Sometimes on lonely mountain-meres
 I find a magic bark ;
 I leap on board : no helmsman steers :
 I float till all is dark.
 A gentle sound, an awful light !
 Three angels bear the holy Grail :
 With folded feet, in stoles of white,
 On sleeping wings they sail.
 Ah, blessed vision ! blood of God !
 My spirit beats her mortal bars,
 As down dark tides the glory slides,
 And star-like mingles with the stars.

When on my goodly charger borne
 Thro' dreaming towns I go,
 The cock crows ere the Christmas morn,
 The streets are dumb with snow.

The tempest crackles on the leads,
And, ringing, spins from brand and
mail;

But o'er the dark a glory spreads,
And gilds the driving hail.
I leave the plain, I climb the height;
No branchy thicket shelter yields:
But blessed forms in whistling storms
Fly o'er waste fens and windy fields.

A maiden knight — to me is given
Such hope, I know not fear;
I yearn to breathe the airs of heaven
That often meet me here.
I muse on joy that will not cease,
Pure spaces clothed in living beams,
Pure lilies of eternal peace,
Whose odors haunt my dreams;
And, stricken by an angel's hand,
This mortal armor that I wear,
This weight and size, this heart and eyes,
Are touch'd, are turn'd to finest air.

The clouds are broken in the sky,
And thro' the mountain-walls
A rolling organ-harmony
Swells up, and shakes and falls.
Then move the trees, the copses nod,
Wings flutter, voices hover clear:
"O just and faithful knight of God!
Ride on! the prize is near."
So pass I hostel, hall, and grange;
By bridge and ford, by park and pale,
All-arm'd I ride, whate'er betide,
Until I find the holy Grail.

A FAREWELL.

Flow down, cold rivulet, to the sea,
Thy tribute wave deliver:
No more by thee my steps shall be,
Forever and forever.

Flow, softly flow, by lawn and lea,
A rivulet then a river:
Nowhere by thee my steps shall be,
Forever and forever.

But here will sigh thine alder tree,
And here thine aspen shiver;
And here by thee will hum the bee,
Forever and forever.

A thousand suns will stream on thee,
A thousand moons will quiver;
But not by thee my steps shall be,
Forever and forever.

BREAK, BREAK, BREAK.

BREAK, break, break,
On thy cold gray stones, O Sea!
And I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me.

O well for the fisherman's boy,
That he shouts with his sister at play!
O well for the sailor lad,
That he sings in his boat on the bay!

And the stately ships go on
To their haven under the hill;
But O for the touch of a vanish'd hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still!

Break, break, break,
At the foot of thy crags, O Sea!
But the tender grace of a day that is dead
Will never come back to me.

AS THRO' THE LAND AT EVE WE WENT.

[*The Princess*, Part I.]

As thro' the land at eve we went,
And pluck'd the ripen'd ears,
We fell out, my wife and I,
O we fell out I know not why,
And kiss'd again with tears.

For when we came where lies the child
We lost in other years,
There above the little grave,
O there above the little grave,
We kiss'd again with tears.

SWEET AND LOW, SWEET AND LOW.

[*The Princess*, Part II.]

SWEET and low, sweet and low,
Wind of the western sea,

Low, low, breathe and blow,
 Wind of the western sea!
 Over the rolling waters go,
 Come from the dying moon, and blow,
 Blow him again to me;
 While my little one, while my pretty
 one, sleeps.

Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,
 Father will come to thee soon;
 Rest, rest, on mother's breast,
 Father will come to thee soon:
 Father will come to his babe in the nest,
 Silver sails all out of the west
 Under the silver moon:
 Sleep, my little one, sleep, my pretty
 one, sleep.

THE BUGLE SONG.

[*The Princess*, Part III.]

THE splendor falls on castle walls
 And snowy summits old in story.
 The long light shakes across the lakes
 And the wild cataract leaps in glory.
 Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes
 flying,
 Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying,
 dying, dying.

O hark, O hear! how thin and clear,
 And thinner, clearer, farther going!
 O sweet and far from cliff and scar
 The horns of Elfland faintly blowing-
 ing!
 Blow, let us hear the purple glens reply-
 ing:
 Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying,
 dying, dying.

O love, they die in yon rich sky,
 They faint on hill or field or river:
 Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
 And grow forever and forever.
 Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes
 flying,
 And answer, echoes, answer, dying,
 dying, dying.

TEARS, IDLE TEARS.

[*The Princess*, Part IV.]

"TEARS, idle tears, I know not what
 they mean.
 Tears from the depth of some divine
 despair
 Rise in the heart, and gather to the eyes,
 In looking on the happy Autumn-fields,
 And thinking of the days that are no
 more.

"Fresh as the first beam glittering on
 a sail,
 That brings our friends up from the
 under-world,
 Sad as the last which reddens over one
 That sinks with all we love below the
 verge;
 So sad, so fresh, the days that are no
 more.

"Ah, sad and strange as in dark sum-
 mer dawns
 The earliest pipe of half-awaken'd birds
 To dying ears, when unto dying eyes
 The casement slowly grows a glimmer-
 ing square;
 So sad, so strange, the days that are no
 more.

"Dear as remember'd kisses after
 death,
 And sweet as those by hopeless fancy
 feign'd
 On lips that are for others; deep as
 love,
 Deep as first love, and wild with all
 regret;
 O Death in Life, the days that are no
 more."

O SWALLOW, SWALLOW, FLYING, FLYING SOUTH.

[*The Princess*, Part IV.]

"O SWALLOW, Swallow, flying, fly-
 ing South,
 Fly to her, and fall upon her gilded
 eaves,
 And tell her, tell her what I tell to thee

"O tell her, Swallow, that thou knowest each,
That bright and fierce and fickle is the South,
And dark and true and tender is the North.

"O Swallow, Swallow, if I could follow and light
Upon her lattice, I would pipe and trill,
And cheep and twitter twenty million loves.

"O were I thou that she might take me in,
And lay me on her bosom, and her heart
Would rock the snowy cradle till I died.

"Why lingereth she to clothe her heart with love,
Delaying as the tender ash delays
To clothe herself, when all the woods are green?

"O tell her, Swallow, that thy brood is flown:
Say to her, I do but wanton in the South,
But in the North long since my nest is made.

"O tell her, brief is life, but love is long,
And brief the sun of summer in the North,
And brief the moon of beauty in the South.

"O Swallow, flying from the golden woods,
Fly to her, and pipe and woo her, and make her mine,
And tell her, tell her, that I follow thee."

HOME THEY BROUGHT HER WARRIOR DEAD.

[*The Princess*, Part V.]

HOME they brought her warrior dead:
She nor swoon'd, nor utter'd cry:
All her maidens, watching, said,
"She must weep or she will die."

Then they praised him, soft and low,
Call'd him worthy to be loved,
Truest friend and noblest foe;
Yet she neither spoke nor moved.

Stole a maiden from her place,
Lightly to the warrior stept,
Took the face-cloth from the face;
Yet she neither moved nor wept.

Rose a nurse of ninety years,
Set his child upon her knee —
Like summer tempest came her tears —
"Sweet my child, I live for thee."

ASK ME NO MORE.

[*The Princess*, Part VI.]

ASK me no more: the moon may draw the sea;
The cloud may stoop from heaven and take the shape,
With fold to fold, of mountain or of cape;
But O too fond, when have I answer'd thee?

Ask me no more.

ASK me no more: what answer should I give?

I love not hollow cheek or faded eye:
Yet, O my friend, I will not have thee die!

ASK me no more, lest I should bid thee live;

Ask me no more.

ASK me no more: thy fate and mine are seal'd:

I strove against the stream and all in vain:

Let the great river take me to the main:

NO more, dear love, for at a touch I yield;

Ask me no more.

STRONG SON OF GOD, IMMORTAL LOVE.

[*In Memoriam.*]

STRONG Son of God, immortal Love,
Whom we, that have not seen thy
face,
By faith, and faith alone, embrace,
Believing where we cannot prove;

Thine are these orbs of light and shade;
Thou madest life in man and brute;
Thou madest Death; and lo, thy
foot
Is on the skull which thou hast made.

Thou wilt not leave us in the dust:
Thou madest man, he knows not
why;
He thinks he was not made to die;
And thou hast made him: thou art just.

Thou seemest human and divine,
The highest, holiest manhood, thou:
Our wills are ours, we know not how;
Our wills are ours, to make them thine.

Our little systems have their day;
They have their day and cease to be:
They are but broken lights of thee,
And thou, O Lord, art more than they.

We have but faith: we cannot know;
For knowledge is of things we see;
And yet we trust it comes from thee,
A beam in darkness: let it grow.

Let knowledge grow from more to
more,
But more of reverence in us dwell;
That mind and soul, according well,
May make one music as before,

But vaster. We are fools and slight;
We mock thee when we do not fear:
But help thy foolish ones to bear;
Help thy vain worlds to bear thy light.

Forgive what seem'd my sin in me;
What seem'd my worth since I began;
For merit lives from man to man,
And not from man, O Lord, to thee.

Forgive my grief for one removed,
Thy creature, whom I found so fair.
I trust he lives in thee, and there
I find him worthier to be loved.

Forgive these wild and wandering cries,
Confusions of a wasted youth;
Forgive them where they fail in truth,
And in thy wisdom make me wise.

*I SOMETIMES HOLD IT HALF
A SIN.*

[*In Memoriam, V.*]

I SOMETIMES hold it half a sin
To put in words the grief I feel;
For words, like Nature, half reveal
And half conceal the Soul within.

But, for the unquiet heart and brain,
A use in measured language lies;
The sad mechanic exercise,
Like dull narcotics, numbing pain.

In words, like weeds, I'll wrap me o'er,
Like coarsest clothes against the cold;
But that large grief which these en-
fold
Is given in outline and no more.

*LO, AS A DOVE WHEN UP SHE
SPRINGS.*

[*In Memoriam, XII.*]

Lo, as a dove when up she springs
To bear thro' Heaven a tale of woe,
Some dolorous message knit below
The wild pulsation of her wings;

Like her I go; I cannot stay;
I leave this mortal ark behind,
A weight of nerves without a mind,
And leave the cliffs, and haste away

O'er ocean-mirrors rounded large,
And reach the glow of southern skies,
And see the sails at distance rise,
And linger weeping on the marge,

And saying, "Comes he thus, my friend?
Is this the end of all my care?"
And circle moaning in the air:
"Is this the end? Is this the end?"

And forward dart again, and play
About the prow, and back return
To where the body sits, and learn,
That I have been an hour away.

*THE PATH BY WHICH WE
TWIN DID GO.*

[*In Memoriam*, XXII.]

THE path by which we twain did go,
Which led by tracts that pleased us
well,
Thro' four sweet years arose and fell
From flower to flower, from snow to
snow:

And we with singing cheer'd the way,
And crown'd with all the season lent,
From April on to April went,
And glad at heart from May to May:

But where the path we walk'd began
To slant the fifth autumnal slope,
As we descended, following Hope,
There sat the Shadow fear'd of man;

Who broke our fair companionship,
And spread his mantle dark and cold,
And wrapt thee formless in the fold,
And dull'd the murmur on thy lip,

And bore thee where I could not see
Nor follow, tho' I walk in haste,
And think that somewhere in the
waste

The Shadow sits and waits for me.

I ENVY NOT IN ANY MOODS.

[*In Memoriam*, XXVII.]

I ENVY not in any moods
The captive void of noble rage,
The linnet born within the cage,
That never knew the summer woods:

I envy not the beast that takes
His license in the field of time,
Unfetter'd by the sense of crime,
To whom a conscience never wakes:

Nor, what may count itself as blest,
The heart that never plighted troth,
But stagnates in the weeds of sloth
Nor any want-begotten rest.

I hold it true, whate'er befall;
I feel it, when I sorrow most;
'Tis better to have loved and lost
Than never to have loved at all.

*O YET WE TRUST THAT SOME
HOW GOOD.*

[*In Memoriam*, LIII.]

O YET we trust that somehow good
Will be the final goal of ill,
To pangs of nature, sins of will,
Defects of doubt, and taints of blood.

That nothing walks with aimless feet;
That not one life shall be destroy'd,
Or cast as rubbish to the void,
When God hath made the pile com-
plete;

That not a worm is cloven in vain;
That not a moth with vain desire
Is shrivell'd in a fruitless fire,
Or but subserves another's gain.

Behold we know not anything;
I can but trust that good shall fall
At last — far off — at last, to all,
And every winter change to spring.

So runs my dream: but what am I?
An infant crying in the night:
An infant crying for the light:
And with no language but a cry.

*RING OUT, WILD BELLS, TO THE
WILD SKY.*

[*In Memoriam*, CV.]

RING out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light:
The year is dying in the night;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
 Ring, happy bells, across the snow:
 The year is going, let him go;
 Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
 For those that here we see no more;
 Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
 Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,
 And ancient forms of party strife;
 Ring in the nobler modes of life,
 With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
 The faithless coldness of the times;
 Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,
 But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
 The civic slander and the spite;
 Ring in the love of truth and right,
 Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease;
 Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
 Ring out the thousand wars of old,
 Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
 The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
 Ring out the darkness of the land,
 Ring in the Christ that is to be.

*IT IS THE DAY WHEN HE
 WAS BORN.*

[*In Memoriam*, CVI.]

It is the day when he was born,
 A bitter day that early sank
 Behind a purple-frosty bank
 Of vapor, leaving night forlorn.

The time admits not flowers or leaves
 To deck the banquet. Fiercely flies
 The blast of North and East, and ice
 Makes daggers at the sharpen'd eaves,

And bristles all the brakes and thorns
 To yon hard crescent, as she hangs
 Above the wood which grides and
 clangs
 Its leafless ribs and iron horns

Together, in the drifts that pass
 To darken on the rolling brine
 That breaks the coast. But fetch the
 wine,
 Arrange the board and brim the glass;

Bring in great logs and let them lie,
 To make a solid core of heat;
 Be cheerful-minded, talk and treat
 Of all things ev'n as he were by;

We keep the day. With festal cheer,
 With books and music, surely we
 Will drink to him whate'er he be,
 And sing the songs he loved to hear.

*COME INTO THE GARDEN,
 MAUD.*

COME into the garden, Maud,
 For the black bat, night, has flown,
 Come into the garden, Maud,
 I am here at the gate alone;
 And the woodbine spices are wafted
 abroad,
 And the musk of the roses blown.

For a breeze of morning moves,
 And the planet of Love is on high,
 Beginning to faint in the light that she
 loves
 On a bed of daffodil sky,
 To faint in the light of the sun she
 loves,
 To faint in his light, and to die.

All night have the roses heard
 The flute, violin, bassoon;
 All night has the casement jessamine
 stirr'd
 To the dancers dancing in tune;
 Till a silence fell with the waking bird,
 And a hush with the setting moon.

I said to the lily, "There is but one
 With whom she has heart to be gay.
 When will the dancers leave her alone?
 She is weary of dance and play."
 Now half to the setting moon are gone,
 And half to the rising day;
 Low on the sand and loud on the stone
 The last wheel echoes away.

I said to the rose, "The brief night
 goes
 In babble and revel and wine.
 O young lord-lover, what sighs are those,
 For one that will never be thine?
 But mine, but mine," so I swear to the
 rose,
 "For ever and ever, mine."

And the soul of the rose went into my
 blood,
 As the music clash'd in the hall;
 And long by the garden lake I stood,
 For I heard your rivulet fall
 From the lake to the meadow and on to
 the wood,
 Our wood, that is dearer than all;

From the meadow your walks have left
 so sweet
 That whenever a March-wind sighs
 He sets the jewel-print of your feet
 In violets blue as your eyes,
 To the woody hollows in which we
 meet
 And the valleys of Paradise.

The slender acacia would not shake
 One long milk-bloom on the tree;
 The white lake-blossom fell into the
 lake,
 As the pimpernel dozed on the lea;
 But the rose was awake all night for
 your sake,
 Knowing your promise to me;
 The lilies and roses were all awake,
 They sigh'd for the dawn and thee.

Queen rose of the rosebud garden of
 girls,
 Come hither, the dances are done,
 In gloss of satin and glimmer of pearls,
 Queen lily and rose in one;

Shine out, little head, sunning over with
 curls,
 To the flowers, and be their sun.

There has fallen a splendid tear
 From the passion-flower at the gate.
 She is coming, my dove, my dear;
 She is coming, my life, my fate;
 The red rose cries, "She is near, she is
 near";
 And the white rose weeps, "She is
 late";
 The larkspur listens, "I hear, I hear";
 And the lily whispers, "I wait."

She is coming, my own, my sweet;
 Were it ever so airy a tread,
 My heart would hear her and beat,
 Were it earth in an earthy bed;
 My dust would hear her and beat,
 Had I lain for a century dead;
 Would start and tremble under her feet,
 And blossom in purple and red.

THE BROOK.

I COME from haunts of coot and hern,
 I make a sudden sally
 And sparkle out among the fern,
 To bicker down a valley.

By thirty hills I hurry down,
 Or slip between the ridges,
 By twenty thorns, a little town,
 And half a hundred bridges.

Till last by Philip's farm I flow
 To join the brimming river,
 For men may come and men may go,
 But I go on forever.

I chatter over stony ways,
 In little sharps and trebles.
 I bubble into eddying bays,
 I babble on the pebbles.

With many a curve my banks I fret
 By many a field and fallow,
 And many a fairy foreland set
 With willow-weed and mallow,

I chatter, chatter, as I flow
 To join the brimming river,
 For men may come and men may go,
 But I go on forever.

I wind about, and in and out,
 With here a blossom sailing,
 And here and there a lusty trout,
 And here and there a grayling,

And here and there a foamy flake
 Upon me, as I travel
 With many a silver waterbreak
 Above the golden gravel,

And draw them all along, and flow
 To join the brimming river,
 For men may come and men may go,
 But I go on forever.

I steal by lawns and grassy plots,
 I slide by hazel covers;
 I move the sweet forget-me-nots
 That grow for happy lovers.

I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance,
 Among my skimming swallows;
 I make the netted sunbeam dance
 Against my sandy shallows.

I murmur under moon and stars
 In brambly wildernesses;
 I linger by my shingly bars;
 I loiter round my cresses;

And out again I curve and flow
 To join the brimming river,
 For men may come and men may go,
 But I go on forever.

TURN, FORTUNE, TURN THY
 WHEEL.

[*Idyls of the King: Enid.*]

"TURN, Fortune, turn thy wheel and
 lower the proud:
 Turn thy wild wheel thro' sunshine,
 storm, and cloud;
 Thy wheel and thee we neither love nor
 hate,

"Turn, Fortune, turn thy wheel with
 smile or frown;
 With that wild wheel we go not up or
 down;
 Our hoard is little, but our hearts are
 great.

"Smile and we smile, the lords of
 many lands:
 Frown and we smile, the lords of our
 own hands;
 For man is man and master of his fate.

"Turn, turn thy wheel above the star-
 ing crowd;
 Thy wheel and thou are shadows in the
 cloud;
 Thy wheel and thee we neither love nor
 hate."

IN LOVE, IF LOVE BE LOVE.

[*Idyls of the King: Vivien.*]

"In Love, if Love be Love, if Love
 be ours,
 Faith and unfaith can ne'er be equal
 powers:
 Unfaith in aught is want of faith in all.

"It is the little rift within the lute,
 That by and by will make the music mute,
 And ever widening slowly silence all.

"The little rift within the lover's lute,
 Or little pitted speck in garner'd fruit,
 That rotting inward slowly moulders all.

"It is not worth the keeping: let it go:
 But shall it? answer, darling, answer, no.
 And trust me not at all or all in all."

SWEET IS TRUE LOVE.

[*Idyls of the King: Elaine.*]

"SWEET is true love, tho' given in
 vain, in vain;
 And sweet is death who puts an end to
 pain:
 I know not which is sweeter, no, not I.

"Love, art thou sweet? then bitter
death must be:

Love, thou art bitter; sweet is death to
me.

O Love, if death be sweeter, let me die.

"Sweet Love, that seems not made to
fade away,

Sweet death, that seems to make us love-
less clay,

I know not which is sweeter, no, not I.

"I fain would follow love, if that could
be;

I needs must follow death, who calls for
me;

Call and I follow, I follow! let me die."

ARTHUR'S FAREWELL TO GUINEVERE.

[*Idyls of the King: Guinevere.*]

"YET think not that I come to urge
thy crimes,

I did not come to curse thee, Guinevere,
I, whose vast pity almost makes me die

To see thee, laying there thy golden
head,

My pride in happier summers, at my
feet.

The wrath which forced my thoughts on
that fierce law,

The doom of treason and the flaming
death,

(When first I learnt thee hidden here)
is past.

The pang—which while I weigh'd thy
heart with one

Too wholly true to dream untruth in thee,
Made my tears burn—is also past, in

part.

And all is past, the sin is sinn'd, and I,
Lo! I forgive thee, as Eternal God

Forgives: do thou for thine own soul
the rest.

But how to take last leave of all I loved?
O golden hair, with which I used to

play
Notknowing! O imperial-moulded form,
And beauty such as woman never wore,

Until it came a kingdom's curse with
thee—

I cannot touch thy lips, they are not
mine,

But Lancelot's: nay, they never were
the King's.

I cannot take thy hand; that too is flesh,
And in the flesh thou hast sinn'd; and

mine own flesh,
Here looking down on thine polluted,

cries
'I loathe thee'; yet not less, O Guine-
vere,

For I was ever virgin save for thee,
My love thro' flesh hath wrought into

my life
So far, that my doom is, I love thee

still.
Let no man dream but that I love thee

still.
Perchance, and so thou purify thy soul,

And so thou lean on our fair father
Christ,

Hereafter in that world where all are
pure

We two may meet before high God,
and thou

Wilt spring to me, and claim me thine,
and know

I am thine husband—not a smaller soul,
Nor Lancelot, nor another. Leave me

that,
I charge thee, my last hope. Now must

I hence.
Thro' the thick night I hear the trumpet

blow:
They summon me their King to lead

mine hosts
Far down to that great battle in the west,

Where I must strike against my sister's
son,

Leagued with the lords of the White
Horse and knights

Once mine, and strike him dead, and
meet myself

Death, or I know not what mysterious
doom.

And thou remaining here wilt learn the
event;

But hither shall I never come again,
Never lie by thy side, see thee no more,

Farewell!"

WHAT DOES LITTLE BIRDIE SAY?

[*Sea Dreams.*]

WHAT does little birdie say
In her nest at peep of day?
Let me fly, says little birdie,
Mother, let me fly away.
Birdie, rest a little longer,
Till the little wings are stronger.
So she rests a little longer,
Then she flies away.

What does little baby say,
In her bed at peep of day?
Baby says, like little birdie,
Let me rise and fly away.
Baby, sleep a little longer,
Till the little limbs are stronger.
If she sleeps a little longer,
Baby too shall fly away.

THE SAILOR-BOY.

HE rose at dawn, and, fired with hope,
Shot o'er the seething harbor-bar,
And reach'd the ship and caught the
rope,
And whistled to the morning star.

And while he whistled long and loud
He heard a fierce mermaid cry,
"O Boy, tho' thou art young and proud,
I see the place where thou wilt lie.

"The sands and yeasty surges mix
In caves about the dreary bay,
And on thy ribs the limpet sticks,
And in thy heart the scrawl shall
play."

"Fool," he answer'd, "death is sure
To those that stay and those that roam,
But I will never more endure
To sit with empty hands at home.

"My mother clings about my neck,
My sisters crying, 'Stay, for shame';
My father raves of death and wreck,
They are all to blame, they are all to
blame.

"God help me! save I take my part
Of danger on the roaring sea,
A devil rises in my heart,
Far worse than any death to me."

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

1811-1863.

[BORN at Calcutta, India, in 1811. Son of a gentleman in the civil service of the East India Company; came to England in 1818. Educated at the Charter House School, London, and at Trinity College, Cambridge, but left without taking a degree. Travelled and studied in the continent with a view to becoming a painter. In 1838 became a correspondent of the *Times*, and adopted literature as a profession, in which he became very successful, and in popular estimation a rival of Dickens for the first place in modern English fiction. He also studied law and was admitted to the bar in 1848, but never practiced. He founded the *Cornhill Magazine*, 1859. Died at Kensington Palace Gardens, London, Dec. 24, 1863.]

THE END OF THE PLAY.

THE play is done, — the curtain drops,
Slow falling to the prompter's bell;
A moment yet the actor stops,
And looks around, to say farewell.

It is an irksome word and task;
And, when he's laughed and said his say,
He shows, as he removes the mask,
A face that's anything but gay.

One word, ere yet the evening ends, —
 Let's close it with a parting rhyme;
 And pledge a hand to all young friends,
 As flits the merry Christmas time;
 On life's wide scene you, too, have parts

That fate ere long shall bid you play;
 Good night! — with honest, gentle hearts

A kindly greeting go away!

Good night! — I'd say the griefs, the joys,

Just hinted in this mimic page,
 The triumphs and defeats of boys,
 Are but repeated in our age;
 I'd say your woes were not less keen,
 Your hopes more vain, than those of men, —

Your pangs or pleasures of fifteen
 At forty-five played o'er again.

I'd say we suffer and we strive
 Not less nor more as men than boys, —

With grizzled beards at forty-five,
 As erst at twelve in corduroys;
 And if, in time of sacred youth,
 We learned at home to love and pray,

Pray Heaven that early love and truth
 May never wholly pass away.

And in the world, as in the school,
 I'd say how fate may change and shift, —

The prize be sometimes with the fool,
 The race not always to the swift:
 The strong may yield, the good may fall,

The great man be a vulgar clown,
 The knave be lifted over all,
 The kind cast pitilessly down.

Who knows the inscrutable design?
 Blessed be He who took and gave!
 Why should your mother, Charles, not mine,

Be weeping at her darling's grave?
 We bow to Heaven that willed it so,
 That darkly rules the fate of all,
 That sends the respite or the blow,
 That's free to give or to recall.

This crowns his feast with wine and wit, —

Who brought him to that mirth and state?

His betters, see, below him sit,
 Or hunger hopeless at the gate.

Who bade the mud from Dives' wheel
 To spurn the rags of Lazarus?

Come, brother, in that dust we'll kneel,
 Confessing Heaven that ruled it thus.

So each shall mourn, in life's advance,
 Dear hopes, dear friends, untimely killed;

Shall grieve for many a forfeit chance
 And longing passion unfulfilled.

Amen! — whatever fate be sent,
 Pray God the heart may kindly glow,
 Although the head with cares be bent,
 And whitened with the winter snow.

Come wealth or want, come good or ill,

Let young and old accept their part,
 And bow before the awful will,
 And bear it with an honest heart.

Who misses, or who wins the prize, —
 Go, lose or conquer as you can;

But if you fail, or if you rise,
 Be each, pray God, a gentleman.

A gentleman, or old or young!
 (Bear kindly with my humble lays;)

The sacred chorus first was sung
 Upon the first of Christmas days;

The shepherds heard it overhead, —
 The joyful angels raised it then:

Glory to Heaven on high, it said,
 And peace on earth to gentle men!

My song, save this, is little worth;

I lay the weary pen aside,
 And wish you health and love and mirth,

As fits the solemn Christmas-tide.

As fits the holy Christmas birth,

Be this, good friends, our carol still, —
 Be peace on earth, be peace on earth,
 To men of gentle will.

THE MAHOGANY-TREE.

CHRISTMAS is here;
Winds whistle shrill,
Icy and chill,
Little care we;
Little we fear
Weather without,
Sheltered about
The mahogany-tree.

Once on the boughs
Birds of rare plume
Sang, in its bloom;
Night-birds are we;
Here we carouse,
Singing, like them,
Perched round the stem
Of the jolly old tree.

Here let us sport,
Boys, as we sit, —
Laughter and wit
Flashing so free.
Life is but short, —
When we are gone,
Let them sing on,
Round the old tree.

Evenings we knew,
Happy as this;
Faces we miss,
Pleasant to see.

Kind hearts and true,
Gentle and just,
Peace to your dust!
We sing round the tree.

Care, like a dun,
Lurks at the gate:
Let the dog wait;
Happy we'll be!
Drink, every one;
Pile up the coals;
Fill the red bowls,
Round the old tree!

Drain we the cup. —
Friend, art afraid?
Spirits are laid
In the Red Sea.
Mantle it up;
Empty it yet;
Let us forget,
Round the old tree!

Sorrows, begone!
Life and its ills,
Duns and their bills,
Bid we to flee.
Come with the dawn,
Blue-devil sprite;
Leave us to-night,
Round the old tree!



ALFRED DOMMETT.

1811-1887.

[BORN at Camberwell Grove, Surrey, May 20, 1811. Entered Cambridge in 1829, as a member of St. John's College, but after three years' residence left the university without graduating. In 1832 he published a volume of poems. Travelled in America for two years; after his return contributed some poems to *Blackwood's Magazine*. One of these, *A Christmas Hymn*, was greatly admired, and has been frequently reprinted. Went to New Zealand in 1842, where he became Colonial Secretary, Secretary for Crown Lands, and held various other important positions in the government of that colony. Returned to England in 1871. Since his return has published a volume of poems, *Flotsam and Jetsam, Rhymes, Old and New*, 1877. He also published in 1872, *Ranolf and Amohia, a South Sea Dream*.]

A CHRISTMAS HYMN.

It was the calm and silent night!
Seven hundred years and fifty-three
Had Rome been growing up to might,
And now was queen of land and sea.

No sound was heard of clashing wars —
Peace brooded o'er the hush'd
domain:
Apollo, Pallas, Jove, and Mars

Held undisturb'd their ancient reign,
In the solemn midnight,
Centuries ago.

'Twas in the calm and silent night!
The senator of haughty Rome,
Impatient, urged his chariot's flight,
From lordly revel rolling home;
Triumphal arches, gleaming, swell
His breast with thoughts of bound-
less sway;
What reck'd the Roman what befell
A paltry province far away,
In the solemn midnight,
Centuries ago?

Within that province far away
Went plodding home a weary boor;
A streak of light before him lay,
Fallen through a half-shut stable-
door
Across his path. He pass'd — for
naught
Told what was going on within;
How keen the stars, his only thought —
The air how calm, and cold, and thin,
In the solemn midnight,
Centuries ago!

O, strange indifference! low and high
Drownd over common joys and
cares;
The earth was still — but knew not
why
The world was listening, unawares.
How calm a moment may precede
One that shall thrill the world for
ever!
To that still moment, none would heed,
Man's doom was link'd no more to
sever —
In the solemn midnight
Centuries ago!

It is the calm and solemn night!
A thousand bells ring out, and throw
Their joyous peals abroad, and smite
The darkness — charm'd and holy
now!
The night that erst no shame had worn,
To it a happy name is given;
For in that stable lay, new-born,
The peaceful Prince of earth and
heaven,
In the solemn midnight,
Centuries ago!



ROBERT BROWNING.

1812-1889.

[ROBERT BROWNING, one of the most distinguished of modern English poets, was born in Camberwell, near London, in 1812. In 1835 he published *Paracelsus*, which was favorably received, and in 1837 produced *Strafford*, a tragedy, in which Mr. Macready the actor personated the hero. Among his other works are *Sordello*, 1840; *Pippa Passes*; *A Blot in the Scutcheon*, 1843; *King Victor and King Charles*; *Return of the Druses*; *Dramatic Lyrics*; *Men and Women*, 1855; *The Soul's Errand*, 1864; *The Ring and the Book*, 1869; *Dramatic Idyls*, 1879; *Fifine at the Fair*, 1872; *Red Cotton Nightcaps*, 1873; and *Jocoseria*, 1883. In Nov., 1846, he married Miss Elizabeth Barrett, the distinguished poet, and after his marriage he resided for some years in Italy, chiefly at Florence, making occasional visits to France and England. The second edition, enlarged, of a Bibliography of Robert Browning from 1833 to 1881, compiled by Frederick J. Furnivall, was published at London in 1882. His poetry, although difficult to be understood, has many admirers.]

HOW THEY BROUGHT THE GOOD NEWS FROM GHENT TO AIX.

I SPRANG to the stirrup, and Joris, and
he;
I galloped, Dirck galloped, we galloped
all three;
"Good speed!" cried the watch, as the
gate-bolts undrew;

"Speed!" echoed the wall to us gal-
loping through;
Behind shut the postern, the lights sank
to rest,
And into the midnight we galloped
abreast.

Not a word to each other; we kept the
great pace
Neck by neck, stride by stride, never
changing our place;
I turned in my saddle and made its
girths tight,
Then shortened each stirrup, and set
the pique right,
Rebuckled the cheek-strap, chained
slacker the bit,
Nor galloped less steadily Roland a
whit.

'Twas moonset at starting; but while
we drew near
Lokeren, the cocks crew, and twilight
dawned clear;
At Boom, a great yellow star came out
to see;
At Düffeld, 'twas morning as plain as
could be;
And from Mecheln church-steeple we
heard the half chime,
So Joris broke silence with "Yet there
is time!"

At Aerschot, up leaped of a sudden the
sun,
And against him the cattle stood black
every one,
To stare through the mist at us gallop-
ing past,
And I saw my stout galloper Roland at
last,
With resolute shoulders, each butting
away
The haze, as some bluff river headland
its spray.

And his low head and crest, just one
sharp ear bent back
For my voice, and the other pricked out
on his track;
And one eye's black intelligence — ever
that glance
O'er its white edge at me, his own mas-
ter, askance!
And the thick heavy spume-flakes which
aye and anon
His fierce lips shook upwards in gallop-
ing on.

By Hasselt, Dirck groaned; and cried
Joris, "Stay spur!
Your Ross galloped bravely, the fault's
not in her,
We'll remember at Aix" — for one heard
the quick wheeze
Of her chest, saw her stretched neck and
staggering knees,
And sunk tail, and horrible heave of
the flank,
As down on her haunches she shud-
dered and sank.

So we were left galloping, Joris and I,
Past Looz and past Tongres, no cloud
in the sky;
The broad sun above laughed a pitiless
laugh,
'Neath our feet broke the brittle bright
stubble like chaff;
Till over by Dalhem a dome-spire sprang
white,
And "Gallop" gasped Joris, "for Aix
is in sight!"

"How they'll greet us!" and all in a
moment his roan
Rolled neck and crop over; lay dead as
a stone;
And there was my Roland to bear the
whole weight
Of the news which alone could save Aix
from her fate,
With his nostrils like pits full of blood
to the brim,
And with circles of red for his eye-
socket's rim.

Then I cast loose my buff-coat, each
holster let fall,
Shook off both my jack-boots, let go
belt and all,
Stood up in the stirrup, leaned, patted
his ear,
Called my Roland his pet-name, my
horse without peer;
Clapped my hands, laughed and sang,
any noise, bad or good,
Till at length into Aix Roland galloped
and stood,

And all I remember is, friends flocking
 round
 As I sat with his head 'twixt my knees
 on the ground,
 And no voice but was praising this Ro-
 land of mine,
 As I poured down his throat our last
 measure of wine,
 Which (the burgesses voted by common
 consent)
 Was no more than his due who brought
 good news from Ghent.

LOVE AMONG THE RUINS.

WHERE the quiet-colored end of even-
 ing smiles, .
 Miles and miles,
 On the solitary pastures where our sheep
 Half-asleep
 Tinkle homeward through the twilight,
 stray or stop
 As they crop —
 Was the site once of a city great and gay
 (So they say),
 Of our country's very capital, its prince,
 Ages since,
 Held his court in, gathered councils,
 wielding far
 Peace or war.

Now, — the country does not even boast
 a tree,
 As you see,
 To distinguish slopes of verdure, certain
 rills
 From the hills
 Intersect and give a name to (else they
 run
 Into one),
 Where the domed and daring palace
 shot its spires
 Up like fires
 O'er the hundred-gated circuit of a wall
 Bounding all,
 Made of marble, men might march on
 nor be pressed,
 Twelve abreast.

And such plenty and perfection, see,
 of grass
 Never was!
 Such a carpet as, this summer-time,
 o'er-spreads
 And embeds
 Every vestige of the city, guessed alone,
 Stock or stone —
 Where a multitude of men breathed joy
 and woe
 Long ago;
 Lust of glory pricked their hearts up,
 dread of shame
 Struck them tame;
 And that glory and that shame alike,
 the gold
 Bought and sold.

Now, — the single little turret that re-
 mains
 On the plains,
 By the caper overrooted, by the gourd
 Overscored,
 While the patching houseleek's head
 of blossom winks
 Through the chinks —
 Marks the basement whence a tower in
 ancient time
 Sprang sublime,
 And a burning ring, all round, the
 chariots traced
 As they raced,
 And the monarch and his minions and
 his dames
 Viewed the games.

And I know — while thus the quiet-
 colored eve
 Smiles to leave
 To their folding, all our many tinkling
 fleeces
 In such peace,
 And the slopes and rills in undistin-
 guished gray
 Melt away —
 That a girl with eager eyes and yellow
 hair
 Waits me there
 In the turret whence the charioteers
 caught soul
 For the goal,

When the king looked, where she looks
now, breathless, dumb
Till I come.

But he looked upon the city, every side,
Far and wide,
All the mountains topped with temples,
all the glades
Colonnades,

All the causeys, bridges, aqueducts, —
and then,
All the men!

When I do come, she will speak not,
she will stand,
Either hand

On my shoulder, give her eyes the
first embrace
Of my face,

Ere we rush, ere we extinguish sight
and speech
Each on each.

In one year they sent a million fight-
ers forth

South and North,
And they built their gods a brazen pil-
lar high

As the sky,
Yet reserved a thousand chariots in full
force —

Gold, of course.
O heart! O blood that freezes, blood
that burns!

Earth's returns
For whole centuries of folly, noise and
sin!

Shut them in,
With their triumphs and their glories
and the rest!
Love is best.

EVELYN HOPE.

BEAUTIFUL Evelyn Hope is dead —

Sit and watch by her side an hour,
That is her book-shelf, this her bed;
She plucked that piece of geranium
flower,

Beginning to die, too, in the glass.

Little has yet been changed, I think —

The shutters are shut, no light may
pass,
Save two long rays through the hinge's
chink.

Sixteen years old when she died!

Perhaps she had scarcely heard my
name —

It was not her time to love: beside,
Her life had many a hope and aim,
Duties enough and little cares,
And now was quiet, now astir —
Till God's hand beckoned unawares,
And the sweet white brow is all of
her.

Is it too late, then, Evelyn Hope?

What, your soul was pure and true,
The good stars met in your horoscope,
Made you of spirit, fire, and dew —
And just because I was thrice as old,
And our paths in the world diverged
so wide,

Each was nought to each, must I be
told?

We were fellow-mortals, nought be-
side?

No, indeed! for God above

Is great to grant, as mighty to make,
And creates the love to reward the
love, —

I claim you still, for my own love's
sake!

Delayed it may be for more lives yet,
Through worlds I shall traverse, not
a few —

Much is to learn and much to forget
Ere the time be come for taking you

But the time will come, — at last it will,
When, Evelyn Hope, what meant, I
shall say,

In the lower earth, in the years long
still,

That body and soul so pure and gay?
Why your hair was amber, I shall divine,
And your mouth of your own gera-
nium's red —

And what you would do with me, in fine,
In the new life come in the old one's
stead.

I have lived, I shall say, so much since
 then,
 Given up myself so many times,
 Gained me the gains of various men,
 Ransacked the ages, spoiled the
 climes;
 Yet one thing, one, in my soul's full
 scope,
 Either I missed or itself missed me —
 And I want and find you, Evelyn
 Hope!
 What is the issue? let us see!

I loved you, Evelyn, all the while;
 My heart seemed full as it could
 hold —
 There was space and to spare for the
 frank young smile,
 And the red young mouth, and the
 hair's young gold.
 So hush, — I will give you this leaf to
 keep, —
 See, I shut it inside the sweet cold
 hand.
 There, that is our secret! go to sleep;
 You will wake, and remember, and
 understand.

THE LOST LEADER.

JUST for a handful of silver he left us;
 Just for a riband to stick in his coat —
 Found the one gift of which fortune be-
 reft us,
 Lost all the others she lets us devote.
 They, with the gold to give, doled him
 out silver,
 So much was theirs who so little
 allow'd.
 How all our copper had gone for his
 service!
 Rags — were they purple, his heart
 had been proud!
 We that had loved him so, follow'd him,
 honor'd him,
 Lived in his mild and magnificent
 eye,
 Learn'd his great language, caught his
 clear accents,

Made him our pattern to live and to
 die!
 Shakspeare was of us, Milton was for us,
 Burns, Shelley, were with us — they
 watch from their graves!
 He alone breaks from the van and the
 freemen;
 He alone sinks to the rear and the
 slaves!
 We shall march prospering — not
 through his presence;
 Songs may inspirit us — not from his
 lyre;
 Deeds will be done — while he boasts
 his quiescence,
 Still bidding crouch whom the rest
 bade aspire.
 Blot out his name, then — record one
 lost soul more,
 One task more declined, one more
 footpath untrod,
 One more triumph for devils, and sor-
 row for angels,
 One wrong more to man, one more
 insult to God!
 Life's night begins; let him never come
 back to us!
 There would be doubt, hesitation and
 pain,
 Forced praise on our part — the glim-
 mer of twilight,
 Never glad confident morning again!
 Best fight on well, for we taught him —
 strike gallantly,
 Aim at our heart ere we pierce
 through his own;
 Then let him receive the new knowl-
 edge and wait us,
 Pardon'd in Heaven, the first by the
 throne!

SONG FROM "PIPPA PASSES."

THE year's at the spring,
 And day's at the morn;
 Morning's at seven;
 The hill-side's dew-pearled;
 The lark's on the wing;
 The snail's on the thorn;
 God's in his heaven —
 All's right with the world.

SONG FROM "PARACELSUS."

HEAP cassia, sandal-buds, and stripes
Of labdanum, and aloë-balls,
Smeared with dull nard an Indian
wipes

From out her hair: such balsam falls
Down seaside mountain pedestals,
From tree-tops where tired winds are
fain,

Spent with the vast and howling main,
To treasure half their island gain.

And strew faint sweetness from some
old

Egyptian's fine worm-eaten shroud
Which breaks to dust when once un-
rolled;

Or shredded perfume, like a cloud
From closet long to quiet vowed,
With moth and dropping arras hung,
Mouldering her lute and books among,
As when a queen, long dead, was young.

THE LOST MISTRESS.

ALL's over, then: does truth sound bit-
ter

As one at first believes?

Hark, 'tis the sparrows' good-night
twitter

About your cottage eaves!

And the leaf-buds on the vine are woolly,
I noticed that to-day;

One day more bursts them open fully:
You know the red turns gray.

To-morrow we meet the same then,
dearest?

May I take your hand in mine?

Mere friends are we,—well, friends
the merest

Keep much that I resign.

Each glance of the eye so bright and
black,

Though I keep with heart's en-
deavor,—

Your voice, when you wish the snow-
drops back,

Though it stay in my soul forever,—

Yet I will but say what mere friends say,
Or only a thought stronger;

I will hold your hand but as long as all
may,

Or so very little longer!

ONE WAY OF LOVE.

ALL June I bound the rose in sheaves.

Now, rose by rose, I strip the leaves
And strew them where Pauline may
pass.

She will not turn aside? Alas!

Let them lie. Suppose they die?

The chance was they might take her
eye.

How many a month I strove to suit

These stubborn fingers to the lute!

To-day I venture all I know.

She will not hear my music? So!

Break the string; fold music's wing:

Suppose Pauline had bade me sing!

My whole life long I learned to love.

This hour my utmost art I prove

And speak my passion—heaven or
hell?

She will not give me heaven? 'Tis
well!

Lose who may—I still can say,

Those who win heaven, blest are they!

IN A YEAR.

NEVER any more,

While I live,

Need I hope to see his face

As before.

Once his love grown chill,

Mine may strive:

Bitterly we re-embrace,

Single still.

Was it something said,

Something done,

Vexed him? was it touch of hand,

Turn of head?

Strange! that very way
 Love begun:
 I as little understand
 Love's decay.

When I sewed or drew,
 I recall
 How he looked as if I sung,
 — Sweetly too.
 If I spoke a word,
 First of all
 Up his cheek the color sprung,
 Then he heard.

Sitting by my side,
 At my feet,
 So he breathed but air I breathed,
 Satisfied!
 I, too, at love's brim
 Touched the sweet:
 I would die if death bequeathed
 Sweet to him.

"Speak, I love thee best!"
 He exclaimed:
 "Let thy love my own foretell!"
 I confessed:
 "Clasp my heart on thine
 Now unblamed,
 Since upon thy soul as well
 Hangeth mine!"

Was it wrong to own,
 Being truth?
 Why should all the giving prove
 His alone?
 I had wealth and ease,
 Beauty, youth:
 Since my lover gave me love,
 I gave these.

That was all I meant,
 — To be just,
 And the passion I had raised,
 To content.
 Since he chose to change
 Gold for dust,
 If I gave him what he praised
 Was it strange?

Would he loved me yet,
 On and on,
 While I found some way undreamed

— Paid my debt!
 Gave more life and more,
 Till all gone,
 He should smile "She never seemed
 Mine before.

"What, she felt the while,
 Must I think?
 Love's so different with us men!"
 He should smile:
 "Dying for my sake —
 White and pink!
 Can't we touch these bubbles then
 But they break?"

Dear, the pang is brief,
 Do thy part,
 Have thy pleasure! How perplexed
 Grows belief!
 Well, this cold clay clod
 Was man's heart:
 Crumble it, and what comes next?
 Is it God?

MY STAR.

ALL that I know
 Of a certain star
 Is, it can throw
 (Like the angled spar)
 Now a dart of red,
 Now a dart of blue;
 Till my friends have said
 They would fain see, too,
 My star that dartles the red and the
 blue!
 Then it stops like a bird; like a flower,
 hangs furled:
 They must solace themselves with
 the Saturn above it.
 What matter to me if their star is a
 world?
 Mine has opened its soul to me;
 therefore I love it.

A FACE.

IF one could have that little head of
 hers
 Painted upon a background of pale
 gold,

Such as the Tuscan's early art prefers!
 No shade encroaching on the matchless
 mould
 Of those two lips, which should be
 opening soft
 In the pure profile; not as when she
 laughs,
 For that spoils all; but rather as 'if
 aloft
 Yon hyacinth, she loves so, leaned its
 staff's
 Burden of honey-colored buds, to
 kiss
 And capture 'twixt the lips apart for
 this.
 Then her lithe neck, three fingers
 might surround.
 How it should waver, on the pale gold
 ground,

Up to the fruit-shaped, perfect chin it
 lifts!
 I know, Correggio loves to mass, in
 rifts
 Of heaven, his angel faces, orb on
 orb
 Breaking its outline, burning shades
 absorb:
 But these are only massed there, I
 should think,
 Waiting to see some wonder momentarily
 Grow out, stand full, fade slow against
 the sky
 (That's the pale ground you'd see this
 sweet face by),
 All heaven, meanwhile, condensed into
 one eye
 Which fears to lose the wonder, should
 it wink.



CHARLES MACKAY.

1812-1889.

[BORN in Perth, Scotland, in 1812; educated in London, Brussels, and Aix la Chapelle; was employed on the staff of the *London Morning Chronicle*, 1834-43. Editor of the *Glasgow Argus*, 1844-47; was also long connected with the *London Illust. News*, and a war correspondent of the *London Times* in the United States, 1862-65. Is best known by his songs, some of which were set to music composed by himself.]

THE LOST DAY.

FAREWELL, oh day misspent;
 Thy fleeting hours were lent
 In vain to my endeavor.
 In shade and sun
 Thy race is run
 For ever! oh, for ever!
 The leaf drops from the tree,
 The sand falls in the glass,
 And to the dread Eternity
 The dying minutes pass.

It was not till thine end
 I knew thou wert my friend;
 But now, thy worth recalling,
 My grief is strong
 I did thee wrong,

And scorned thy treasures falling.
 But sorrow comes too late;
 Another day is born; —
 Pass, minutes, pass; may better fate
 Attend to-morrow morn.

Oh, birth! oh, death of Time!
 Oh, mystery sublime!
 Ever the rippling ocean
 Brings forth the wave
 To smile or rave,
 And die of its own motion.
 A little wave to strike
 The sad responsive shore,
 And be succeeded by its like
 Ever and evermore.

Oh, change from same to same!
Oh, quenched, yet burning flame!

Oh, new birth, born of dying!

Oh, transient ray!

Oh, speck of day!

Approaching and yet flying;—
Pass to Eternity.

Thou day, that came in vain!

A new wave surges on the sea—
The world grows young again.

Come in, To-day, come in!

I have confessed my sin

To thee, young promise-bearer!

New Lord of Earth!

I hail thy birth—

The crown awaits the wearer.

Child of the ages past!

Sire of a mightier line!

On the same deeps our lot is cast!

The world is thine—and mine!

SISYPHUS.

A STUDY FROM THE ANTIQUE.

EVER and evermore

Upon the steep life-shore

Of Death's dark main,

Bare to the bitter skies,

His mournful task he plies

In vain, in vain!

Sometimes he looks to Heaven

And asks to be forgiven

The grievous pain.

The stars look sadly down,

The cold sun seems to frown—

In vain, in vain!

But kindly mother Earth,

Remembering his birth,

Doth not disdain

To sympathize with him,

So worn of heart and limb;

In vain, in vain!

Is not his fate her own?

The rolling toilsome stone

Rolled back again?

Are not her children's woes

The very same he knows?—

In vain, in vain!

Do not all Earth and Sea

Repeat Eternally

Th' unvarying strain?

The old and sad lament

With human voices blent,

In vain, in vain!

Through the green forest arch

The wild winds in their march

Sigh and complain;

The torrent on the hill

Moans to the midnight chill,

In vain, in vain!

The hoarse monotonous waves

Attune from all their caves,

Through storm and rain,

The melancholy cry,

To listening Earth and sky,

In vain, in vain!

Love mourns its early dead;

Hope its illusions fled,

Or rudely slain;

And Wealth and Power prolong

The same, th' eternal song,

In vain, in vain!

Toil, Sisyphus, toil on!

Thou'rt many, though but one!

Toil heart and brain!

One—but the type of all

Rolling the dreadful ball,

In vain! in vain!

I LOVE MY LOVE.

WHAT is the meaning of the song

That rings so clear and loud,

Thou nightingale amid the copse—

Thou lark above the cloud?

What says thy song, thou joyous thrush,

Up in the walnut-tree?

"I love my Love, because I know

My Love loves me."

What is the meaning of thy thought,

O maiden fair and young?

There is such pleasure in thine eyes,

Such music on thy tongue;

There is such glory on thy face—

What can the meaning be?
 "I love my Love, because I know
 My Love loves me."

O happy words! at Beauty's feet
 We sing them ere our prime;
 And when the early summers pass,
 And Care comes on with Time,
 Still be it ours, in Care's despite,
 To join the chorus free —
 "I love my Love, because I know
 My Love loves me."

YOUTH'S WARNING.

BEWARE, exulting youth, beware,
 When life's young pleasures woo,
 That ere you yield you shrive your
 heart,
 And keep your conscience true!
 For sake of silver spent to-day,
 Why pledge to-morrow's gold?
 Or in hot blood implant Remorse,
 To grow when blood is cold?
*If wrong you do, if false you play,
 In summer among the flowers,
 You must atone, you shall repay,
 In winter among the showers.*

To turn the balances of Heaven
 Surpasses mortal power;

For every white there is a black,
 For every sweet a sour.
 For every up there is a down,
 For every folly, shame;
 And retribution follows guilt,
 As burning follows flame.
*If wrong you do, if false you play,
 In summer among the flowers,
 You must atone, you shall repay,
 In winter among the showers.*

I LAY IN SORROW, DEEP DISTRESSED.

I LAY in sorrow, deep distressed:
 My grief a proud man heard;
 His looks were cold, he gave me gold,
 But not a kindly word.
 My sorrow passed, — I paid him back
 The gold he gave to me;
 Then stood erect and spoke my thanks,
 And blessed his Charity.

I lay in want, in grief and pain:
 A poor man passed my way;
 He bound my head, he gave me bread,
 He watched me night and day.
 How shall I pay him back again,
 For all he did to me?
 Oh, gold is great, but greater far
 Is heavenly Sympathy!

AUBREY THOMAS DE VERE.

1814—

[THIRD son of Sir Aubrey De Vere of Curragh Chase, Limerick Co. Born in 1814, and educated at Trinity College, Dublin, a poet and political writer; author of *May Carols*, *The Sisters*, *Irish Odes*, etc., besides numerous prose works on political subjects.]

EARLY FRIENDSHIP.

THE half-seen memories of childish days,
 When pains and pleasures lightly came
 and went;
 The sympathies of boyhood rashly spent
 In fearful wanderings through forbidden
 ways;
 The vague, but manly wish to tread the
 maze

Of life to noble ends, — whereon intent,
 Asking to know for what man here is
 sent,
 The bravest heart must often pause, and
 gaze;
 The firm resolve to seek the chosen end
 Of manhood's judgment, cautious and
 mature, —
 Each of these viewless bonds binds
 friend to friend

With strength no selfish purpose can
secure :

My happy lot is this, that all attend
That friendship which first came, and
which shall last endure.

SONG.

SING the old song, amid the sounds
dispersing

That burden treasured in your hearts
too long ;

Sing it with voice low-breathed,
but never name her :

She will not hear you, in her turrets
nursing

High thoughts, — too high to mate
with mortal song ; —

Bend o'er her, gentle Heaven, but
do not claim her !

In twilight caves, and secret lonelinesses,
She shades the bloom of her unearthly
days ;

The forest winds alone approach
to woo her.

Far off we catch the dark gleam of her
tresses ;

And wild birds haunt the wood-walks
where she strays,

Intelligible music warbling to her.

That spirit charged to follow and defend
her,

He also doubtless suffers this love-
pain ;

And she perhaps is sad, hearing his
sighing.

And yet that face is not so sad as tender ;

Like some sweet singer's when her
sweetest strain

From the heaved heart is gradually
dying !

SAD IS OUR YOUTH, FOR IT IS
EVER GOING.

SAD is our youth, for it is ever going,
Crumbling away beneath our very feet ;

Sad is our life, for onward it is flowing
In current unperceived, because so fleet ;

Sad are our hopes, for they were sweet
in sowing, —

But tares, self-sown, have overtopped
the wheat ;

Sad are our joys, for they were sweet in
blowing, —

And still, O, still their dying breath is
sweet ;

And sweet is youth, although it hath
bereft us

Of that which made our childhood
sweeter still ;

And sweet is middle life, for it hath left us
A nearer good to cure an older ill ;

And sweet are all things, when we learn
to prize them,

Not for their sake, but His who grants
them or denies them !

ROBERT NICOLL.

1814-1837.

[BORN in Perthshire, Scotland, 1814. Son of parents in humble circumstances, and self-educated. At the age of twenty-one he published a small volume of poems which became exceedingly popular and passed through several editions. He afterwards obtained the position of editor on the *Leeds Times*, which, under his control, more than tripled its circulation. His health gave way, after he had been engaged in his editorial duties about a year, and he removed to Edinburgh, where he died in 1837.]

WE ARE BRETHREN A'.

A HAPPY bit hame this auld world would
be,

If men, when they're here, could make
shift to agree,

An' ilk said to his neighbor, in cottage
an' ha',

"Come, gi'e me your hand—we are
brethren a'."

I ken na why ane wi' anither should fight,
When to 'gree would make a'body cosie
 an' right,
When man meets wi' man, 'tis the best
 way ava,
To say, "Gi'e me your hand—we are
 brethren a'."

My coat is a coarse ane, an' yours may
 be fine,
And I maun drink water, while you may
 drink wine;
But we baith ha'e a leal heart, unspotted
 to shaw:
Sae gi'e me your hand—we are brethren
 a'.

The knave ye would scorn, the unfaithfu'
 deride;
Ye would stand like a rock, wi' the
 truth on your side;
Sae would I, an' nought else would I
 value a straw;
Then gi'e me your hand—we are
 brethren a'.

Ye would scorn to do fausely by woman
 or man;
I haud by the right aye, as weel as I
 can;

We are ane in our joys, our affections,
 an' a';
Come, gi'e me your hand—we are
 brethren a'.

Your mither has lo'ed you as mithers
 can lo'e;
An' mine has done for me what mithers
 can do;
We are ane high an' laigh, an' we
 shouldna be twa:
Sae gi'e me your hand—we are brethren
 a'.

We love the same simmer day, sunny
 and fair;
Hame! O, how we love it, an' a' that
 are there!
Frae the pure air of heaven the same
 life we draw—
Come, gi'e me your hand—we are
 brethren a'.

Frail shakin' auld age will soon come
 o'er us baith,
An' creeping along at his back will be
 death;
Syne into the same mither-yird we will
 fa':
Come, gi'e me your hand—we are
 brethren a'.



THOMAS WESTWOOD.

1814-1888.

[BORN at Enfield, Middlesex, England, Nov. 26, 1814. For twenty-five years a director of a railway company in Belgium; has been a frequent contributor of verse to the *London Athenæum* and *Gentleman's Magazine*; is author of several volumes of poems: *Beads from a Rosary*, 1843; *The Burden of the Bell, and other Lyrics*, 1850; *Berries and Blossoms*, 1855; *Foxglove Bells, a Book of Sonnets*, 1856; *The Quest of the Sangreall*, 1868; also of *Bibliotheca Piscatoria*, 1861; and *The Chronicle of the Compleat Angler of Isaak Walton and Charles Cotton*, being a bibliographical record of its various phases and mutations, editions and illustrations, 1864.

LITTLE BELL.

"He prayeth well, who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast."
 The Ancient Mariner.

PIPED the Blackbird, on the beechwood
 spray,

"Pretty maid, slow wandering this way,
 What's your name?" quoth he.
"What's your name? O, stop and
 straight unfold,
Pretty maid, with showery curls of gold."
 "Little Bell," said she.

Little Bell sat down beneath the rocks,
Tossed aside her gleaming, golden
locks, —

“Bonny bird!” quoth she,
“Sing me your best song, before I go.”
“Here’s the very finest song I know,
Little Bell,” said he.

And the Blackbird piped — you never
heard
Half so gay a song from any bird;
Full of quips and wiles,
Now so round and rich, now soft and slow,
All for love of that sweet face below,
Dimpled o’er with smiles.

And the while that bonny bird did pour
His full heart out, freely, o’er and o’er,
’Neath the morning skies,
In the little childish heart below
All the sweetness seemed to grow and
grow,
And shine forth in happy overflow
From the brown, bright eyes.

Down the dell she tripped, and through
the glade —
Peeped the squirrel from the hazel-shade,
And from out the tree
Swung and leaped and frolicked, void
of fear,
While bold Blackbird piped, that all
might hear,
“Little Bell!” piped he.

Little Bell sat down amid the fern:
“Squirrel, Squirrel! to your task return!
Bring me nuts!” quoth she.
Up, away! the frisky Squirrel hies,
Golden wood-lights glancing in his eyes,
And adown the tree,
Great ripe nuts, kissed brown by July sun,
In the little lap drop, one by one —
Hark! how Blackbird pipes, to see the
fun!

“Happy Bell!” pipes he.

Little Bell looked up and down the
glade:
“Squirrel, Squirrel, from the nut-tree
shade,
Bonny Blackbird, if your’re not afraid,
Come and share with me!”

Down came Squirrel, eager for his fare,
Down came bonny Blackbird, I declare;
Little Bell gave each his honest share —
Ah! the merry three!

And the while those frolic playmates twain
Piped and frisked from bough to bough
again,
’Neath the morning skies,
In the little childish heart below,
All the sweetness seemed to grow and
grow,
And shine out in happy overflow,
From her brown, bright eyes.

By her snow-white cot, at close of day,
Knelt sweet Bell, with folded palms, to
pray.
Very calm and clear
Rose the praying voice, to where, unseen,
In blue heaven, an angel-shape serene
Paused awhile to hear.

“What good child is this,” the angel said,
“That, with happy heart, beside her bed,
Prays so lovingly?”
Low and soft, O, very low and soft,
Crooned the Blackbird in the orchard
croft,
“Bell, dear Bell!” crooned he.

“Whom God’s creatures love,” the angel
fair
Murmured, “God doth bless with angel’s
care;
Child, thy bed shall be
Folded safe from harm; love, deep and
kind,
Shall watch round and leave good gifts
behind,
Little Bell, for thee.”

UNDER MY WINDOW.

UNDER my window, under my window,
All in the Midsummer weather,
Three little girls with fluttering curls
Flit to and fro together: —
There’s Bell with her bonnet of satin
sheen,

And Maud with her mantle of silver-green,
And Kate with her scarlet feather.

Under my window, under my window,
Leaning stealthily over,
Merry and clear, the voice I hear,
Of each glad-hearted rover.
Ah! sly little Kate, she steals my roses;
And Maud and Bell twine wreaths and posies,
As merry as bees in clover.

Under my window, under my window,
In the blue Midsummer weather,

Stealing slow, on a hushed tiptoe,
I catch them all together:—
Bell with her bonnet of satin sheen,
And Maud with her mantle of silver-green,
And Kate with the scarlet feather.

Under my window, under my window,
And off through the orchard closes;
While Maud she flouts, and Bell she pouts,
They scamper and drop their posies;
But dear little Kate takes naught amiss,
And leaps in my arms with a loving kiss,
And I give her all my roses.



FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER.

1814-1863.

[AN English theologian and poet. Born at Durham, June 28, 1814; graduated at Oxford in 1836; became vicar of Elton in 1843; went over to the Roman Catholic Church in 1845; founded the oratory of the brotherhood of St. Philip Neri in London in 1849, and in 1854 removed with it to Brompton, where he died Sept. 26, 1863. He will be remembered as the author of some exquisitely beautiful hymns, equally admired by all communions.]

THE RIGHT MUST WIN.

O, it is hard to work for God,
To rise and take his part
Upon this battle-field of earth,
And not sometimes lose heart!

He hides himself so wondrously,
As though there were no God;
He is least seen when all the powers
Of ill are most abroad.

Or he deserts us at the hour
The fight is all but lost;
And seems to leave us to ourselves
Just when we need him most.

Ill masters good; good seems to change
To ill with greatest ease;
And, worst of all, the good with good
Is at cross-purposes.

Ah! God is other than we think;
His ways are far above,

Far beyond reason's height, and reached
Only by childlike love.

Workman of God! O, lose not heart,
But learn what God is like;
And in the darkest battle-field
Thou shalt know where to strike.

Thrice blest is he to whom is given
The instinct that can tell
That God is on the field when he
Is most invisible.

Blest, too, is he who can divine
Where real right doth lie,
And dares to take the side that seems
Wrong to man's blindfold eye.

For right is right, since God is God;
And right the day must win;
To doubt would be disloyalty,
To falter would be sin!

PHILIP JAMES BAILEY.

1816-

[BORN at Nottingham, April 22, 1816. He studied law, and was admitted to the bar in 1840. In 1839 he published *Festus*, a poem which treats of the highest theme of philosophy and religion. He wrote other poems also, entitled *The Angel World*, 1850; *The Mystic*, 1855; *The Age, A Satire*, 1858; and *The Universal Hymn*, 1867.]

LOVE OF GOD AND MAN.

LOVE is the happy privilege of the mind —

Love is the reason of all living things.
A Trinity there seems of principles,
Which represent and rule created life —
The love of self, our fellows, and our God.

In all throughout one common feeling reigns :

Each doth maintain, and is maintained by the other :

All are compatible — all needful; one
To life, — to virtue one, — and one to bliss :

Which thus together make the power, the end,

And the perfection of created Being.
From these three principles doth every deed,

Desire, and will, and reasoning, good or bad, come;

To these they all determine — sum and scheme :

The three are one in centre and in round;
Wrapping the world of life as do the skies
Our world. Hail! air of love, by which we live!

How sweet, how fragrant! Spirit, though unseen —

Void of gross sign — is scarce a simple essence,

Immortal, immaterial, though it be.
One only simple essence liveth — God, —
Creator, uncreate. The brutes beneath,
The angels high above us, with ourselves,

Are but compounded things of mind and form.

In all things animate is therefore cored
An elemental sameness of existence;

For God, being Love, in love created all,
As he contains the whole and penetrates.
Seraphs love God, and angels love the good :

We love each other; and these lower lives,

Which walk the earth in thousand diverse shapes,

According to their reason, love us too :
The most intelligent affect us most.

Nay, man's chief wisdom's love — the love of God.

The new religion — final, perfect, pure —
Was that of Christ and love. His great command —

His all-sufficing precept — was't not love? —

Truly to love ourselves we must love God, —

To love God we must all his creatures love, —

To love his creatures, both ourselves and Him.

Thus love is all that's wise, fair, good, and happy!

LIKE AN ISLAND IN A RIVER.

LIKE an island in a river
Art thou, my love, to me;
And I journey by thee ever
With a gentle ecstasy.

I arise to fall before thee;
I come to kiss thy feet :
To adorn thee and adore thee, —
Mine only one, my sweet!

And thy love hath power upon me,
Like a dream upon a brain;
For the loveliness which won me,
With the love, too, doth remain.

And my life it beautifieth,
 Though love be but a shade,
 Known of only ere it dieth, —
 By the darkness it hath made.

THE END OF LIFE.

WE live in deeds, not years; in thoughts,
 not breaths;
 In feelings, not in figures on a dial.
 We should count time by heart-throbs.
 He most lives,
 Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts
 the best.
 And he whose heart beats quickest lives
 the longest:
 Lives in one hour more than in years do
 some
 Whose fat blood sleeps as it slips along
 their veins.
 Life is but a means unto an end; that
 end,

Beginning, mean, and end to all things,
 — God.
 The dead have all the glory of the world.

GREAT THOUGHTS.

WHO can mistake great thoughts?
 They seize upon the mind; arrest, and
 search,
 And shake it; bow the tall soul as by
 wind;
 Rush over it like rivers over reeds,
 Which quaver in the current; turn us
 cold,
 And pale, and voiceless; leaving in the
 brain
 A rocking and a ringing, — glorious,
 But momentary; madness might it last,
 And close the soul with Heaven as with
 a seal.

FRANCES BROWNE.

1816—

[BORN Jan. 16, 1816, at Stranolar, Donegal County, where her father was the village postmaster. She lost her sight in infancy, but learned many of the lessons of her brothers and sisters. In 1840 she published *Songs of Our Land*, followed by contributions to the *Athenaeum* and other Magazines. In 1847 she removed from Ireland to Edinburgh. In 1852 she removed to London, and has since contributed to the light literature of the day.]

LOSSES.

UPON the white sea-sand
 There sat a pilgrim band,
 Telling the losses that their lives had
 known;
 While evening waned away
 From breezy cliff and bay,
 And the strong tides went out with
 weary moan.
 One spake, with quivering lip,
 Of a fair freighted ship,
 With all his household to the deep gone
 down;

But one had wilder woe —
 For a fair face, long ago
 Lost in the darker depths of a great
 town.

There were who mourned their
 youth
 With a most loving ruth,
 For its brave hopes and memories ever
 green;
 And one upon the west
 Turned an eye that would not
 rest,
 For far-off hills whereon its joy had been.

Some talked of vanished gold,
Some of proud honors told,
Some spake of friends that were their
trust no more;
And one of a green grave
Beside a foreign wave,
That made him sit so lonely on the
shore.

But when their tales were done,
There spake among them one,
A stranger, seeming from all sorrow
free:

"Sad losses have ye met,
But mine is heavier yet;
For a believing heart hath gone from
me."

"Alas!" these pilgrims said,
"For the living and the dead —
For fortune's cruelty, for love's sure
cross,
For the wrecks of land and sea!
But, however it came to thee,
Thine, stranger, is life's last and heaviest
loss."

ELIZA COOK.

1818-1889.

[BORN about 1818 in Southwark. At an early age she contributed to various periodicals, and in 1840 published a volume of poems, which at once attracted the attention of the public and stamped her as a writer of merit and originality. Her poems reprinted in a collected form have passed through numerous editions. In 1864 she obtained a literary pension of £100 per annum.]

THE OLD ARM CHAIR.

I LOVE it—I love it, and who shall
dare
To chide me for loving that old arm
chair!
I've treasured it long as a sainted
prize —
I've bedewed it with tears, and embalmed
it with sighs;
'Tis bound by a thousand bands to my
heart,
Not a tie will break, not a link will
start.
Would you learn the spell? a mother
sat there;
And a sacred thing is that old arm
chair.

In childhood's hour I lingered near
The hallowed seat with listening ear;
And gentle words that mother would
give,
To fit me to die, and teach me to live.
She told me shame would never be-
tide,

With truth for my creed, and God for
my guide;
She taught me to lisp my earliest
prayer,
As I knelt beside that old arm chair.

I sat and watched her many a day,
When her eyes grew dim and her locks
were gray,
And I almost worshipped her when she
smiled
And turned from her Bible to bless her
child.
Years rolled on, but the last one sped —
My idol was shattered — my earth star
fled:
I learnt how much the heart can bear,
When I saw her die in that old arm
chair.

'Tis past! 'tis past! but I gaze on it
now
With quivering breath and throbbing
brow:
'Twas there she nursed me — 'twas there
she died,

And memory flows with lava tide —
 Say it is folly, and deem me weak,
 While the scalding tears run down my
 cheek.
 But I love it — I love it, and cannot
 tear
 My soul from my mother's old arm
 chair.

THE OLD WATER-MILL.

AND is this the old mill-stream that ten
 years ago
 Was so fast in its current, so pure in its
 flow;
 Whose musical waters would ripple and
 shine
 With the glory and dash of a miniature
 Rhine?

Can this be its bed? — I remember it well
 When it sparkled like silver through
 meadow and dell;
 When the pet-lamb reposed on its em-
 erald side,
 And the minnow and perch darted swift
 through its tide.

Yes! here was the miller's house, peace-
 ful abode!
 Where the flower-twined porch drew all
 eyes from the road;
 Where roses and jasmine embower'd a
 door
 That never was closed to the wayworn
 or poor.

Where the miller, God bless him! oft
 gave us "a dance,"
 And led off the ball with his soul in his
 glance;
 Who, forgetting gray hairs, was as loud
 in his mirth
 As the veriest youngsters that circled his
 hearth.

Blind Ralph was the only musician we
 had,
 But his tunes — oh, such tunes — would
 make any heart glad!

"The Roast Beef of Old England,"
 and "Green grow the Rushes,"
 Woke our eyes' brightest beams, and
 our cheeks' warmest flushes.

No lustre resplendent its brilliancy
 shed,
 But the wood fire blazed high, and the
 board was well spread;
 Our seats were undamask'd, our partners
 were rough,
 Yet, yet we were happy, and that was
 enough.

And here was the mill where we idled
 away
 Our holiday hours on a clear summer
 day;
 Where Roger, the miller's boy, loll'd
 on a sack,
 And chorus'd his song to the merry
 click-clack.

But lo! what rude sacrilege here hath
 been done!
 The streamlet no longer purls on in the
 sun;
 It's course has been turn'd, and the
 desolate edge
 Is now mournfully cover'd with duck-
 weed and sedge.

The mill is in ruins. No welcoming
 sound
 In the mastiff's gruff bark and the
 wheels dashing round;
 The house, too, untenanted — left to
 decay —
 And the miller, long dead: all I loved
 pass'd away!

This play-place of childhood was graved
 on my heart
 In rare Paradise colors that now must
 depart;
 The old water-mill's gone, the fair vision
 is fled,
 And I weep o'er its wreck as I do for
 the dead.

EMILY BRONTË.

1819-1848.

[EMILY BRONTË was born at Hartshead-cum-Clifton, near Leeds, in 1819, and lived at the parsonage at Haworth from 1820 to her death. The monotony of this existence was broken only by a brief attempt to be a governess and by a short stay at Brussels in 1842, all exile from home being excessively painful and hurtful to her. She died of consumption at Haworth on the 19th of December, 1848. She published, in conjunction with her sisters, *Poems, by Currer, Ellis, and Acton Bell*, in 1846, and, alone, the novel of *Wuthering Heights* in 1847.]

LAST LINES.

No coward soul is mine,
No trembler in the world's storm-
troubled sphere:

I see Heaven's glories shine,
And faith shines equal, arming me from
fear.

O God within my breast,
Almighty, ever-present Deity!
Life — that in me has rest,
As I — undying Life — have power in
thee!

Vain are the thousand creeds
That move men's hearts: unutterably
vain;

Worthless as withered weeds,
Or idlest froth amid the boundless main,

To waken doubt in one
Holding so fast by thine infinity;
So surely anchored on
The steadfast rock of immortality.

With wide-embracing love
Thy spirit animates eternal years,
Pervades and broods above,
Changes, sustains, dissolves, creates, and
rears.

Though earth and man were gone,
And suns and universes ceased to be,
And Thou were left alone,
Every existence would exist in Thee.

There is not room for Death,
Nor atom that his might could render
void:

Thou — THOU art Being and Breath,
And what THOU art may never be de-
stroyed.

STANZAS.

OFTEN rebuked, yet always back re-
turning

To those first feelings that were born
with me,

And leaving busy chase of wealth and
learning

For idle dreams of things which cannot
be:

To-day, I will seek not the shadowy
region;

Its unsustaining vastness waxes drear;
And visions rising, legion after legion,

Bring the unreal world too strangely
near.

I'll walk, but not in old heroic traces,

And not in paths of high morality,
And not among the half-distinguished
faces,

The clouded forms of long-past his-
tory.

I'll walk where my own nature would
be leading:

It vexes me to choose another guide:
Where the gray flocks in ferny glens are
feeding;

Where the wild wind blows on the
mountain side.

THE OLD STOIC.

RICHES I hold in light esteem,
And Love I laugh to scorn;
And lust of fame was but a dream,
That vanished with the morn:

And if I pray, the only prayer
That moves my lips for me
Is, "Leave the heart that now I bear,
And give me liberty!"

Yes, as my swift days near their goal,
'Tis all that I implore;
In life and death, a chainless soul,
With courage to endure.



ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH.

1819-1861.

[BORN at Liverpool, Jan. 1, 1819; passed some years of his childhood at Charlestown, in Virginia; was at school at Rugby from 1829 to 1837; was Scholar of Balliol and afterwards Fellow and Tutor of Oriel; resigned his offices in Oxford in 1848; was Principal of University Hall, London, for a short time afterwards; again went to America; returned in 1853 to take a post in the Education Office. He died at Florence, Nov. 13, 1861. His poems were chiefly written between 1840 and 1850, *The Bothie* being published in 1848, and many of the shorter poems appearing in a volume called *Ambarvalia* in the next year.]

QUA CURSUM VENTUS.

As ships, becalmed at eve, that lay
With canvas drooping, side by side,
Two towers of sail at dawn of day
Arescarce longleagues apart desried;

When fell the night, upsprung the breeze,
And all the darkling hours they plied,
Nor dreamt but each the self-same seas
By each was cleaving, side by side:

E'en so — but why the tale reveal
Of those, whom year by year un-
changed,
Brief absence joined anew to feel,
Astounded, soul from soul estranged?

At dead of night their sails were filled,
And onward each rejoicing steered —
Ah, neither blame, for neither willed,
Or wist, what first with dawn appeared!

To veer, how vain! On, onward strain,
Brave barks! In light, in darkness
too,
Through winds and tides one compass
guides —
To that, and your own selves, be true.

But O blithe breeze! and O great seas,
Though ne'er, that earliest parting
past,
On your wide plain they join again,
Together lead them home at last.

One port, methought, alike they sought,
One purpose hold where'er they fare, —
O bounding breeze, O rushing seas!
At last, at last, unite them there!

QUI LABORAT, ORAT.

O ONLY Source of all our light and life,
Whom as our truth, our strength, we
see and feel,
But whom the hours of mortal moral
strife
Alone aright reveal!

Mine inmost soul, before Thee inly
brought,
Thy presence owns ineffable, divine;
Chastised each rebel self-encentered
thought,
My will adareth Thine.

With eye down-dropt, if then this
earthly mind
Speechless remain, or speechless e'en
depart;
Nor seek to see — for what of earthly
kind
Can see Thee as Thou art? —

If well-assured 'tis but profanely bold
In thought's abstractest forms to seem
to see,
It dare not dare the dread communion
hold
In ways unworthy Thee,

O not unowned, thou shalt unnamed for-
give,

In wordly walks the prayerless heart
prepare;

And if in work its life it seem to live,
Shalt make that work be prayer.

Nor times shall lack, when while the
work it plies,

Unsummoned powers the blinding
film shall part,

And scarce by happy tears made dim,
the eyes

In recognition start.

But, as thou wilt, give or e'en forbear
The beatific supersensual sight,

So, with Thy blessing blest, that humbler
prayer

Approach Thee morn and night.

—
"WITH WHOM IS NO VARIABLE-
NESS, NEITHER SHADOW OF
TURNING."

It fortifies my soul to know

That, though I perish, Truth is so :

That, howsoever I stray and range,

Whate'er I do, Thou dost not change.

I steadier step when I recall

That, if I slip, Thou dost not fall.

WHERE LIES THE LAND?

WHERE lies the land to which the ship
would go?

Far, far ahead, is all her seamen know.
And where the land she travels from?

Away,

Far, far behind, is all that they can say.

On sunny noons upon the deck's smooth
face,

Linked arm in arm, how pleasant here
to pace;

Or, o'er the stern reclining, watch below
The foaming wake far widening as we
go.

On stormy nights when wild north-
westers rave,

How proud a thing to fight with wind
and wave!

The dripping sailor on the reeling mast
Exults to bear, and scorns to wish it
past.

Where lies the land to which the ship
would go?

Far, far ahead, is all her seamen know.
And where the land she travels from?

Away,

Far, far behind, is all that they can say.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

1819-1875.

[BORN at Holne Vicarage, Devonshire, in 1819, and educated, partly at Helston Grammar School, and partly at King's College, London, and at Magdalene College, Cambridge. He was Rector of Eversley in Hampshire; Professor of Modern History at his old university from 1860 to 1869; and Canon of Westminster in 1872. Chief among his thirty-five publications are *The Saint's Tragedy* (1848), *Alton Locke* and *Yeast* (1849), *Hyppatia* (1853), *The Heroes* (1856), *Andromeda* (1858), *The Water-Babies* (1863), and *Prose-Idylls* (1873). He died in 1875.]

THE SANDS OF DEC.

"OH, Mary, go and call the cattle
home,

And call the cattle home,

And call the cattle home,

Across the sands of Dec."

The western wind was wild and dark
with foam,

And all alone went she.

The western tide crept up along the
sand,

And o'er and o'er the sand,

And round and round the sand,
As far as eye could see.
The rolling mist came down and hid the
land:
And never home came she.

"Oh! is it weed, or fish, or floating
hair —
A tress of golden hair,
A drowned maiden's hair,
Above the nets at sea?"
Was never salmon yet that shone so fair
Among the stakes of Dee.

They rowed her in across the rolling
foam,
The cruel crawling foam,
The cruel hungry foam,
To her grave beside the sea.
But still the boatmen hear her call the
cattle home,
Across the sands of Dee.

THREE FISHERS.

THREE fishers went sailing out into the
west,
Out into the west, as the sun went
down,
Each thought of the woman who loved
him best,
And the children stood watching them
out of the town;
For men must work, and women must
weep,
And there's little to earn, and many to
keep,
Though the harbor-bar be moaning.

Three wives sat up in the lighthouse
tower,
And they trimmed the lamps as the
sun went down;

They looked at the squall, and they
looked at the shower,
And the night-rack came rolling up
ragged and brown;
But men must work, and women must
weep,
Though storms be sudden, and waters
deep,
And the harbor-bar be moaning.

Three corpses lie out in the shining
sands,
In the morning gleam, as the tide
goes down,
And the women are weeping and wring-
ing their hands,
For those who will never come home
to the town.
For men must work, and women must
weep,
And the sooner it's over, the sooner to
sleep,
And good-bye to the bar and its
moaning.

THE "OLD, OLD SONG."

WHEN all the world is young, lad,
And all the trees are green;
And every goose a swan, lad,
And every lass a queen;
Then hey for boot and horse, lad,
And round the world away;
Young blood must have its course, lad,
And every dog his day.

When all the world is old, lad,
And all the trees are brown;
And all the sport is stale, lad,
And all the wheels run down:
Creep home, and take your place there,
The spent and maimed among:
God grant you find one face there
You loved when all was young.

GEORGE ELIOT

(MARIAN EVANS LEWES CROSS).

1819-1880.

[BORN at South Farm, Colton, Warwickshire, Nov. 22, 1819. Was the daughter of a poor curate, but was adopted by a wealthy clergyman, who gave her a careful education. She became a pupil of Herbert Spencer, and under his training acquired great breadth of mental development, learning Greek, French, and Italian, studying music and art as well as metaphysics and logic. In 1851, she went to London to join the staff of the *Westminster Review*. One of the chief writers for this quarterly was George H. Lewes, whose wife she subsequently became, and after his death (1878) she married Mr. J. N. Cross, May 6, 1880. Her death took place Dec. 22, 1880, and her biography, prepared by Mr. Cross, will, it is anticipated, be published during the year (1884). Her first novel was *Scenes of Clerical Life* (1858), and was rapidly followed by others which proved marvellously successful, and gave her an enduring position among the writers of fiction. Her poems, *The Spanish Gipsy* (1868), and *Jubal and other Poems* (1870), though containing many beautiful passages, do not, in popular estimation, rank with her prose works.]

FROM "BROTHER AND SISTER."

HIS sorrow was my sorrow, and his joy
Sent little leaps and laughs through all
my frame;
My doll seemed lifeless and no girlish
toy
Had any reason when my brother came.

I knelt with him at marbles, marked
his fling
Cut the ringed stem and make the
apple drop,
Or watched him winding close the spiral
string
That looped the orbits of the humming
top.

Grasped by such fellowship my vagrant
thought
Ceased with dream-fruit dream-wishes
to fulfil;
My æry-picturing fantasy was taught
Subjection to the harder, truer skill,

That seeks with deeds to grave a
thought-tracked line,
And by "What is," "What will be"
to define.

School parted us; we never found
again
That childish world where our two
spirits mingled

Like scents from varying roses that re-
main
One sweetness, nor can evermore be
singled.

Yet the twin habit of that early time
Lingered for long about the heart and
tongue:
We had been natives of one happy
clime,
And its dear accent to our utterance
clung.

Till the dire years whose awful name is
Change
Had grasped our souls still yearning in
divorce,
And pitiless shaped them in two forms
that range
Two elements which sever their life's
course.

But were another childhood-world
my share,
I would be born a little sister there.

LISA'S MESSAGE TO THE KING.

[From *How Lisa Loved the King*.]

LOVE, thou didst see me, light as morn-
ing's breath,
Roaming a garden in a joyous error,
Laughing at chases vain, a happy child,

Till of thy countenance the alluring
terror
In majesty from out the blossoms smiled,
From out their life seeming a beauteous
Death.

O Love, who so didst choose me for
thine own,

Taking this little isle to thy great sway,
See now, it is the honor of thy throne
That what thou gavest perish not away,
Nor leave some sweet remembrance to
atone

By life that will be for the brief life
gone:

Hear, ere the shroud o'er these frail
limbs be thrown —

Since every king is vassal unto thee,
My heart's lord needs must listen
loyally —

O tell him I am waiting for my Death !

Tell him, for that he hath such royal
power

'Twere hard for him to think how small
a thing,

How slight a sign, would make a wealthy
dower

For one like me, the bride of that pale
king

Whose bed is mine at some swift-near-
ing hour.

Go to my lord, and to his memory bring
That happy birthday of my sorrowing

When his large glance made meaner
gazers glad,

Entering the bannered lists: 'twas then
I had

The wound that laid me in the arms of
Death.

Tell him, O Love, I am a lowly maid,
No more than any little knot of thyme

That he with careless foot may often
tread;

Yet lowest fragrance oft will mount sub-
lime

And cleave to things most high and hal-
lowèd,

As doth the fragrance of my life's
springtime,

My lowly love, that soaring seeks to
climb

Within his thought, and make a gentle
bliss,

More blissful than if mine, in being his:
So shall I live in him and rest in Death.

TWO LOVERS.

Two lovers by a moss-grown spring:

They leaned soft cheeks together
there,

Mingled the dark and sunny hair,
And heard the wooing thrushes sing.

O budding time !
O love's blest prime !

Two wedded from the portal step:

The bells made happy carollings,
The air was soft as fanning wings,

White petals on the pathway slept.
O pure-eyed bride !
O tender pride !

Two faces o'er a cradle bent :

Two hands above the head were
locked;

These pressed each other while they
rocked,

Those watched a life that love had sent.
O solemn hour !
O hidden power !

Two parents by the evening fire :

The red light fell about their knees
On heads that rose by slow degrees

Like buds upon the lily spire.
O patient life !
O tender strife !

The two still sat together there,

The red light shone about their knees;
But all the heads by slow degrees

Had gone and left that lonely pair.
O voyage fast !
O vanished past !

The red light shone upon the floor

And made the space between them
wide;

They drew their chairs up side by side,
Their pale cheeks joined, and said,
"Once more!"

O memories!
O past that is!

*"O MAY I JOIN THE CHOIR
INVISIBLE."*

O MAY I join the choir invisible
Of those immortal dead who live again
In minds made better by their presence:
live

In pulses stirred to generosity,
In deeds of daring rectitude, in scorn
For miserable aims that end with self,
In thoughts sublime that pierce the
night like stars,
And with their mild persistence urge
man's search
To vaster issues.

So to live is heaven:
To make undying music in the world,
Breathing as beauteous order that controls

With growing sway the growing life of
man.

So we inherit that sweet purity
For which we struggled, failed, and
agonized

With widening retrospect that bred
despair.

Rebellious flesh that would not be sub-
dued,

A vicious parent shaming still its child
Poor anxious penitence, is quick dis-
solved;

Its discords, quenched by meeting har-
monies,

Die in the large and charitable air.
And all our rarer, better, truer self,
That sobbed religiously in yearning
song,

That watched to ease the burden of the
world,

Laboriously tracing what must be,
And what may yet be better—saw
within

A worthier image for the sanctuary,
And shaped it forth before the multi-
tude

Divinely human, raising worship so
To higher reverence more mixed with
love—

That better self shall live till human
Time

Shall fold its eyelids, and the human
sky

Be gathered like a scroll within the
tomb

Unread for ever.

This is life to come,
Which martyred men have made more
glorious

For us who strive to follow. May I
reach

That purest heaven, be to other souls
The cup of strength in some great
agony,

Enkindle generous ardor, feed pure
love,

Beget the smiles that have no cruelty—
Be the sweet presence of a good dif-
fused,

And in diffusion ever more intense.

So shall I join the choir invisible
Whose music is the gladness of the
world.

WILLIAM COX BENNETT.

1820—

[BORN at Greenwich in 1820. Son of a watchmaker, at which business he was put when he was 14 years old. He has taken an active part in all the agitations for popular education during the past thirty years, is the Hon. Sec. to the Greenwich branch of the National Education League, and a member of the London Council. Has published several volumes of poems, but is best known as a song-writer. Dr. Bennett is a practised political writer, and was for several years on the editorial staff of *The Weekly Dispatch*. The University of Tusculum conferred on him the degree of LL.D. in 1869. A collected edition of his poems appeared in 1862, in *Routledge's British Poets*.]

BABY'S SHOES.

O, THOSE little, those little blue shoes!
Those shoes that no little feet use.
O the price were high
That those shoes would buy,
Those little blue unused shoes!

For they hold the small shape of feet,
That no more their mother's eyes meet,
That, by God's good will,
Years since, grew still,
And ceased from their totter so sweet.

And O, since that baby slept,
So hushed, how the mother has kept,
With a tearful pleasure,
That little dear treasure,
And o'er them thought and wept!

For they mind her forevermore
Of a patter along the floor;
And blue eyes she sees
Look up from her knees,
With the look that in life they wore.

As they lie before her there,
There babbles from chair to chair
A little sweet face
That's a gleam in the place,
With its little gold curls of hair.

Then O wonder not that her heart
From all else would rather part
Than those tiny blue shoes
That no little feet use,
And whose sight makes such fond tears
start!



DENIS FLORENCE MACCARTHY.

1820—1882.

[BORN in Ireland about 1820; published in 1850 a volume of *Ballads, Poems, and Lyrics*, with translations from several modern languages. Issued in 1853 a translation of Calderon's dramas; in 1857 two new volumes of *Poems*; and, in 1872, *Shelby's Early Life*, from original sources. In 1871 he received a pension of £100, in recognition of literary merit. Died April 7, 1882.]

SUMMER LONGINGS.

AH! my heart is weary waiting,
Waiting for the May,—
Waiting for the pleasant rambles
Where the fragrant hawthorn-brambles,
With the woodbine alternating,
Scent the dewy way.
Ah! my heart is weary waiting,
Waiting for the May.

Ah! my heart is sick with longing,
Longing for the May,—
Longing to escape from study
To the young face fair and ruddy,
And the thousand charms belonging
To the summer's day.
Ah! my heart is sick with longing,
Longing for the May.

Ah! my heart is sore with sighing,
 Sighing for the May, —
 Sighing for their sure returning,
 When the summer beams are burning,
 Hopes and flowers that, dead or dying,
 All the winter lay.

Ah! my heart is sore with sighing,
 Sighing for the May.

Ah! my heart is pained with throbbing,
 Throbbing for the May, —
 Throbbing for the seaside billows,
 Or the water-wooing willows;

Where, in laughing and in sobbing,
 Glide the streams away.
 Ah! my heart, my heart is throbbing,
 Throbbing for the May.

Waiting sad, dejected, weary,
 Waiting for the May:
 Spring goes by with wasted warnings, —
 Moonlit evenings, sunbright mornings, —
 Summer comes, yet dark and dreary
 Life still ebbs away;
 Man is ever weary, weary,
 Waiting for the May!



FREDERICK LOCKER.

1821—

[BORN in 1821, son of Mr. E. H. Locker, a civil commissioner of Greenwich Hospital, and founder of the Naval Gallery there. Mr. Locker has contributed reviews to the *Times*, and verses to the *Times*, *Blackwood*, the *Cornhill*, and *Punch*, which have been collected in a volume called *London Lyrics*. His *Poems* have also been recently published in this country.]

A HUMAN SKULL.

A HUMAN Skull! I bought it passing
 cheap,
 Indeed 'twas dearer to its first employer!
 I thought mortality did well to keep
 Some mute memento of the Old Destroyer.

Time was, some may have prized its
 blooming skin;
 Her lips were woo'd, perhaps, in
 transport tender;
 Some may have chuck'd what was a
 dimpled chin,
 And never had my doubt about its
 gender.

Did she live yesterday or ages back?
 What color were the eyes when bright
 and waking?
 And were your ringlets fair, or brown,
 or black,
 Poor little head! that long has done
 with aching?

It may have held (to shoot some random shots)
 Thy brains, Eliza Fry! or Baron Byron's;
 The wits of Nelly Gwynn, or Doctor Watts —
 Two quoted bards. Two philanthropic sirens.

But this I trust is clearly understood;
 If man or woman, if adored or hated —
 Whoever own'd this Skull was not so good,
 Nor quite so bad as many may have stated.

Who love can need no special type of
 Death;
 Death steals his icy hand where Love
 reposes;
 Alas for love, alas for fleeting breath —
Immortelles bloom with Beauty's
 bridal roses.

O true-love mine, what lines of care
are these?

The heart still lingers with its golden
hours,

But fading tints are on the chestnut-
trees,

And where is all that lavish wealth
of flowers?

The end is near. Life lacks what once
it gave,

Yet death has promises that call for
praises;

A very worthless rogue may dig the
grave,

But hands unseen will dress the turf
with daisies.

TO MY GRANDMOTHER.

SUGGESTED BY A PICTURE BY MR. ROMNEY.

*Under the elm a rustic seat
Was merriest Susan's pet retreat
To merry make.*

THIS relative of mine,
Was she seventy-and-nine
When she died?

By the canvas may be seen
How she look'd at seventeen,
As a bride.

Beneath a summer tree,
Her maiden reverie
Has a charm;
Her ringlets are in taste;
What an arm! . . . what a waist
For an arm!

With her bridal-wreath, bouquet,
Lace farthingale, and gay
Falbala,—

Were Romney's limning true,
What a lucky dog were you,
Grandpapa!

Her lips are sweet as love;
They are parting! Do they move?
Are they dumb?

Her eyes are blue, and beam
Beseechingly, and seem
To say, "Come!"

What funny fancy slips
From atween these cherry lips?

Whisper me,
Sweet sorceress in paint,
What canon says I mayn't
Marry thee?

That good-for-nothing Time
Has a confidence sublime!

When I first
Saw this lady, in my youth,
Her winters had, forsooth,
Done their worst.

Her locks, as white as snow,
Once shamed the swarthy crow:
By-and-by

That fowl's avenging sprite
Set his cruel foot for spite
Near her eye.

Her rounded form was lean,
And her silk was bombazine:

Well I wot
With her needles would she sit,
And for hours would she knit,—
Would she not?

Ah, perishable clay;
Her charms had dropt away
One by one:
But if she heaved a sigh
With a burden, it was, "Thy
Will be done."

In travail, as in tears,
With the fardel of her years
Overprest,
In mercy she was borne
Where the weary and the worn
Are at rest.

O, if you now are there,
And sweet as once you were,
Grandmamma,
This nether world agrees
'Twill all the better please
Grandpapa.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

1822-1888.

[ELDEST son of the late Rev. Thos. Arnold, D.D., head-master of Rugby, born Dec. 24, 1822, at Laleham, Middlesex Co. Educated at Winchester, Rugby, and Balliol College, Oxford; graduated in 1844, and was elected a Fellow of Oriel College in 1845. Secretary to Lord Lansdowne from 1847 to 1851, when he was appointed one of the Lay Inspectors of Schools, under the Committee of Council on Education, a post which he still holds. In 1854 he published a volume of *Poems* under his own name, his previous volumes in 1848 and 1853 having been published without the name of the author. Elected Professor of Poetry at Oxford in 1857, which office he held till 1867. He has published several volumes of *Poems and Essays*, which are highly esteemed. "The strain of his mind," says an anonymous critic, "is calm, and thoughtful; his style is the reverse of florid; deep culture, and a certain severity of taste have subdued every tendency to gay or passionate exuberance."]

YOUTH'S AGITATIONS.

WHEN I shall be divorced, some ten
years hence,

From this poor present self which I
am now;

When youth has done its tedious vain
expense

Of passions that for ever ebb and
flow;

Shall I not joy youth's heats are left
behind,

And breathe more happy in an even
clime?—

Ah no, for then I shall begin to find
A thousand virtues in this hated time!

Then I shall wish its agitations back,
And all its thwarting currents of de-
sire;

Then I shall praise the heat which then
I lack,

And call this hurrying fever, generous
fire;

And sigh that one thing only has been
lent

To youth and age in common — dis-
content.

THE BETTER PART.

LONG fed on boundless hopes, O race of
man,

How angrily thou spurn'st all simpler
fare!

"Christ," some one says, "was human
as we are;

No judge eyes us from Heaven, our sin
to scan;

We live no more, when we have done
our span."—

"Well, then, for Christ," thou answer-
est, "who can care?

From sin, which Heaven records not,
why forbear?

Live we like brutes our life without a
plan!"

So answerest thou; but why not rather
say:

"Hath man no second life? — *Pitch this
one high!*

Sits there no judge in Heaven, our sin
to see?—

*More strictly, then, the inward judge
obey!*

Was Christ a man like us? — *Ah! let
us try*

If we then, too, can be such men as he!

FROM "THE SCHOLAR-GIPSY."

Go, for they call you, shepherd, from the
hill;

Go, shepherd, and untie the wattled
cotes!

No longer leave thy wistful flock
unfed,

Nor let thy bawling fellows rack
 their throats,
 Nor the cropp'd grasses shoot
 another head;
 But when the fields are still,
 And the tired men and dogs all gone
 to rest,
 And only the white sheep are some-
 times seen
 Cross and recross the strips of moon-
 blanch'd green,
 Come, shepherd, and again renew the
 quest!

Here, where the reaper was at work of
 late —
 In this high field's dark corner, where
 he leaves
 His coat, his basket, and his earth-
 en cruse,
 And in the sun all morning binds the
 sheaves,
 Then here, at noon, comes back his
 stores to use —
 Here will I sit and wait,
 While to my ear from uplands far away
 The bleating of the folded flocks is
 borne,
 With distant cries of reapers in the
 corn —
 All the live murmur of a summer's day.

FROM "THYRSIS."

HE hearkens not! light comes, he is
 flown!
 What matters it? next year he will
 return,
 And we shall have him in the sweet
 spring-days,
 With whitening hedges, and uncrum-
 pling fern,
 And blue-bells trembling by the
 forest-ways,
 And scent of hay new-mown.
 But Thyrsis never more we swains
 shall see;
 See him come back, and cut a
 smoother reed,

And blow a strain the world at last
 shall heed —
 For Time, not Corydon, hath con-
 quer'd thee!
 Alack, for Corydon no rival now! —
 But when Sicilian shepherds lost a
 mate,
 Some good survivor with his flute
 would go,
 Piping a ditty sad for Bion's fate;
 And cross the unpermitted ferry's
 flow,
 And relax Pluto's brow,
 And make leap up with joy the
 beauteous head
 Of Proserpine, among whose crown-
 ed hair
 Areflowersfirstopen'd on Sicilian air,
 And flute his friend, like Orpheus,
 from the dead.

O easy access to the hearer's grace
 When Dorian shepherds sang to Pros-
 erpine!
 For she herself had trod Sicilian
 fields,
 She knew the Dorian water's gush
 divine,
 She knew each lily white which
 Enna yields,
 Each rose with blushing face;
 She loved the Dorian pipe, the Dorian
 strain.
 But ah, of our poor Thames she
 never heard!
 Her foot the Cumner cowslips
 never stirr'd;
 And we should tease her with our
 plaint in vain!

THE LAST WORD.

CREEP into thy narrow bed,
 Creep, and let no more be said!
 Vain thy onset! all stands fast.
 Thou thyself must break at last.

Let the long contention cease!
 Geese are swans, and swans are geese.
 Let them have it how they will!
 Thou art tired; best be still.

They out-talk'd thee, hiss'd thee, tore
thee?
Better men fared thus before thee;
Fired their ringing shot and pass'd,
Hotly charged—and sank at last.

Charge once more, then, and be dumb!
Let the victors, when they come,
When the forts of folly fall,
Find thy body by the wall!



SYDNEY DOBELL.

1824–1874.

[SYDNEY DOBELL was born at Cranbrook in Kent in 1824, was educated at home, and for the greater part of his life was engaged in business in Gloucestershire. His first published poem, *The Roman*, inspired by his life-long enthusiasm for the Italian cause, appeared in 1850; his next, *Balder*, was finished in 1853. In 1855 he wrote in conjunction with Alexander Smith a series of sonnets, suggested by the Crimean struggle. This volume was followed by another, of descriptive and lyrical verses, on the same theme, *England in Time of War*. Subsequently his health gave way, and after living for several years, the winters of which he passed abroad, more or less in the condition of an invalid, he died at Barton End House near Nailsworth, in 1874. A complete edition of his poems was published in 1875.]

TOMMY'S DEAD.

YOU may give over plough, boys,
You may take the gear to the stead;
All the sweat o' your brow, boys,
Will never get beer and bread.
The seed's waste, I know, boys;
There's not a blade will grow, boys;
'Tis cropped out, I trow, boys,
And Tommy's dead.

Send the colt to the fair, boys—
He's going blind, as I said,
My old eyes can't bear, boys,
To see him in the shed;
The cow's dry and spare, boys,
She's neither here nor there, boys,
I doubt she's badly bred;
Stop the mill to-morn, boys,
There'll be no more corn, boys,
Neither white nor red;
There's no sign of grass, boys,
You may sell the goat and the ass, boys,
The land's not what it was, boys,
And the beasts must be fed:
You may turn Peg away, boys,
You may pay off old Ned,
We've had a dull day, boys,
And Tommy's dead.

Move my chair on the floor, boys,
Let me turn my head:
She's standing there in the door, boys,
Your sister Winifred!
Take her away from me, boys,
Your sister Winifred!
Move me round in my place, boys,
Let me turn my head,
Take her away from me, boys,
As she lay on her death-bed—
The bones of her thin face, boys,
As she lay on her death-bed!
I don't know how it be, boys,
When all's done and said,
But I see her looking at me, boys,
Wherever I turn my head;
Out of the big oak-tree, boys,
Out of the garden-bed,
And the lily as pale as she, boys,
And the rose that used to be red.

There's something not right, boys,
But I think it's not in my head;
I've kept my precious sight, boys—
The Lord be hallowed.
Outside and in
The ground is cold to my tread,
The hills are wizen and thin,

The sky is shrivelled and shred;
 The hedges down by the loan
 I can count them bone by bone,
 The leaves are open and spread.
 But I see the teeth of the land,
 And hands like a dead man's hand,
 And the eyes of a dead man's head.
 There's nothing but cinders and sand,
 The rat and the mouse have fled,
 And the summer's empty and cold;
 Over valley and wold,
 Wherever I turn my head,
 There's a mildew and a mould;
 The sun's going out overhead,
 And I'm very old,
 And Tommy's dead.

What am I staying for, boys?
 You're all born and bred —
 'Tis fifty years and more, boys,
 Since wife and I were wed;
 And she's gone before, boys,
 And Tommy's dead.

She was always sweet, boys,
 Upon his curly head,
 She knew she'd never see't, boys,
 And she stole off to bed;
 I've been sitting up alone, boys,
 For he'd come home, he said,
 But it's time I was gone, boys,
 For Tommy's dead.

Put the shutters up, boys,
 Bring out the beer and bread,
 Make haste and sup, boys,
 For my eyes are heavy as lead;
 There's something wrong i' the cup, boys,
 There's something ill wi' the bread;
 I don't care to sup, boys,
 And Tommy's dead.

I'm not right, I doubt, boys,
 I've such a sleepy head;
 I shall never more be stout, boys,
 You may carry me to bed.
 What are you about, boys,
 The prayers are all said,
 The fire's raked out, boys,
 And Tommy's dead.

The stairs are too steep, boys,
 You may carry me to the head,
 The night's dark and deep, boys,
 Your mother's long in bed;
 'Tis time to go to sleep, boys,
 And Tommy's dead.

I'm not used to kiss, boys;
 You may shake my hand instead.
 All things go amiss, boys,
 You may lay me where she is, boys,
 And I'll rest my old head;
 'Tis a poor world, this, boys,
 And Tommy's dead.

HOW'S MY BOY.

"Ho, sailor of the sea!
 How's my boy — my boy?"
 "What's your boy's name, good wife,
 And in what ship sail'd he?"

"My boy John —
 He that went to sea —
 What care I for the ship, sailor?
 My boy's my boy to me.

"You come back from sea,
 And not know my John?
 I might as well have ask'd some lands-
 man,
 Yonder down in the town.
 There's not an ass in all the parish
 But know's my John.

"How's my boy — my boy?
 And unless you let me know
 I'll swear you are no sailor,
 Blue jacket or no —
 Brass buttons or no, sailor,
 Anchor and crown or no —
 Sure his ship was the 'Jolly Briton,' —
 "Speak low, woman, speak low!"

"And why should I speak low, sailor,
 About my own boy John?
 If I was loud as I am proud
 I'd sing him over the town!
 Why should I speak low, sailor?" —
 "That good ship went down."

"How's my boy—my boy?
 What care I for the ship, sailor—
 I was never aboard her.
 Be she afloat or be she aground
 Sinking or swimming, I'll be bound
 Her owners can afford her!
 I say, how's my John?"—

Every man aboard her."
 "Every man on board went down,
 "How's my boy,—my boy?
 What care I for the men, sailor?
 I'm not their mother—
 How's my boy—my boy?
 Tell me of him and no other!
 How's my boy—my boy?"

MISS MENELLA BUTE SMEDLEY.

Circa 1825—circa 1875.

[A SISTER to F. E. Smedley. Author of *Nina*, 1861; *Twice Lost, and other Prose Tales*, 1863; *Linnet's Trial*, 1864; *A Mere Story*, 1869; *Other Folks' Lives*, 1869; *Lays and Ballads from English History*, 1858; *Poems*, 1868; *Two Dramatic Poems*, 1874. Her reputation as a poet rests chiefly upon her shorter poems.]

THE LITTLE FAIR SOUL.

A LITTLE fair soul that knew no sin
 Looked over the edge of Paradise,
 And saw one striving to come in,
 With fear and tumult in his eyes.

"Oh, brother, is it you?" he cried;
 "Your face is like a breath from home;
 Why do you stay so long outside?
 I am athirst for you to come!

"Tell me first how our mother fares,
 And has she wept too much for me?"
 "White are her cheeks and white her
 hairs,
 But not from gentle tears for thee."

"Tell me, where are our sisters gone?"
 "Alas, I left them weary and wan."
 "And tell me, is the baby grown?"
 "Alas! he is almost a man."

"Cannot you break the gathering days,
 And let the light of death comethrough,
 Ere his feet stumble in the maze
 Crossed safely by so few, so few?

"For like a crowd upon the sea
 That darkens till you find no shore,
 So was the face of life to me,
 Until I sank for evermore.

"And like an army in the snow
 My days went by, a treacherous train,
 Each smiling as he struck his blow,
 Until I lay among them—slain."

"Oh, brother, there was a path so clear!"
 "There might be, but I never sought."
 "Oh, brother, there was a sword so
 near!"
 "There might be, but I never fought!"

"Yet sweep this needless gloom aside,
 For you are come to the gate at last!"
 Then in despair that soul replied,
 "The gate is fast! the gate is fast!"

"I cannot move this mighty weight,
 I cannot find this golden key;
 But hosts of heaven around us wait,
 And none has ever said 'no' to me.

"Sweet Saint, put by thy palm and scroll,
 And come undo the door for me!"
 "Rest thee still, thou little fair soul,
 It is not mine to keep the key."

"Kind Angel, strike these doors apart!
 The air without is dark and cold."
 "Rest thee still, thou little pure heart,
 Not for my word will they unfold."

Up all the shining heights he prayed
For that poor Shadow in the cold!
Still came the word, "Not ours to aid;
We cannot make the doors unfold."

But that poor Shadow, still outside,
Wrung all the sacred air with pain;

And all the souls went up and cried,
Where never cry was heard in vain.

No eye beheld the pitying Face,
The answer none might understand,
But dimly through the silent space
Was seen the stretching of a Hand.



ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER.

1825-1864.

[BORN at London, Oct. 30, 1825; daughter of Bryan Waller Procter (Barry Cornwall). Her first contributions to *Household Words*, under the name "Mary Berwick," were in 1853, to which periodical she became a regular contributor. She also wrote for *Cornhill* and *Good Words*. Her *Poems, Legends, and Lyrics*, were published in two volumes, 1858 and 1860. Died at London, Feb. 2, 1864. Her works were reissued in 1865, with an introduction by Charles Dickens.]

A WOMAN'S QUESTION.

BEFORE I trust my fate to thee,
Or place my hand in thine,
Before I let thy future give
Color and form to mine,
Before I peril all for thee, question thy
soul to-night for me.

I break all slighter bonds, nor feel
A shadow of regret:
Is there one link within the Past
That holds thy spirit yet?
Or is thy faith as clear and free as that
which I can pledge to thee?

Does there within thy dimmest dreams
A possible future shine,
Wherein thy life could henceforth
breathe,
Untouched, unshared by mine?
If so, at any pain or cost, O, tell me be-
fore all is lost.

Look deeper still. If thou canst feel,
Within thy inmost soul,
That thou hast kept a portion back,
While I have staked the whole,
Let no false pity spare the blow, but in
true mercy tell me so.

Is there within thy heart a need
That mine cannot fulfil?
One chord that any other hand
Could better wake or still?
Speak now,—lest at some future day
my whole life wither and decay.

Lives there within thy nature hid
The demon-spirit Change,
Shedding a passing glory still
On all things new and strange?—
It may not be thy fault alone,—but
shield my heart against thy own.

Couldst thou withdraw thy hand one
day
And answer to my claim,
That Fate, and that to-day's mistake—
Not thou—had been to blame?
Some soothe their conscience thus; but
thou wilt surely warn and save
me now.

Nay, answer *not*,—I dare not hear,
The words would come too late;
Yet I would spare thee all remorse,
So, comfort thee, my Fate,—
Whatever on my heart may fall—re-
member, I *would* risk it all!

A LOST CHORD.

SEATED one day at the organ,
I was weary and ill at ease,
And my fingers wandered idly
Over the noisy keys.

I do not know what I was playing,
Or what I was dreaming then,
But I struck one chord of music,
Like the sound of a great Amen.

It flooded the crimson twilight,
Like the close of an angel's psalm,
And it lay on my fevered spirit,
With a touch of infinite calm.

It quieted pain and sorrow,
Like love overcoming strife;

It seemed the harmonious echo
From our discordant life.

It linked all perplexed meanings
Into one perfect peace,
And trembled away into silence,
As if it were loath to cease.

I have sought, but I seek it vainly,
That one lost chord divine,
That came from the soul of the organ,
And entered into mine.

It may be that Death's bright angel
Will speak in that chord again;
It may be that only in heaven
I shall hear that grand Amen.



DINAH MARIA MULOCK (CRAIK).

1826-1887.

[BORN at Stoke-upon-Trent, Staffordshire, in 1826. Published her first novel, *The Ogilvies*, in 1849, followed by numerous others, among which *John Halifax, Gentleman*, 1857, is the most noted. In 1864 she obtained a literary pension of £60 a year, and in 1865 was married to Mr. George Lillie Craik, a nephew of the literary historian of the same name.]

DOUGLAS, DOUGLAS, TENDER
AND TRUE.

COULD ye come back to me, Douglas,
Douglas,
In the old likeness that I knew,
I would be so faithful, so loving, Doug-
las,
Douglas, Douglas, tender and true.

Never a scornful word should grieve ye,
I'd smile on ye sweet as the angels
do; —

Sweet as your smile on me shone ever,
Douglas, Douglas, tender and true.

O to call back the days that are not!
My eyes were blinded, your words
were few:
Do you know the truth now up in
heaven,
Douglas, Douglas, tender and true?

I never was worthy of you, Douglas;
Not half worthy the like of you:
Now all men beside seem to me like
shadows —
I love *you*, Douglas, tender and true.
Stretch out your hand to me, Douglas,
Douglas,
Drop forgiveness from heaven like
dew;
As I lay my heart on your dead heart,
Douglas,
Douglas, Douglas, tender and true.

PHILIP MY KING.

"Who bears upon his baby brow the round
And top of sovereignty."

LOOK at me with thy large brown eyes,
Philip my king,
Round whom the enshadowing purple
lies

Of babyhood's royal dignities:
Lay on my neck thy tiny hand
With love's invisible sceptre laden;
I am thine Esther to command
Till thou shalt find a queen-handmaiden,
Philip my king.

O the day when thou goest a wooing,
Philip my king!
When those beautiful lips 'gin suing,
And some gentle heart's bars undoing
Thou dost enter, love-crowned, and
there
Sittest love-glorified. Rule kindly,
Tenderly, over thy kingdom fair,
For we that love, ah! we love so blindly,
Philip my king.

Up from thy sweet mouth — up to thy
brow,
Philip my king!
The spirit that there lies sleeping now

May rise like a giant and make men
bow
As to one Heaven-chosen amongst his
peers:
My Saul, than thy brethren taller and
fairer
Let me behold thee in future years; —
Yet thy head needeth a circlet rarer,
Philip my king.

A wreath not of gold, but palm. One
day,
Philip my king,
Thou too must tread, as we trod, a way
Thorny and cruel and cold and gray:
Rebels within thee and foes without,
Will snatch at thy crown. But march
on, glorious,
Martyr, yet monarch: till angels shout,
As thou sitt'st at the feet of God victo-
rious,
"Philip the king!"

GERALD MASSEY.

1828—

[BORN at Tring, in Herefordshire, May 29, 1828. He received a scanty education at the British and National schools. At the age of fifteen he went to London, and served as an errand-boy. His first volume, *Poems and Chansons*, was published about 1846. In 1849 he published *Voices of Freedom*, and *Lyrics of Love*. *The Ballad of Babe Christabel*, and other Poems, appeared in 1855; *Craigcrook Castle and Other Poems*, in 1856; *Havelock's March and Other Poems*, in 1861. His latest work is *A Tale of Eternity and Other Poems*, 1869. In 1873 he made a lecturing tour in the United States.]

O, LAY THY HAND IN MINE, DEAR!

O, LAY thy hand in mine, dear!
We're growing old;
But Time hath brought no sign, dear,
That hearts grow cold.
'Tis long, long since our new love
Made life divine;
But age enricheth true love,
Like noble wine.

And lay thy cheek to mine, dear,
And take thy rest;
Mine arms around thee twine, dear,
And make thy nest.

A many cares are pressing
On this dear head;
But Sorrow's hands in blessing
Are surely laid.

O, lean thy life on mine, dear!
'Twill shelter thee.
Thou wert a winsome vine, dear,
On my young tree:
And so, till boughs are leafless,
And songbirds flown,
We'll twine, then lay us, griefless,
Together down.

OUR WEE WHITE ROSE.

ALL in our marriage garden
 Grew, smiling up to God,
 A bonnier flower than ever
 Suckt the green warmth of the sod;
 O, beautiful unfathomably
 Its little life unfurled;
 And crown of all things was our wee
 White Rose of all the world.

From out a balmy bosom
 Our bud of beauty grew;
 It fed on smiles for sunshine,
 On tears for daintier dew:
 Aye nestling warm and tenderly,
 Our leaves of love were curled
 So close and close about our wee
 White Rose of all the world.

With mystical faint fragrance
 Our house of life she filled;
 Revealed each hour some fairy tower
 Where wingèd hopes might build!
 We saw — though none like us might
 see —
 Such precious promise pearled
 Upon the petals of our wee
 White Rose of all the world.

But evermore the halo
 Of angel-light increased,
 Like the mystery of moonlight
 That folds some fairy feast.
 Snow-white, snow-soft, snow-silently
 Our darling bud upcurled,
 And dropt i' the grave — God's lap —
 our wee
 White Rose of all the world.

Our Rose was but in blossom,
 Our life was but in spring,
 When down the solemn midnight
 We heard the spirits sing,
 "Another bud of infancy
 With holy dews impearled!"
 And in their hands they bore our wee
 White Rose of all the world.

You scarce could think so small a thing
 Could leave a loss so large;
 Her little light such shadow fling
 From dawn to sunset's marge.
 In other springs our life may be
 In bannered bloom unfurled,
 But never, never match our wee
 White Rose of all the world.



WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

1828-1889.

[BORN at Ballyshannon, in the north-west part of Ireland. After contributing to the *Athenæum*, *Household Words*, and other periodicals, his first volume, *Poems*, was published in 1850; in 1854, *Day and Night Songs* appeared, and in 1855 an enlarged edition, with illustrations by D. G. Rossetti, Millais, and A. Hughes; *Laurence Bloomfield in Ireland, a Modern Poem in twelve chapters*, in 1869; *Songs, Poems, and Ballads*, 1877.]

LOVELY MARY DONNELLY.

O LOVELY Mary Donnelly, it's you I love
 the best!
 If fifty girls were round you, I'd hardly
 see the rest.
 Be what it may the time of day, the place
 be where it will,
 Sweet looks of Mary Donnelly, they
 bloom before me still.

Her eyes like mountain water that's
 flowing on a rock,
 How clear they are, how dark they are!
 and they give me many a shock.
 Red rowans warm in sunshine, and
 wetted with a shower,
 Could ne'er express the charming lip
 that has me in its power.

Her nose is straight and handsome, her
eyebrows lifted up,
Her chin is very neat and pert, and
smooth like a china cup,
Her hair's the brag of Ireland, so
weighty and so fine;
It's rolling down upon her neck, and
gathered in a twine.

The dance o' last Whit-Monday night
exceeded all before;
No pretty girl for miles about was mis-
sing from the floor;
But Mary kept the belt of love, and O,
but she was gay!
She danced a jig, she sung a song, that
took my heart away.

When she stood up for dancing, her
steps were so complete
The music nearly killed itself to listen
to her feet;
The fiddler moaned his blindness, he
heard her so much praised,
But blessed himself he wasn't deaf
when once her voice she raised.

And evermore I'm whistling or liting
what you sung,
Your smile is always in my heart, your
name beside my tongue;
But you've as many sweethearts as you'd
count on both your hands,
And for myself there's not a thumb or
little finger stands.

O, you're the flower o' womankind in
country or in town;
The higher I exalt you, the lower I'm
cast down.
If some great lord should come this way,
and see your beauty bright,
And you to be his lady, I'd own it was
but right.

O, might we live together in a lofty
palace hall,
Where joyful music rises, and where
scarlet curtains fall!
O, might we live together in a cottage
mean and small;
With sods of grass the only roof, and
mud the only wall!

O lovely Mary Donnelly, your beauty's
my distress;
It's far too beautiful to be mine, but
I'll never wish it less.
The proudest place would fit your face,
and I am poor and low;
But blessings be about you, dear, where-
ever you may go!

THE FAIRIES.

Up the airy mountain,
Down the rushy glen,
We daren't go a hunting
For fear of little men;
Wee folk, good folk,
Trooping all together;
Green jacket, red cap,
And white owl's feather!

Down along the rocky shore
Some make their home,—
They live on crispy pancakes
Of yellow tide-foam;
Some in the reeds
Of the black mountain-lake,
With frogs for their watch-dogs,
All night awake.

High on the hill-top
The old King sits;
He is now so old and gray
He's nigh lost his wits.
With a bridge of white mist
Columbkil he crosses,
On his stately journeys
From Slieveleague to Rosses;
Or going up with music
On cold starry nights,
To sup with the queen
Of the gay Northern Lights.

They stole little Bridget
For seven years long;
When she came down again
Her friends were all gone.
They took her lightly back,
Between the night and morrow;
They thought that she was fast asleep,
But she was dead with sorrow.

They have kept her ever since
 Deep within the lakes,
 On a bed of flag-leaves,
 Watching till she wakes.

By the craggy hillside,
 Through the mosses bare,
 They have planted thorn-trees
 For pleasure here and there.
 Is any man so daring
 To dig one up in spite,

He shall find the thornies set
 In his bed at night.

Up the airy mountain,
 Down the rushy glen,
 We daren't go a hunting
 For fear of little men;
 Wee folk, good folk,
 Trooping all together;
 Green jacket, red cap,
 And white owl's feather!



DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI.

1828-1882.

[Son of Gabriel; born at London in 1828; educated at King's College. His love of art led him to found, in connection with Holman Hunt, Millais, and others, what is known as the "Pre-Raphaelite" school of painting; is widely known through his designs for illustrated works. His *Early Italian Poets*, a volume of translations, appeared in 1861. *Dante and his Circle*, in 1874, a revised edition of the preceding; and a volume of *Poems* in 1870. As a poet he is associated with that school of latter-day singers of which Morris and Swinburne are also notable members. Died April 9, 1882.]

THE SEA-LIMITS.

CONSIDER the sea's listless chime:
 Time's self it is, made audible,—
 The murmur of the earth's own shell.
 Secret continuance sublime
 Is the sea's end: our sight may pass
 No furlong further. Since time was,
 This sound hath told the lapse of time.

No quiet, which is death's,—it hath
 The mournfulness of ancient life,
 Enduring always at dull strife.
 As the world's heart of rest and wrath,
 Its painful pulse is in the sands.
 Last utterly, the whole sky stands,
 Gray and not known, along its path.

Listen alone beside the sea,
 Listen alone among the woods;
 Those voices of twin solitudes
 Shall have one sound alike to thee:
 Hark where the murmurs of thronged
 men
 Surge and sink back and surge
 again,—
 Still the one voice of wave and tree.

Gather a shell from the strown beach
 And listen at its lips: they sigh
 The same desire and mystery,
 The echo of the whole sea's speech.
 And all mankind is thus at heart
 Not anything but what thou art:
 And Earth, Sea, Man, are all in each.

MARY MAGDALENE

AT THE DOOR OF SIMON THE PHARISEE.

"WHY wilt thou cast the roses from
 thine hair?
 Nay, be thou all a rose,—wreath,
 lips, and cheek.
 Nay, not this house,—that banquet-
 house we seek;
 See how they kiss and enter; come
 thou there.
 This delicate day of love we two will
 share
 Till at our ear love's whispering night
 shall speak.

What, sweet one, — hold'st thou still
the foolish freak?

Nay, when I kiss thy feet they'll leave
the stair."

"Oh loose me! See'st thou not my
Bridegroom's face

That draws me to Him? For His
feet my kiss,

My hair, my tears He craves to-
day: — and oh!

What words can tell what other day and
place

Shall see me clasp those blood-stained
feet of His?

He needs me, calls me, loves me:
let me go!"

THE BLESSED DAMOZEL.

THE blessed damozel leaned out
From the gold bar of heaven;
Her eyes were deeper than the depth.
Of waters stilled at even;
She had three lilies in her hand,
And the stars in her hair were seven.

Her robe, ungirt from-clasp to hem,
No wrought flowers did adorn,
But a white rose of Mary's gift,
For service neatly worn;
Her hair that lay along her back
Was yellow like ripe corn.

Herseemed she scarce had been a day.
One of God's choristers;
The wonder was not yet quite gone
From that still look of hers;
Albeit, to them she left, her day
Had counted as ten years.

It was the rampart of God's house
That she was standing on;
By God built over the sheer depth
The which is space begun;
So high, that looking downward thence
She scarce could see the sun.

It lies in heaven, across the flood
Of ether, as a bridge.
Beneath, the tides of day and night
With flame and darkness ridge
The void, as low as where this earth
Spins like a fretful midge.

Heard hardly, some of her new friends
Amid their loving games
Spake evermore among themselves
Their virginal chaste names;
And the souls mounting up to God
Went by her like thin flames.

And still she bowed herself and stopped
Out of the circling charm;
Until her bosom must have made
The bar she leaned on warm,
And the lilies lay as if asleep
Along her bended arm.

From the fixed place of heaven she saw
Time like a pulse shake fierce
Through all the worlds. Her gaze still
strove
Within the gulf to pierce
The path; and now she spoke as when
The stars sang in their spheres.

"I wish that he were come to me,
For he will come," she said.
"Have I not prayed in heaven? — on
earth,
Lord, Lord, has he not prayed?
Are not two prayers a perfect strength?
And shall I feel afraid?"

She gazed and listened, and then said,
Less sad of speech than mild, —
"All this is when he comes." She
ceased.
The light thrilled toward her, filled
With angels in strong level flight.
Her eyes prayed, and she smiled.

(I saw her smile.) But soon their path
Was vague in distant spheres;
And then she cast her arms along
The golden barriers,
And laid her face between her hands,
And wept. (I heard her tears.)

CHRISTINA GEORGINA ROSSETTI.

1830-1894

[DAUGHTER of Gabriele Rossetti, and sister of D. G. Rossetti; born at London, Dec. 5, 1830. Author of *Goblin Market and Other Poems*, 1862; *The Prince's Progress and Other Poems*, 1866; *Commonplace and Other Short Stories in Prose*, 1870; *Sing Song, A Nursery Rhyme Book*, 1872; *Speaking Likenesses*, 1874; *Annus Domini, a Prayer for every day in the year*, 1874; *A Pageant and Other Poems*, 1881; *Called to be Saints*, 1881. Died 1894.]

MAUDE CLARE.

OUT of the church she followed them
With a lofty step and mien:
His bride was like a village maid,
Maude Clare was like a queen.

"Son Thomas," his lady mother said,
With smiles, almost with tears:
"May Nell and you but live as true
As we have done for years;

"Your father thirty years ago
Had just your tale to tell;
But he was not so pale as you,
Nor I so pale as Nell."

My lord was pale with inward strife,
And Nell was pale with pride;
My lord gazed long on pale Maude Clare
Or ever he kissed the bride.

"Lo, I have brought my gift, my lord,
Have brought my gift," she said:
"To bless the hearth, to bless the board,
To bless the marriage-bed.

"Here's my half of the golden chain
You wore about your neck,
That day we waded ankle-deep
For lilies in the beck:

"Here's my half of the faded leaves
We plucked from budding bough,
With feet amongst the lily leaves,—
The lilies are budding now."

He strove to match her scorn with scorn,
He faltered in his place:

"Lady," he said,—"Maude Clare," he
said,—

"Maude Clare:"—and hid his face.

She turn'd to Nell: "My Lady Nell,
I have a gift for you; *
Though, were it fruit, the bloom were
gone,
Or, were it flowers, the dew.

"Take my share of a fickle heart,
Mine of a paltry love:
Take it or leave it as you will,
I wash my hands thereof."

"And what you leave," said Nell, "I'll
take,
And what you spurn I'll wear;
For he's my lord for better and worse,
And him I love, Maude Clare.

"Yea, though you're taller by the head,
More wise, and much more fair;
I'll love him till he loves me best,
Me best of all, Maude Clare."

UP-HILL.

DOES the road wind up-hill all the way?
Yes, to the very end.
Will the day's journey take the whole
long day?
From morn to night, my friend.

But is there for the night a resting-place?
A roof for when the slow dark hours
begin.

May not the darkness hide it from my
face?

You cannot miss that inn.

Shall I meet other wayfarers at night?
Those who have gone before.

Then must I knock, or call when just
in sight?

They will not keep you standing at
the door.

Shall I find comfort, travel-sore and
weak?

Of labor you shall find the sum.

Will there be beds for me and all who
seek?

Yea, beds for all who come.

SONG.

WHEN I am dead, my dearest,
Sing no sad songs for me;

Plant thou no roses at my head,

Nor shady cypress tree:

Be the green grass above me

With showers and dewdrops wet;

And if thou wilt, remember,

And if thou wilt, forget.

I shall not see the shadows,

I shall not feel the rain;

I shall not hear the nightingale

Sing on, as if in pain:

And dreaming through the twilight

That doth not rise nor set,

Haply I may remember,

And haply may forget.

JEAN INGELOW.

1830—

[DAUGHTER of Mr. Wm. Ingelow, late of Ipswich, Suffolk; born about 1830. Her first volume of poems came out in 1863, and five years afterwards *A Story of Doom and Other Poems* appeared. Miss Ingelow's other published works have been in prose, viz.: *Studies for Stories*, 1864; *Stories told to a Child*; *Mopsa, the Fairy*, 1869; *Off the Skelligs*, 1873; *Fated to be Free*, 1875; *Sarah de Berenger*, 1880; *Don John*, 1883. Her poems have obtained a remarkable degree of popularity, both in this country and in England.]

THE COMING IN OF THE "MERMAIDEN."

THE moon is bleached as white as wool,

And just dropping under;

Every star is gone but three,

And they hang far asunder—

There's a sea-ghost all in gray,

A tall shape of wonder!

I am not satisfied with sleep,—

The night is not ended.

But look how the sea-ghost comes,

With wan skirts extended,

Stealing up in this weird hour,

When light and dark are blended.

A vessel! To the old pier end

Her happy course she's keeping;

I heard them name her yesterday:

Some were pale with weeping;

Some with their heart-hunger sighed,

She's in—and they are sleeping.

O! now with fancied greetings blest,

They comfort their long aching:

The sea of sleep hath borne to them

What would not come with waking,

And the dreams shall most be true

In their blissful breaking.

The stars are gone, the rose-bloom
comes—

No blush of maid is sweeter;

The red sun, half-way out of bed,

Shall be the first to greet her.

None tell the news, yet sleepers wake,

And rise, and run to meet her.

Their loss they have, they hold; from
 pain
 A keener bliss they borrow.
 How natural is joy, my heart!
 How easy after sorrow!
 For once, the best is come that hope
 Promised them "to-morrow."

LOVE'S THREAD OF GOLD.

In the night she told a story,
 In the night and all night through,
 While the moon was in her glory,
 And the branches dropped with dew.
 'Twas my life she told, and round it
 Rose the years as from a deep;
 In the world's great heart she found it,
 Cradled like a child asleep.
 In the night I saw her weaving
 By the misty moonbeam cold,
 All the web her shuttle cleaving
 With a sacred thread of gold.
 Ah! she wept me tears of sorrow,
 Lulling tears so mystic sweet;
 Then she wove my last to-morrow,
 And her web lay at my feet.
 Of my life she made the story:
 I must weep — so soon 'twas told!
 But your name did lend it glory,
 And your love its thread of gold!

LIKE A LAVEROCK IN THE LIFT.

It's we two, it's we two, it's we two for
 aye,
 All the world and we two, and Heaven
 be our stay.
 Like a laverock in the lift, sing, O bonny
 bride!
 All the world was Adam once, with Eve
 by his side.
 What's the world, my lass, my love! —
 what can it do?
 I am thine, and thou art mine; life is
 sweet and new.
 If the world have missed the mark, let
 it stand by,
 For we two have gotten leave, and once
 more we'll try.

Like a laverock in the lift, sing, O bonny
 bride!
 It's we two, it's we two, happy side by
 side.
 Take a kiss from me thy man; now the
 song begins:
 "All is made afresh for us, and the
 brave heart wins."

When the darker days come, and ne
 sun will shine,
 Thou shalt dry my tears, lass, and I'll
 dry thine.
 It's we two, it's we two, while the
 world's away,
 Sitting by the golden sheaves on our
 wedding-day.

DOMINION.

[From *Songs with Preludes.*]

YON moored mackerel fleet
 Hangs thick as a swarm of bees,
 Or a clustering village street
 Foundationless built on the seas.
 The mariners ply their craft,
 Each set in his castle frail;
 His care is all for the draught,
 And he dries the rain-beaten sail

For rain came down in the night,
 And thunder muttered full oft,
 But now the azure is bright,
 And hawks are wheeling aloft.

I take the land to my breast,
 In her coat with daisies fine;
 For me are the hills in their best,
 And all that's made is mine.

Sing high! "Though the red sun
 dip,
 There yet is a day for me;
 Nor youth I count for a ship
 That long ago foundered at sea.

"Did the lost love die and depart?
 Many times since we have met;
 For I hold the years in my heart,
 And all that was — is yet.

"I grant to the king his reign;
Let us yield him homage due;
But over the lands there are twain,
O king, I must rule as you.

"I grant to the wise his meed,
But his yoke I will not brook,
For God taught me to read, —
He lent me the world for a book."

BINDING SHEAVES.

HARK! a lover binding sheaves
To his maiden sings,
Flutter, flutter go the leaves,
Larks drop their wings.
Little brooks for all their mirth
Are not blithe as he.

"Give me what the love is worth
That I give thee.

"Speech that cannot be forborne
Tells the story through:
I sowed my love in with the corn,
And they both grew.
Count the world full wide of girth,
And hived honey sweet,
But count the love of more worth
Laid at thy feet.

"Money's worth is house and land,
Velvet coat and vest.
Work's worth is bread in hand,
Ay, and sweet rest.
Wilt thou learn what love is worth?
Ah! she sits above,
Sighing, 'Weigh me not with earth,
Love's worth is love.'"

OWEN MEREDITH

(LORD LYTTON).

1831-1891

[EDWARD ROBERT BULWER LYTTON, son of the great novelist and poet, was born Nov. 8 1831. Educated at Harrow, and afterwards at Bonn, in Germany. Entered the diplomatic service of the Crown in 1849, and has held important positions of trust at St. Petersburg, Constantinople, Vienna, and other European stations. Appointed in 1876 as the Viceroy of India, which office he resigned in 1880. His first work, *Clytemnestra, The Earl's Return, and Other Poems*, was published in 1855. *The Wanderer; a Collection of Poems in Many Lands*, appeared in 1859. This was followed in 1860 by *Lucile*, which has proved more popular than any of his works. Among his other works are *Tannhauser*, 1861; *The Ring of Amasis*, a prose romance, 1863; *Fable in Song*, 1874; and several volumes of prose writings, including a biography of his father, 1883-1884. In 1867, a collected edition of *The Poetical Works of Owen Meredith* appeared in two volumes, and were republished in the United States, where most of them had previously appeared.]

THE HEART AND NATURE.

THE lake is calm; and, calm, the skies
In yonder cloudless sunset glow,
Where, o'er the woodland, homeward
flies
The solitary crow;

No moan the cushat makes to heave
A leaflet round her windless nest;
The air is silent in the eve;
The world's at rest.

All bright below; all pure above;
No sense of pain, no sign of wrong;
Save in thy heart of hopeless love,
Poor Child of Song!

Why must the soul through Nature
rove,
At variance with her general plan?
A stranger to the Power, whose love
Soothes all save Man?

Why lack the strength of meaner creatures?

The wandering sheep, the grazing kine,
Are surer of their simpler natures
Than I of mine.

For all their wants the poorest land
Affords supply; they browse and breed;

I scarce divine, and ne'er have found,
What most I need.

O God, that in this human heart
Hath made Belief so hard to grow,
And set the doubt, the pang, the smart
In all we know —

Why hast thou, too, in solemn jest
At this tormented Thinking-power,
Inscribed, in flame on yonder West,
In hues on every flower,

Through all the vast unthinking sphere
Of mere material Force without,
Rebuke so vehement and severe
To the least doubt?

And robbed the world, and hung the night,
With silent, stern, and solemn forms;
And strown with sounds of awe, and might,
The seas and storms; —

All lacking power to impart
To man the secret he assails,
But arm'd to crush him, if his heart
Once doubts or fails!

To make him feel the same forlorn
Despair, the Fiend bath felt ere now,
In gazing at the stern sweet scorn
On Michael's brow?

THE CHESS-BOARD.

My little love, do you remember,
Ere we were grown so sadly wise,
Those evenings in the bleak December,
Curtained warm from the snowy weather,
When you and I played chess together,
Checkmated by each other's eyes?

Ah! still I see your soft white hand
Hovering warm o'er Queen and Knight;
Brave Pawns in valiant battle stand;
The double Castles guard the wings;
The Bishop, bent on distant things,
Moves, sidling, through the fight.

Our fingers touch; our glances meet,
And falter; falls your golden hair
Against my cheek; your bosom sweet
Is heaving. Down the field, your Queen
Rides slow, her soldiery all between,
And checks me unaware.

Ah me! the little battle's done:
Disperst is all its chivalry.
Full many a move since then have we
'Mid life's perplexing checkers made,
And many a game with fortune played;
What is it we have won?
This, this at least, — if this alone:

That never, never, nevermore,
As in those old still nights of yore,
(Ere we were grown so sadly wise,)
Can you and I shut out the skies,
Shut out the world and wintry weather,
And, eyes exchanging warmth with eyes,
Play chess, as then we played together.

LEWIS MORRIS.

1833—

[BORN in Carmarthen, Wales, in 1833; graduated at Jesus College, Oxford, in 1855 as first class in classics and chancellor's prize-man; called to the bar at Lincoln's Inn, 1861. Has held numerous positions of trust in Wales, where he resides. In 1871-4-5, appeared the three volumes of *Songs of Two Worlds*. In 1876-77 *The Epic of Hades*, Books I., II., and III., were published. *Gwin, a Drama in Monologue*, appeared in 1878, and in March, 1880, *The Ode of Life*. The above have hitherto appeared anonymously as the work of "A New Writer," but a new edition is announced for publication under the author's name. His latest work, *Songs Un-sung*, appeared in 1883.]

ONE DAY.

ONE day, one day, our lives shall seem
Thin as a brief forgotten dream:
One day, our souls by life opprest,
Shall ask no other boon than rest.

And shall no hope nor longing come,
No memory of our former home,
No yearning for the loved, the dear
Dead lives that are no longer here?

If this be age, and age no more
Recall the hopes, the fears of yore,
The dear dead mother's accents mild,
The lisping of the little child,

Come, Death, and slay us ere the blood
Run slow, and turn our lives from good,
For only in such memories we
Consent to linger and to be.

CÆLUM NON ANIMUM.

OH fair to be, oh sweet to be
In fancy's shallop faring free,
With silken sail and fairy mast
To float till all the world be past.

Oh happy fortune, on and on
To wander far till care be gone,
Round beetling capes, to unknown
seas,
Seeking the fair Hesperides!

But is there any land or sea
Where toil and trouble cease to be—
Some dim, unfound, diviner shore,
Where men may sin and mourn no
more?

Ah, not the feeling, but the sky
We change, however far we fly;
How swift soe'er our bark may speed,
Faster the blessed isles recede.

Nay, let us seek at home to find
Fit harvest for the brooding mind,
And find, since thus the world grows
fair,
Duty and pleasure everywhere.

Oh well-worn road, oh homely way,
Where pace our footsteps, day by day,
The homestead and the church which
bound
The tranquil seasons' circling round!

Ye hold experiences which reach
Depths which no change of skies can
teach,
The saintly thought, the secret strife
Which guide, which do perturb our
life.

THE HOME ALTAR.

WHY should we seek at all to gain
By vigils, and in pain,
By lonely life and empty heart,
To set a soul apart
Within a cloistered cell,
For whom the precious, homely hearth
would serve as well?

There, with the early breaking morn,
Ere quite the day is born,
The lustral waters flow serene,
And each again grows clean;
From sleep, as from a tomb,
Born to another dawn of joy, and hope,
and doom.

There through the sweet and toilsome
day,
To labor is to pray;
There love with kindly beaming eyes
Prepares the sacrifice;
And voice and innocent smile
Of childhood do our cheerful liturgies
beguile.

There, at his chaste and frugal feast,
Love sitteth as a Priest;
And with mild eyes and mien sedate,
His deacons stand and wait;
And round the holy table
Paten and chalice range in order ser-
viceable.

And when ere night, the vespers said,
Low lies each weary head,
What giveth He who gives them sleep,
But a brief death less deep?
Or what the fair dreams given
But ours who, daily dying, dream a hap-
pier heaven?

Then not within a cloistered wall
Will we expend our days;
But dawns that break and eves that
fall
Shall bring their dues of praise.
This best befits a Ruler always near,
This duteous worship mild, and reason-
able fear.

WILLIAM MORRIS.

1834—

[BORN near London in 1834. Educated at Forest School, Walthamstow, at Marlborough, and at Exeter College, Oxford. Studied painting, but did not succeed in that profession. In 1858, published *The Defence of Guenevere, and Other Poems*. In 1863, with several partners, he started in London an establishment for the artistic designing and manufacturing of various articles, especially wall paper, stained glass, tiles, and household decorations. At this business he has wrought as a designer, devoting his leisure to the composition of poetry. He published in 1867 *The Life and Death of Jason*; *The Earthly Paradise*, in 3 vols., 1868-1870. His later publications are *The Æneid of Virgil done into English Verse*, 1876; *The Story of Sigurd, the Volsung*, and *The Fall of the Niblungs*, 1877. He has also aided in the work of translating several volumes from the Icelandic.]

THE CHAPEL IN LYONESS.

SIR OZANA LE CURE HARDY. SIR
GALAHAD. SIR BORS DE GANYS.

SIR OZANA.

ALL day long and every day,
From Christmas-Eve to Whit-Sunday,
Within that Chapel-aisle I lay,
And no man came a-near.

Naked to the waist was I,
And deep within my breast did lie,
Though no man any blood could spy,
The truncheon of a spear.

No meat did ever pass my lips.
Those days — (Alas! the sunlight slips
From off the gilded parclose, dips,
And night comes on apace.)

My arms lay back behind my head;
Over my raised-up knees was spread

A samite cloth of white and red;
A rose lay on my face.

Many a time I tried to shout;
But as in dream of battle-rout,
My frozen speech would not well out;
I could not even weep.

With inward sigh I see the sun
Fade off the pillars one by one,
My heart faints when the day is done,
Because I cannot sleep.

Sometimes strange thoughts passthrough
my head;

Not like a tomb is this my bed,
Yet oft I think that I am dead;
That round my tomb is writ,

"Ozana of the hardy heart,
Knight of the Table Round,
Pray for his soul, lords, of your part;
A true knight he was found."

Ah! me, I cannot fathom it. *He sleeps.*

SIR GALAHAD.

All day long and every day,
Till his madness pass'd away,
I watch'd Ozana as he lay
Within the gilded screen.

All my singing moved him not;
As I sung my heart grew hot,
With the thought of Launcelot
Far away, I ween.

So I went a little space
From out the chapel, bathed my face
In the stream that runs apace
By the churchyard wall.

There I pluck'd a faint wild rose,
Hard by where the linden grows,
Sighing over silver rows
Of the lilies tall.

I laid the flower across his mouth;
The sparkling drops seem'd good for
drouth;
He smiled, turn'd round towards the
south,
Held up a golden tress.

The light smote on it from the west:
He drew the covering from his breast,
Against his heart that hair he prest;
Death him soon will bless.

SIR BORS.

I enter'd by the western door;
I saw a knight's helm lying there:
I raised my eyes from off the floor,
And caught the gleaming of his hair.

I stept full softly up to him;
I laid my chin upon his head;
I felt him smile; my eyes did swim,
I was so glad he was not dead.

I heard Ozana murmur low,
"There comes no sleep nor any love."
But Galahad stoop'd and kiss'd his brow:
He shiver'd; I saw his pale lips move.

SIR OZANA.

There comes no sleep nor any love;
Ah me! I shiver with delight.
I am so weak I cannot move;
God move me to thee, dear, to-night!
Christ help! I have but little wit:
My life went wrong; I see it writ,

"Ozana of the hardy heart,
Knight of the Table Round,
Pray for his soul, lords, on your part,
A good knight he was found."
Now I begin to fathom it. *He dies.*

SIR BORS.

Galahad sits dreamily;
What strange things may his eyes see,
Great blue eyes fix'd full on me?
On his soul, Lord, have mercy.

SIR GALAHAD.

Ozana, shall I pray for thee?
Her cheek is laid to thine;
No long time hence, also I see
Thy wasted fingers twine

Within the tresses of her hair
That shineth gloriously,
Thinly outspread in the clear air
Against the jasper sea.

FROM "THE EARTHLY PARA
DISE."

INTRODUCTION.

Of Heaven or Hell I have no power
to sing,
I cannot ease the burden of your fears,
Or make quick-coming death a little
thing,
Or bring again the pleasure of past years,
Nor for my words shall ye forget your
tears,
Or hope again for aught that I can say,
The idle singer of an empty day.

But rather, when aweary of your
mirth,
From full hearts still unsatisfied ye sigh,
And, feeling kindly unto all the earth,
Grudge every minute as it passes by,
Made the more mindful that the sweet
days die —

— Remember me a little then I pray,
The idle singer of an empty day.

The heavy trouble, the bewildering
care
That weighs us down who live and earn
our bread,
These idle verses have no power to bear;

So let me sing of names remembered,
Because they, living not, can ne'er be
dead,
Or long time take their memory quite
away
From us poor singers of an empty day.

Dreamer of dreams, born out of my
due time,
Why should I strive to set the crooked
straight?

Let it suffice me that my murmuring
rhyme
Beats with light wing against the ivory
gate,

Telling a tale not too importunate
To those who in the sleepy region stay,
Lulled by the singer of an empty day.

Folk say, a wizard to a northern king
At Christmas-tide such wondrous things
did show,

That through one window men beheld
the spring,
And through another saw the summer
glow,
And through a third the fruited vines
a-row,
While still, unheard, but in its wonted
way,
Piped the drear wind of that December
day.

So with this Earthly Paradise it is,
If ye will read aright, and pardon me,
Who strive to build a shadowy isle of
bliss

Midmost the beating of the steely sea,
Where tossed about all hearts of men
must be;

Whose ravening monsters mighty men
shall slay,
Not the poor singer of an empty day.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

1837-

[SON of the late Admiral Charles Henry Swinburne; born in London, April 5, 1837. He entered Balliol College, Oxford, in 1857, but left the University without taking a degree. He afterwards visited Florence and spent some time with Walter Savage Landor. His first production, *The Queen Mother*, and *Rosamond*, two plays, appeared in 1861. These were followed by *Atalanta in Calydon*, a Tragedy, in 1864; *Chastelard*, a Tragedy, in 1865; and *Poems and Ballads*, in 1866; published in New York under the title *Laus Veneris*. His later poetical works are *A Song of Italy*, 1867; *Siena*, a Poem, 1868; *Bothwell*, a Tragedy, 1870; *Songs before Sunrise*, 1871; *Erechtheus*, a drama on the Greek model, 1875; *Poems and Ballads*, (second series) 1878; *Studies in Song*, 1881; *Tristram of Lyonesse*, 1882; and *A Century of Roundels*, 1883.]

FROM "ATALANTA IN CALYDON."

CHORUS.

WHEN the hounds of spring are on
winter's traces,

The mother of months in meadow or
plain

Fills the shadows and windy places

With lisp of leaves and ripple of rain;
And the brown bright nightingale
amorous

Is half assuaged for Itylus,
For the Thracian ships and the foreign
faces,

The tongueless vigil, and all the pain.

Come with bows bent and with empty-
ing of quivers,

Maiden most perfect, lady of light,
With a noise of winds and many
rivers,

With a clamor of waters, and with
might;

Bind on thy sandals, O thou most
fleet,

Over the splendor, and speed of thy
feet;

For the faint east quickens, the wan
west shivers,

Round the feet of the day and the feet
of the night.

Where shall we find her, how shall we
sing to her,

Fold our hands round her knees, and
cling?

O that man's heart were as fire and
could spring to her

Fire, or the strength of the streams
that spring!

For the stars and the winds are unto her
As raiment, as songs of the harp-player;

For the risen stars and the fallen cling
to her,

And the south west-wind and the west-
wind sing.

For winter's rains and ruins are over,
And all the season of snows and sins;

The days dividing lover and lover,
The light that loses, the night that
wins;

And time remembered is grief forgotten,
And frosts are slain and flowers begotten,

And in green underwood and cover
Blossom by blossom the spring begins.

The full streams feed on flower of rushes,
Ripe grasses trammel a travelling foot,

The faint fresh flame of the young
year flushes

From leaf to flower and flower to fruit;
And fruit and leaf are as gold and fire,

And the oat is heard above the lyre,
And the hoofed heel of a satyr crushes

The chestnut-husk at the chestnut-
root.

And Pan by noon and Bacchus by night,
Fleeter of foot than the fleet-foot kid,

Follows with dancing and fills with de-
light

The Mænad and the Bassarid;
And soft as lips that laugh and hide

The laughing leaves of the trees divide,
And screen from seeing and leave in
sight

The god pursuing, the maiden hid.

The ivy falls with the Bacchanal's hair
Over her eyebrows hiding her eyes;

The wild vine slipping down leaves bare
Her brightbreastshortening into sighs;

The wild vine slips with the weight of
its leaves,

But the berried ivy catches and cleaves
To the limbs that glitter, the feet that
scare

The wolf that follows, the fawn that
flies.

FROM "THE GARDEN OF
PROSERPINE."

PALE, beyond porch and portal,
Crowned with calm leaves, she stands

Who gathers all things mortal
With cold immortal hands;

Her languid lips are sweeter
Than love's who fears to greet her

To men that mix and meet her
From many times and lands.

She waits for each and other,
She waits for all men born;

Forgets the earth her mother,
The life of fruits and corn;

And spring and seed and swallow
Take wing for her and follow

Where summer song rings hollow
And flowers are put to scorn.

There go the loves that wither,
The old loves with wearier wings;

And all dead years draw thither,
And all disastrous things;

Dead dreams of days forsaken,
Blind buds that snows have shaken,

Wild leaves that winds have taken,
Red strays of ruined springs.

We are not sure of sorrow,
And joy was never sure;

To-day will die to-morrow;
Time stoops to no man's lure;

And love, grown faint and fretful,
With lips but half regretful,

Sighs, and with eyes forgetful
Weeps that no loves endure.

From too much love of living,
From hope and fear set free,

We thank with brief thanksgiving
Whatever gods may be

That no life lives for ever;
That dead men rise up never;

That even the weariest river
Winds somewhere safe to sea.

Then star nor sun shall waken,
 Nor any change of light:
 Nor sound of waters shaken,
 Nor any sound or sight:
 Nor wintry leaves nor vernal,
 Nor days nor things diurnal;
 Only the sleep eternal
 In an eternal night.

FROM "HERTHA."

THE tree many-rooted
 That swells to the sky
 With frondage red-fruited,
 The life-tree am I;
 In the buds of your lives is the sap of
 my leaves: ye shall live and not
 die.

But the Gods of your fashion
 That take and that give,
 In their pity and passion
 That scourge and forgive,
 They are worms that are bred in the
 bark that falls off; they shall die
 and not live.

My own blood is what stanches
 The wounds in my bark;
 Stars caught in my branches
 Make day of the dark,
 And are worshipped as suns till the sun-
 rise shall tread out their fires as
 a spark.

Where dead ages hide under
 The live roots of the tree,
 In my darkness the thunder
 Makes utterance of me;
 In the clash of my boughs with each
 other ye hear the waves sound
 of the sea.

That noise is of Time,
 As his feathers are spread
 And his feet set to climb
 Through the boughs overhead,
 And my foliage rings round him and
 rustles, and branches are bent
 with his tread.

The storm-winds of ages
 Blow through me and cease,
 The war-wind that rages,
 The spring-wind of peace,
 Ere the breath of them roughen my
 tresses, ere one of my blossoms
 increase.

All sounds of all changes,
 All shadows and lights
 On the world's mountain-ranges
 And stream-riven heights,
 Whose tongue is the wind's tongue and
 language of storm-clouds on earth-
 shaking nights;

All forms of all faces,
 All works of all hands
 In unsearchable places
 Of time-stricken lands,
 All death and all life, and all reigns and
 all ruins, drop through me as
 sands.

Though sore be my burden
 And more than ye know,
 And my growth have no guerdon
 But only to grow,
 Yet I fail not of growing for lightnings
 above me or deathworms below.

These too have their part in me,
 As I too in these;
 Such fire is at heart in me,
 Such sap is this tree's,
 Which hath in it all sounds and all
 secrets of infinite lands and of
 seas.

In the spring-colored hours
 When my mind was as May's,
 There brake forth of me flowers
 By centuries of days,
 Strong blossoms with perfume of man-
 hood, shot out from my spirit as
 rays.

And the sound of them springing
 And smell of their shoots
 Were as warmth and sweet singing
 And strength to my roots;
 And the lives of my children made per-
 fect with freedom of soul were
 my fruits.

DAVID GRAY.

1838-1861.

[BORN Jan. 29, 1838, at Duntiblae, a small village on the banks of the Luggie, about eight miles from Glasgow. Son of a weaver. Educated in part at Glasgow University, for the Christian ministry, but abandoned it for literary pursuits, and betook himself at an early age to writing verses, many of which appeared from time to time in *The Glasgow Citizen*, under the *nom de plume* of "Will Gurney." In 1860 he determined to go to London, hoping to attain literary eminence in the great metropolis, where he arrived in the month of May, without friends or means of subsistence. He attracted the favorable notice of several men of letters, who gave him some literary employment and otherwise befriended him, but soon fell ill with pulmonary disease, and was sent back to Merkland, where his parents were then living. He struggled with the disease till the third of December, 1861, when he passed away. His poems, *The Luggie*, and *Other Poems*, were published shortly after his death by Macmillan & Co., with a Memoir by James Hedderwick, and a Prefatory Notice by R. M. Milnes, M.P.]

HOMESICK.

COME to me, O my Mother! come to me,

Thine own son slowly dying far away!
Through the moist ways of the wide
ocean, blown

By great invisible winds, come stately
ships

To this calm bay for quiet anchorage;
They come, they rest awhile, they go
away,

But, O my Mother, never comest thou!
The snow is round thy dwelling, the
white snow,

That cold soft revelation pure as light,
And the pine-spire is mystically fringed,
Laced with incrustated silver. Here—
ah me!—

The winter is decrepit, under-born,
A leper with no power but his disease.
Why am I from thee, Mother, far from
thee?

Far from the frost enchantment, and the
woods

Jewelled from bough to bough? O
home, my home!

O river in the valley of my home,
With mazy-winding motion intricate,
Twisting thy deathless music underneath
The polished ice-work,—must I never—
more

Behold thee with familiar eyes, and
watch

Thy beauty changing with the change-
ful day,

Thy beauty constant to the constant
change?

DIE DOWN, O DISMAL DAY.

DIE down, O dismal day, and let me
live;

And come, blue deeps, magnificently
strewn

With colored clouds,—large, light, and
fugitive,—

By upper winds through pompous mo-
tions blown.

Now it is death in life,—a vapor dense
Creeps round my window, till I cannot
see

The far snow-shining mountains, and
the glens

Shagging the mountain-tops. O God!
make free

This barren shackled earth, so deadly
cold,—

Breathe gently forth thy spring, till
winter flies

In rude amazement, fearful and yet
bold,

While she performs her customed char-
ities;

I weigh the loaded hours till life is
bare,—

O God, for one clear day, a snowdrop,
and sweet air!

HENRY AUSTIN DOBSON.

1840—

[BORN at Plymouth, Jan. 18, 1849. Educated in France, England, and Franco-Germany. Entered the Civil Service in 1856, appointed to a clerkship in the Board of Trade, where he still continues. Has contributed to most of the leading English periodicals, *Cornhill*, *Blackwood*, *Good Words*, etc. In 1873, collected his scattered Lyrics in a volume entitled *Vignettes in Rhyme*, and *Vers de Société*. It was followed by *Proverbs in Porcelain*, 1877; republished by Holt & Co. in this country in 1880. He was one of the contributors to Ward's *English Poets*, 1880, supplying the critical sketches of Prior, Praed, Gay, and Hood. He is also the author of a life of Fielding in *English Men of Letters*, edited by John Morley, and has recently edited a selection from Cowper's letters for the *Parchment Library*.]

"GOOD NIGHT, BABETTE!"

"Si vieillesse pouvait! —"

SCENE. — *A small, neat Room. In a high Voltaire Chair sits a white-haired old Gentleman.*

MONSIEUR VIEUXBOIS. BABETTE.

M. VIEUXBOIS (*turning querulously*).

Day of my life! Where *can* she get?
Babette! I say! Babette! — Babette!!

BABETTE (*entering hurriedly*).

Coming, M'sieu'! If M'sieu' speaks
So loud he won't be well for weeks!

M. VIEUXBOIS.

Where have you been?

BABETTE.

Why, M'sieu' knows: —
April! . . . Ville-d'Avray! . . . Ma'am'selle Rose!

M. VIEUXBOIS.

Ah! I am old, — and I forget.
Was the place growing green, Babette?

BABETTE.

But of a greenness! — yes, M'sieu'!
And then the sky so blue! — so blue!

And when I dropped my *immortelle*,
How the birds sang!

(*Lifting her apron to her eyes.*)

This poor Ma'am'selle!

M. VIEUXBOIS.

You're a good girl, Babette, but she, —
She was an Angel, verily.
Sometimes I think I see her yet
Stand smiling by the cabinet;
And once, I know, she peeped and
laughed
Betwixt the curtains . . .

Where's the draught?

(*She gives him a cup.*)

Now I shall sleep, I think, Babette; —
Sing me your Norman *chansonnette*.

BABETTE (*sings*).

"Once at the Angelus
(Ere I was dead),
Angels all glorious
Came to my Bed; —
Angels in blue and white
Crowned on the Head."

M. VIEUXBOIS (*drowsily*).

"She was an Angel" . . . "Once she
laughed." . . .
What, was I dreaming?
Where's the draught?

BABETTE (*showing the empty cup*).

The draught, M'sieu'?

M. VIEUXBOIS.

How I forget!
I am so old! But sing, Babette!

BABETTE (*sings*).

"One was the Friend I left
Stark in the Snow;
One was the Wife who died
Long,—long ago;
One was the Love I lost . . .
How could she know?"

M. VIEUXBOIS (*murmuring*).

Ah, Paul! . . . old Paul! . . . Eulalie
too!
And Rose! . . . And O! "the sky so
blue!"

BABETTE (*sings*).

"One had my Mother's eyes,
Wistful and mild;
One had my Father's face;
One was a Child:
All of them bent to me,—
Bent down and smiled!"

(He is asleep!)

M. VIEUXBOIS (*almost inaudibly*).

"How I forget!"

"I am so old" . . . "Good night,
Babette!"

THE CHILD-MUSICIAN.

HE had played for his lordship's levee,
He had played for her ladyship's
whim,
Till the poor little head was heavy,
And the poor little brain would
swim.

And the face grew peaked and eerie,
And the large eyes strange and
bright,
And they said—too late—"He is
weary!
He shall rest, for, at least, To-night!"

But at dawn, when the birds were
waking,
As they watched in the silent room,
With the sound of a strained chord
breaking,
A something snapped in the gloom.

'Twas a string of his violoncello,
And they heard him stir in his bed:—
"Make room for a tired little fellow,
Kind God!—" was the last that he
said.



MRS. HARRIET E. HAMILTON KING.

1840—

[DAUGHTER of the late Admiral W. A. B. Hamilton, and Lady Harriet Hamilton, sister to the Duke of Abercorn. Born in 1840, and in 1863 married Mr. Henry S. King, the banker and publisher. Author of *Aspromonte*, 1869; *The Disciples*; *Book of Dreams*, 1883.]

A DREAM MAIDEN.

MY baby is sleeping overhead,
My husband is in the town;
In my large white bed uncurtained,
All alone I lay me down.

And dreamily I have said my prayers,
And dreamily closed my eyes,

And the youth in my blood moves
sweetly
As my pulses fall and rise.

I lie so peaceful and lonely,
A maiden in spirit-land,
With the moonbeams in at the window,
And hand laid close to hand.

I wander forth in the moonbeams,
All free of heart alone,
Neither awake or dreaming,
To-night it is all one.

Light of step across the carpet
Of the flower-entangled spring,
Light of spirit through the haunted
Wood pathways murmuring.

The earth is telling her secrets,
Never shy or strange to me;
My heart beating only silence,
One with her mystery.

All over the beautiful distance
The air is so fresh and pure,
The night is so cool and silvery,
The calm is so secure.

And afar, down into the sunrise,
The glittering dream-worlds shine;
And by this free heart triumphant
I pass on to make them mine.

O elfin maiden, turn homeward,
And dream not so cold and wild! —
Have I not turned a woman?
Have I not husband and child?

A HAUNTED HOUSE.

THE lawns are bright, the paths are wide,
The roses are bursting on every side.

All around the bowers are green,
And the shining laurels a folding-
screen.

The large fruit ripens on many a tree,
Purple and gold drooping heavily.

Of health and wealth a hidden spell
Is scattered by hands invisible.

Young, and gladsome, and free they
meet —
Voices of laughter and running feet.

Whether the seasons be dark or fair,
It is always summer and sunshine
there.

And like a fountain that springs and
falls,
There flows sweet music between the
walls.

Among the guests one comes and goes
Whom no one sees and no one knows.

A neck more stately, a face more fair
Than any that meet and mingle there.

There is heaped up many a gay sea-
stone,
One pearl lies among them all alone;

With a golden halo all about,
The full moon's face from the clouds
looks out;

All cold on the breast of the crimson
sky,
The star of the evening seems to lie.

Shining as pale, apart as far
As the pearl, or the moon, or the even-
ing star,

That orbèd face, with its curvings rare,
Floats out from its waves of dusky hair,

With its eyes of shadow, its archèd
eyes,
Whose lost looks dream upon Paradise.

One only knoweth it in the throng;
One knoweth too well, and knoweth
too long.

The others are ever unaware,
Though it pass and meet them in the
air,

With sighs like the sighs of the summer
night,
Breathing of love and lost delight.

That haunting vision of yearning pain,
One moment strikes and then fades
again.

It rises up at the music's sound,
And sinks before they can look around.

If they catch one sight of the crownèd
brow,
A sunbeam glances from bough and
bough.

If a low voice thrills in the air along,
It is but the dying note of the song.

Not to sadden, only to share,
To the feast unbidden that guest comes
there.

Lovely as lilies ungathered, and white,
The house is filled with a dream at
night.

From chamber to chamber, from door
to door,
Not a sound is heard, nor step on the
floor;

Through the shadowy hush as white
wings win; —
Peace be to this house, and to all within!

The little children sleep soft and
sweet;—
Who stands beside them with soft white
feet?

The soft white hands pass over their
hair; —
Sleep on, dear children, so safe and
fair!

Till, where two are sleeping side by
side,
Doth a dream at last between them
glide.

Of all the angels that guard the place,
The least is not that forgotten face.



MRS. AUGUSTA WEBSTER.

1840—

[DAUGHTER of Vice-Admiral George Davies; born at Poole, Dorsetshire, in 1840, and was married in 1863 to Mr. Thomas Webster, Fellow and Law Lecturer of Trinity College, Cambridge. Among her works are *Blanche Lisle, and Other Poems*, 1860; *Lilian Gray*, 1864; *Prometheus Bound, Dramatic Studies*, 1866; *A Woman Sold and Other Poems*, 1867; *Medea*, 1868; *The Auspicious Day*, 1872; *Yu Pe Ya's Lute*, 1874; *Disguises*, 1879; *A Book of Rhymes*, 1881; *In a Day*, 1882. Her earlier poems were produced under the *nom de plume* of "Cecil Hume." She was a contributor for some years to the *Examiner*, from which many of her articles and reviews have been collected in the volume *A Housewife's Opinions*, 1879.]

TO ONE OF MANY.

WHAT! wilt thou throw thy stone of
malice now,
Thou dare to scoff at him with scorn or
blame?

He is a thousand times more great than
thou:

Thou, with thy narrower mind and
lower aim,

Wilt thou chide him and not be checked
by shame?

He hath done evil—God forbid my
sight

Should falter where I gaze with loving
eye,

That I should fail to know the wrong
from right.

He hath done evil—let not any tie
Of birth or love draw moral sense
awry.

And though my trust in him is yet full
strong

I may not hold him guiltless, in the
dream

That wrong forgiven is no longer
wrong,

And, looking on his error, fondly deem
That he in that he erreth doth but seem.

I do not soothe me with a vain belief;
 He hath done evil, therefore is my
 thought
 Of him made sadness with no common
 grief.
 But thou, what good or truth has in
 thee wrought
 That thou shouldst hold thee more than
 him in aught?

He will redeem his nature, he is great
 In inward purpose past thy power to
 scan,
 And he will bear his meed of evil fate
 And lift him from his fall a nobler
 man,
 Hating his error as a great one can.

And what art thou to look on him and
 say
 "Ah! he has fallen whom they praised,
 but know
 My foot is sure"? Upon thy level
 way
 Are there the perils of the hills of
 snow?
 Yea, he has fallen, but wherefore art
 thou low?

Speak no light word of him, for he is
 more

Than thou canst know — and ever
 more to me,
 Though he has lessened the first faith I
 bore,
 Than thou in thy best deeds couldst
 ever be;
 Yea, though he fall again, not low like
 thee.

SONG.

TELL thee truth, sweet; no.
 Truth is cross and sad and cold;
 Lies are pitiful and kind,
 Honey-soft as Love's own tongue:
 Let me, love, lie so.
 Lies are like a summer wind,
 Wooing flower-buds to unfold.
 Lies will last while men are young.
 Tell thee truth, love; no.

Let me, sweet, lie so.
 Lies are Hope's light ministers,
 Footless birds upon the wing:
 Truth's a name for plodding care:
 Tell thee truth, sweet; no.
 Truth's the east-wind on the Spring —
 'Tis the wind, not Springtime, errs.
 Lies will last while maids are fair.
 Let me lie, love, so.

ROBERT WILLIAMS BUCHANAN.

1841—

[BORN August 18, 1841. Graduated from the University of Glasgow. His first work, *Under-tones*, appeared in 1860 and was followed by *Idylls and Legends of Inverburn* in 1865, and *London Poems* in 1866. His later works are *North Coast Poems*, 1867; *Napoleon Fallen, a Lyrical Drama*, 1871; *The Land of Lorne*, 1871; *The Drama of Kings*, 1871. He has also written several tragedies and dramatic pieces which have been successful. In 1874 a collected edition of his poems was published in three volumes. A new volume of his poems entitled *Ballads of Life, Love, and Humor*, and a *Selection* from his various poems were issued in 1882. Mr. Buchanan has been for many years closely connected with the *Contemporary Review*, in which publication many of his poems and essays have first appeared.]

FROM "WHITE ROSE AND RED."
 DROWSIETOWN.

O so drowsy! In a daze
 Sweating 'mid the golden haze,
 With its smithy like an eye
 Glaring bloodshot at the sky,

And its one white row of street,
 Carpetted so green and sweet,
 And the loungers smoking still
 Over gate and window-sill;
 Nothing coming, nothing going,
 Locusts grating, one cock crowing,

Few things moving up or down,
All things drowsy — Drowsietown !

Thro' the fields with sleepy gleam,
Drowsy, drowsy steals the stream,
Touching with its azure arms
Upland fields and peaceful farms,
Gliding with a twilight tide
Where the dark elms shade its side;
Twining, pausing sweet and bright
Where the lilies sail so white;
Winding in its sedgy hair
Meadow-sweet and iris fair;
Humming as it hies along
Monotones of sleepy song;
Deep and dimpled, bright nut-brown,
Flowing into Drowsietown.

Far as eye can see, around,
Upland fields and farms are found,
Floating prosperous and fair
In the mellow misty air:
Apple-orchards, blossoms blowing
Up above, — and clover growing
Red and scented round the knees
Of the old moss-silvered trees.
Hark ! with drowsy deep refrain,
In the distance rolls a wain;
As its dull sound strikes the ear,
Other kindred sounds grow clear —
Drowsy all — the soft breeze blowing,
Locusts grating, one cock crowing,
Cries like voices in a dream
Far away amid the gleam,
Then the wagons rumbling down
Thro' the lanes to Drowsietown.

Drowsy? Yea ! — but idle? Nay !
Slowly, surely, night and day,
Humming low, well greased with oil,
Turns the wheel of human toil.
Here no grating gruesome cry
Of spasmodic industry;
No rude clamor, mad and mean,
Of a horrible machine !
Strong yet peaceful, surely roll'd,
Winds the wheel that whirls the gold.
Year by year the rich rare land
Yields its stores to human hand —
Year by year the stream makes fat
Every field and meadow-flat —
Year by year the orchards fair

Gather glory from the air,
Redden, ripen, freshly fed,
Their bright balls of golden red.
Thus, most prosperous and strong,
Flows the stream of life along
Six slow days ! wains come and go,
Wheat-fields ripen, squashes grow,
Cattle browse on hill and dale,
Milk foams sweetly in the pail,
Six days : on the seventh day,
Toil's low murmur dies away —
All is husht save drowsy din
Of the wagons rolling in,
Drawn amid the plenteous meads
By small fat and sleepy steeds.
Folk with faces fresh as fruit
Sit therein or trudge afoot,
Brightly drest for all to see,
In their seventh-day finery :
Farmers in their breeches tight,
Snowy cuffs, and buckles bright;
Ancient dames and matrons staid
In their silk and flower'd brocade,
Prim and tall, with soft brows knitted,
Silken aprons, and hands mittied;
Haggard women, dark of face,
Of the old lost Indian race;
Maidens happy-eyed and fair,
With bright ribbons in their hair,
Trip along, with eyes cast down,
Thro' the streets of Drowsietown.

Drowsy in the summer day
In the meeting-house sit they :
'Mid the high-back'd pews they doze,
Like bright garden-flowers in rows;
And old Parson Pendon, big
In his gown and silver'd wig,
Drones above in periods fine
Sermons like old flavor'd wine —
Crusted well with keeping long
In the darkness, and not strong
O ! so drowsily he drones
In his rich and sleepy tones,
While the great door, swinging wide,
Shows the bright green street outside,
And the shadows as they pass
On the golden sunlit grass.
Then the mellow organ blows,
And the sleepy music flows,
And the folks their voices raise
In old unctuous hymns of praise,

Fit to reach some ancient god
 Half asleep with drowsy nod.
 Deep and lazy, clear and low,
 Doth the oily organ grow!
 Then with sudden golden cease
 Comes a silence and a peace;
 Then a murmur, all alive,
 As of bees within a hive;
 And they swarm with quiet feet
 Out into the sunny street:
 There, at hitching-post and gate
 Do the steeds and wagons wait.
 Drawn in groups, the gossips talk,
 Shaking hands before they walk;
 Maids and lovers steal away,
 Smiling hand in hand, to stray
 By the river, and to say
 Drowsy love in the old way —
 Till the sleepy sun shines down
 On the roofs of Drowsietown.

In the great marsh, far beyond
 Street and building, lies the Pond,

Gleaming like a silver shield
 In the midst of wood and field;
 There on sombre days you see
 Anglers old in reverie,
 Fishing feebly morn to night
 For the pickerel so bright.
 From the woods of beech and fir,
 Dull blows of the woodcutter
 Faintly sound; and haply, too,
 Comes the cat-owl's wild "tuhoo"! —
 Drown'd by distance, dull and deep,
 Like a dark sound heard in sleep; —
 And a cock may answer, down
 In the depths of Drowsietown.

Such is Drowsietown — but nay!
Was, not *is*, my song should say —
 Such *was* summer long ago
 In this town so sleepy and slow.
 Change has come: thro' wood and dale
 Runs the demon of the rail,
 And the Drowsietown of yore
 Is not drowsy any more!

ANDREW LANG.

1844—

[EDUCATED at Oxford University. His first work was a prose translation of the *Odyssey*, in conjunction with S. H. Butcher, Fellow of University College, Oxford, — a work that has been most favorably noticed by students of Homer. He has also made prose translations of *Theocritus*, *Bion*, and *Moschus*. His *Ballades in Blue China*, also his latest volume, *Ballades and Verses Vain*, have both been republished in this country. Among his recent works are a prose translation of the *Iliad* in connection with Ernest Myers and W. Leaf, *The Library*, in the *Art at Home* series, and a volume on mythology in preparation. He is also a contributor to the English periodicals, and several articles in Ward's *English Poets* bear his signature.]

BALLADE OF SLEEP.

THE hours are passing slow,
 I hear their weary tread
 Clang from the tower, and go
 Back to their kinsfolk dead.
 Sleep! death's twin brother dread!
 Why dost thou scorn me so?
 The wind's voice overhead
 Long wakeful here I know,
 And music from the steep
 Where waters fall and flow.
 Wilt thou not hear me, Sleep?

All sounds that might bestow
 Rest on the fever'd bed,
 All slumb'rous sounds and low
 Are mingled here and wed,
 And bring no drowsihead.
 Shy dreams flit to and fro
 With shadowy hair dispread;
 With wistful eyes that glow,
 And silent robes that sweep.
 Thou wilt not hear me; no?
 Wilt thou not hear me, Sleep?

What cause hast thou to show
Of sacrifice unsped?
Of all thy slaves below
I most have laborèd
With service sung and said;
Have cull'd such buds as blow,
Soft poppies white and red,
Where thy still gardens grow,
And Lethe's waters weep.
Why, then, art thou my foe?
Wilt thou not hear me, Sleep?

ENVOY.

Prince, ere the dark be shred
By golden shafts, ere low
And long the shadows creep:
Lord of the wand of lead,
Soft-footed as the snow,
Wilt thou not hear me, Sleep!

THE SHADES OF HELEN.

Some say that Helen never went to Troy, but abode in Egypt; for the gods, having made in her semblance a woman out of clouds and shadows, sent the same to be wife to Paris. For this shadow then the Greeks and Trojans slew each other.

WHY from the quiet hollows of the hills,
And extreme meeting-place of light and shade,
Wherein soft rains fell slowly, and became
Clouds among sister clouds, where fair spent beams
And dying glories of the sun would dwell.
Why have they whom I know not, nor may know,
Strange hands, unseen and ruthless, fashioned me,
And borne me from the silent, shadowy hills,
Hither, to noise and glow of alien life,
To harsh and clamorous swords, and sound of war?
One speaks unto me words that would be sweet,
Made harsh, made keen, with love that knows me not,

And some strange force, within me, or around,
Makes answer, kiss for kiss and sigh for sigh,
And somewhere there is fever in the halls,
That troubles me, for no such trouble came

To vex the cool, far hollows of the hills.
The foolish folk crowd round me, and they cry,
That house and wife, and lands, and all Troy town,
Are little to lose; if they may hold me here,
And see me flit, a pale and silent shade,
Among the streets bereft, and helpless shrines.

At other hours another life seems mine,
Where one great river runs unswollen of rain,
By pyramids of unremembered kings,
And homes of men obedient to the Dead.
Their dark and quiet faces come and go,
Around me, then again the shriek of arms,
And all the turmoil of the Ilian men.
What are they? Even shadows such as I.
What make they? Even this — the sport of Gods,
The sport of Gods, however free they seem.
Ah, would the game were ended, and the light,
The blinding light, and all too mighty suns,
Withdrawn, and I once more with sister shades,
Unloved, forgotten, mingled with the mist,
Dwelt in the hollows of the shadowy hills.

THE ODYSSEY.

As one that for a weary space has lain
Lulled by the song of Circe and her wine
In gardens near the pale Proserpine,

Where that Æœn isle forgets the main,
Where only the low lutes of love com-
plain,

And only shadows of wan lovers
pine,

As such an one were glad to know
the brine

Salt on his lips, and the large air again —
So gladly, from the songs of modern
speech

Men turn, and see the stars, and feel
the free

Shrill wind beyond the close of heavy
flowers,

And through the music of the languid
hours,

They hear like ocean on a western
beach

The surge and thunder of the Odyssey.

*BALLADE TO THEOCRITUS, IN
WINTER.*

AH! leave the smoke, the wealth, the
roar

Of London, leave the bustling street,
For still, by the Sicilian shore,

The murmur of the Muse is sweet.

Still, still, the suns of summer greet

The mountain grave of Heliké,

And shepherds still their songs repeat
Where breaks the blue Sicilian sea.

What though they worship Pan no
more,

That guarded once the shepherd's
seat,

They chatter of their rustic lore,
They watch the wind among the
wheat.

Cicadas chirp, the young lambs bleat,
Where whispers pine to cypress tree;

They count the waves that idly beat,
Where breaks the blue Sicilian sea!

Theocritus! thou canst restore

The pleasant years and over-fleet:

With thee we live as men of yore,

We rest where running waters meet:

And then we turn unwilling feet

And seek the world — so must it be —

We may not linger in the heat

Where breaks the blue Sicilian sea!

ENVOY.

Master, when rain and snow and sleet
And northern winds are wild, to
thee

We come, we rest in thy retreat,

Where breaks the blue Sicilian sea!

ARTHUR W. E. O'SHAUGHNESSY,

1844-1881.

[BORN in London, 1844, and at the age of twenty obtained, through the aid of Lord Lytton, a place in the British Museum, where, during the remainder of his life, he was connected with the department of Natural History. In 1873 he married the elder of the Marston sisters, who joined him in writing a volume of prose tales, *Toyland*, 1875. His early books, *An Epic of Women*, 1870, and *Lays of France*, 1872, were successful. *Music and Moonlight*, 1874, was coldly received. *Songs of a Worker* appeared after his death, which took place at London in 1881.]

SONG OF A FELLOW-WORKER.

I FOUND a fellow-worker when I
deemed I toiled alone:

My toil was fashioning thought and
sound, and his was hewing stone;

I worked in the palace of my brain, he
in the common street;

And it seemed his toil was great and hard,
while mine was great and sweet.

I said, "O fellow-worker, yea, for I am
a worker too,
The heart nigh fails me many a day,
but how is it with you?
For while I toil, great tears of joy will
sometimes fill my eyes,
And when I form my perfect work, it
lives and never dies.

"I carve the marble of pure thought
until the thought takes form,
Until it gleams before my soul and
makes the world grow warm;
Until there comes the glorious voice
and words that seem divine,
And the music reaches all men's hearts
and draws them into mine.

"And yet for days it seems my heart
shall blossom never more,
And the burden of my loneliness lies
on me very sore:
Therefore, O hewer of the stones that
pave base human ways,
How canst thou bear the years till
death, made of such thankless
days?"

Then he replied: "Ere sunrise, when
the pale lips of the day
Sent forth an earnest thrill of breath at
warmth of the first ray,
A great thought rose within me, how,
while men asleep had lain,
The thousand labors of the world had
grown up once again.

"The sun grew on the world, and on
my soul the thought grew too,—
A great appalling sun, to light my soul
the long day through.
I felt the world's whole burden for a
moment, then began
With man's gigantic strength to do the
labor of one man.

"I went forth hastily, and lo! I met a
hundred men,
The worker with the chisel and the
worker with the pen,—

The restless toilers after good, who sow
and never reap,
And one who maketh music for their
souls that may not sleep.

"Each passed me with a dauntless look,
and my undaunted eyes
Were almost softened as they passed
with tears that strove to rise
At sight of all those labors, and because
that every one,
Ay, the greatest, would be greater if
my little were undone.

"They passed me, having faith in me,
and in our several ways,
Together we began to-day as on the
other days:
I felt their mighty hands at work, and,
as the days wore through,
Perhaps they felt that even I was
helping somewhat too.

"Perhaps they felt, as with those hands
they lifted mightily
The burden once more laid upon the
world so heavily,
That while they nobly held it as each
man can do and bear,
It did not wholly fall my side as though
no men were there.

"And so we toil together many a day
from morn till night,
I in the lower depths of life, they on
the lovely height;
For though the common stones are
mine, and they have lofty cares,
Their work begins where this leaves off,
and mine is part of theirs.

"And 't is not wholly mine or theirs, I
think of through the day,
But the great, eternal thing we make
together, I and they;
Far in the sunset I behold a city that
man owns,
Made fair with all their nobler toil, built
of my common stones.

"Then noonward, as the task grows
light with all the labor done,
The single thought of all the day be-
comes a joyous one;
For, rising in my heart at last where it
has lain so long,
It thrills up seeking for a voice, and
grows almost a song.

"But when the evening comes, indeed,
the words have taken wing,
The thought sings in me still, but I am
all too tired to sing:
Therefore, O you my friend, who serve
the world with minstrelsy,
Among our fellow-workers' songs make
that one song for me."



E. LEE HAMILTON.

STRANGLED.

THERE is a legend in some Spanish book
About a noisy reveller who, at night,
Returning home with others, saw a
light
Shine from a window, and climbed up
to look,
And saw within the room, hanged to a
hook
His own self-strangled self, grim, rigid,
white,
And who, struck sober by that livid
sight,
Feasting his eyes, in tongue-tied horror
shook.

Has any man a fancy to peep in
And see, as through a window, in the
past,
His nobler self, self-choked with coils of
sin,
Or sloth or folly? Round the throat
whipped fast
The nooses give the face a stiffened
grin.
'Tis but thyself. Look well. Why
be aghast?

SUNKEN GOLD.

IN dim green depths rot ingot-laden
ships,
While gold doubloons that from the
drowned hand fell
Lie nestled in the ocean-flower's bell
With Love's gemmed rings once kissed
by now dead lips.
And round some wrought-gold cup the
sea-grass whips,
And hides lost pearls, near pearls still
in their shell,
Where sea-weed forests fill each
ocean dell,
And seek dim sunlight with their count-
less tips.

So lie the wasted gifts, the long-lost
hopes,
Beneath the now hushed surface of
myself,
In lonelier depths than where the diver
gropes.
They lie deep, deep; but I at times
behold
In doubtful glimpses, on some reefy
shelf,
The gleam of irrecoverable gold.

MRS. ALICE MEYNELL

(MISS ALICE THOMPSON).

1850—

[HER first volume, *Preludes*, was published before her marriage, which occurred in 1877, and received favorable notice by Rossetti and other competent critics. She has written comparatively little in verse, and since her marriage has almost exclusively devoted herself to the composition of prose, giving special attention to matters pertaining to art criticism.]

A YOUNG CONVERT.

WHO knows what days I answer for
to-day?
Giving the bud I give the flower. I bow
This yet unfaded and a faded brow;
Bending these knees and feeble knees,
I pray.
Thoughts yet unripe in me I bend one
way,
Give one repose to pain I know not now,
One heaven to joy that comes, I guess
not how.
Oh, rash! (I smile) as one, when Spring
is gray,
Who dedicates a land of hidden wheat,
I fold to-day at altars far apart
Hands trembling with what toils? In
their retreat
I sign my love to come, my folded art.
I light the tapers at my head and feet,
And lay the crucifix on this silent
heart.

SONG.

MY Fair, no beauty of thine will last,
Save in my love's eternity.
Thy smiles, that light thee fitfully,
Are lost forever — their moment past —
Except the few thou givest to me.

Thy sweet words vanish day by day,
As all breath of mortality;
Thy laughter, done, must cease to be,
And all thy dear tones pass away,
Except the few that sing to me.

Hide then within my heart, oh, hide
All thou art loth should go from thee.
Be kinder to thyself and me.
My cupful from this river's tide
Shall never reach the long sad sea.



MISS MATHILDE BLIND.

1850—

[STEP-DAUGHTER of Karl Blind, the German author and political writer. Miss Blind is known as a skilful editor and critic of Shelley's works. In 1874 she produced a translation of Strauss's *Old Faith and the New*, and, in 1881, *The Prophecy of St. Oran, and Other Poems*. She is also the author of a *Life of George Eliot*, 1883, which has been republished in this country.]

CHRISTMAS EVE.

ALONE — with one fair star for com-
pany,
The loveliest star among the hosts of
night,
While the gray tide ebbs with the ebb-
ing light —

I pace along the darkening wintry sea.
Now round the yule log and the glitter-
ing tree
Twinkling with festive tapers, eyes as
bright
Sparkle with Christmas joys and young
delight,
As each one gathers to his family.

But I—a waif on earth where'er I
 roam —
 Uprooted with life's bleeding hopes
 and fears
 From that one heart that was my heart's
 sole home,
 Feel the old pang pierce through the
 severing years,
 And as I think upon the years to
 come
 That fair star trembles through my fall-
 ing tears.

THE DEAD.

THE dead abide with us! Though stark
 and cold
 Earth seems to grip them, they are with
 us still:

They have forged our chains of being
 for good or ill;
 And their invisible hands these hands
 yet hold.
 Our perishable bodies are the mould
 In which their strong imperishable
 will —
 Mortality's deep yearning to fulfil —
 Hath grown incorporate through dim
 time untold.

Vibrations infinite of life in death,
 As a star's travelling light survives its star!
 So may we hold our lives, that when
 we are
 The fate of those who then will draw
 this breath,
 They shall not drag us to their judg-
 ment bar,
 And curse the heritage which we be-
 queath.

EDMUND WILLIAM GOSSE.

1849-

[SON of Philip Henry Gosse, F.R.S. Born in London, Sept. 21, 1849; educated in Devon-
 shire; appointed assistant librarian at the British Museum in 1867, and received in 1875 the post
 of translator to the Board of Trade. He spent some time in Norway, Denmark, Sweden, and Hol-
 land, studying the literature of those countries. His poetical writings consist of *Madrigals*,
Songs, and Sonnets (in conjunction with a friend), 1870; *On Viol and Flute*, 1873; *King Erik*,
a Tragedy, 1876; *The Unknown Lover, a Drama*, 1878; and *New Poems*, 1879. He is also the
 author of about thirty essays contributed to Ward's *English Poets*, 1880-81. He is now engaged
 upon a complete edition of the works of Gray. His *Life of Gray*, in the *English Men of Letters*
Series, appeared in 1882.]

LYING IN THE GRASS.

BETWEEN two golden tufts of summer
 grass,
 I see the world through hot air as
 through glass,
 And by my face sweet lights and colors
 pass.
 Before me, dark against the fading
 sky,
 I watch three mowers mowing, as I lie:
 With brawny arms they sweep in har-
 mony.

Brown English faces by the sun burnt
 red,
 Rich glowing color on bare throat and
 head,
 My heart would leap to watch them,
 were I dead!
 And in my strong young living as I lie,
 I seem to move with them in har-
 mony, —
 A fourth is mowing, and that fourth
 am I,

The music of the scythes that glide
and leap,
The young men whistling as their great
arms sweep,
And all the perfume and sweet sense of
sleep,

The weary butterflies that droop their
wings,
The dreamy nightingale that hardly
sings,
And all the lassitude of happy things,

Is mingling with the warm and pulsing
blood
That gushes through my veins a lan-
guid flood,
And feeds my spirit as the sap a bud.

Behind the mowers, on the amber air,
A dark-green beech wood rises, still
and fair,
A white path winding up it like a stair.

And see that girl, with pitcher on her
head,
And clean white apron on her gown of
red,—
Her even-song of love is but half-said :

She waits the youngest mower. Now
he goes;
Her cheeks are redder than a wild
blush-rose :
They climb up where the deepest shadows
close.

But though they pass, and vanish, I am
there.
I watch his rough hands meet beneath
her hair,
Their broken speech sounds sweet to me
like prayer.

Ah! now the rosy children come to
play,
And romp and struggle with the new-
mown hay;
Their clear high voices sound from far
away.

They know so little why the world is
sad,
They dig themselves warm graves and
yet are glad;
Their muffled screams and laughter
make me mad!

I long to go and play among them
there;
Unseen, like wind, to take them by the
hair,
And gently make their rosy cheeks
more fair.

The happy children! full of frank sur-
prise,
And sudden whims and innocent ecsta-
sies;
What godhead sparkles from their liquid
eyes!

No wonder round those urns of mingled
clays
That Tuscan potters fashioned in old
days,
And colored like the torrid earth ablaze,

We find the little gods and loves por-
trayed,
Through ancient forests wandering un-
dismayed,
And fluting hymns of pleasure unafraid.

They knew, as I do now, what keen
delight,
A strong man feels to watch the tender
flight
Of little children playing in his sight;

What pure sweet pleasure, and what
sacred love,
Comes drifting down upon us from
above,
In watching how their limbs and feat-
ures move.

I do not hunger for a well-stored mind
I only wish to live my life and find
My heart in unison with all mankind

My life is like the single dewy star
That trembles on the horizon's prim-
rose-bar, —
A microcosm where all things living are.

And if, among the noiseless grasses,
Death
Should come behind and take away my
breath,
I should not rise as one who sorroweth;

For I should pass, but all the world
would be
Full of desire and young delight and
glee,
And why should men be sad through
loss of me?

The light is flying; in the silver-blue
The young moon shines from her bright
window through:
The mowers are all gone, and I go too.

THE RETURN OF THE SWAL- LOWS.

"OUT in the meadows the young grass
springs,
Shivering with sap," said the larks,
"and we
Shoot into air with our strong young
wings
Spirally up over level and lea;
Come, O Swallows, and fly with us
Now that horizons are luminous!
Evening and morning the world of
light,
Spreading and kindling, is infinite!"

Far away, by the sea in the south,
The hills of olive and slopes of fern
Whiten and glow in the sun's long
drouth,
Under the heavens that beam and
burn;
And all the swallows were gathered
there
Flitting about in the fragrant air,
And heard no sound from the larks,
but flew
Flashing under the blinding blue.

Out of the depths of their soft rich
throats

Languidly fluted the thrushes, and
said:

"Musical thought in the mild air floats,
Spring is coming and winter is dead!
Come, O Swallows, and stir the air,
For the buds are all bursting unaware,
And the drooping eaves and the elm
trees long

To hear the sound of your low sweet
song.

Over the roofs of the white Algiers,
Flashing shadowing the bright ba-
zaar,

Flitted the swallows, and not one hears
The call of the thrushes from far,
from far;

Sighed the thrushes; then, all at once,
Broke out singing the old sweet tones,
Singing the bridal of sap and shoot,
The tree's slow life between root and
fruit.

But just when the dingles of April
flowers

Shine with the earliest daffodils,
When, before sunrise, the cold clear
hours

Gleam with a promise that noon
fulfils, —

Deep in the leafage the cuckoo cried,
Perched on a spray by a rivulet-side,
Swallows, O Swallows, come back
again

To swoop and herald the April rain.

And something awoke in the slumber-
ing heart

Of the alien birds in their African air,
And they paused, and alighted, and
twittered apart,

And met in the broad white dreamy
square,

And the sad slave woman, who lifted
up

From the fountain her broad-lipped
earthen cup,

Said to herself, with a weary sigh,
"To-morrow the swallows will north-
ward fly!"

THEOPHILE MARZIALS.

1850-

SONG.

THERE'S one great bunch of stars in
heaven

That shines so sturdily,
Where good Saint Peter's sinewy hand
Holds up the dull gold-wroughten
key.

There's eke a little twinkling gem
As green as beryl-blue can be,
The lowest bead the Blessed Virgin
Shakes a-telling her rosary.

There's one that flashes flames and fire,
No doubt the mighty rubicel,
That sparkles from the centre point
I' the buckler of stout Raphael.

And also there's a little star
So white a virgin's it must be;—
Perhaps the lamp my love in heaven
Hangs out to light the way for me.

A PASTORAL.

FLOWER of the medlar,
Crimson of the quince,
I saw her at the blossom-time,
And loved her ever since!

She swept the draughty pleasance,
The blooms had left the trees,
The whilst the birds sang canticles,
In cheery symphonies.

Whiteness of the white rose,
Redness of the red,
She went to cut the blush-rose-buds
To tie at the altar-head;
And some she laid in her bosom,
And some around her brows,
And as she past, the lily-heads
All beck'd and made their bows.

Scarlet of the poppy,
Yellow of the corn,
The men were at the garnering,
A-shouting in the morn;
I chased her to a pippin-tree,—
The waking birds all whist,—
And oh! it was the sweetest kiss
That I have ever kiss'd.

Marjorie, mint, and violets
A-drying round us set,
'Twas all done in the faience-room
A-spicing marmaleet;
On one tile was a satyr,
On one a nymph at bay,
Methinks the birds will scarce be
home
To wake our wedding-day!

PHILIP BOURKE MARSTON.

1850-1887.

[BORN in London in 1850. Son of Dr. Westland Marston, poet and dramatist. When he was three years of age he received, while at play with other children, a blow in one of his eyes, which finally, in 1871, resulted in total blindness. He began to compose at an early age, and his first volume of poems, *Song Tide*, appeared in 1871, when he was only twenty-one years of age, and speedily reached a second edition. In 1873 he visited Italy. In 1874 his second volume of poems, *All in All*, appeared. Soon after, he became a contributor to Scribner's Magazine, and also wrote more or less for English periodicals. Since 1876 he has been a frequent contributor to American periodical literature both in prose and verse. His third volume, *Wind-Voices*, was published in the autumn of 1883, and has been republished in this country.]

PURE SOULS.

PURE souls that watch above me from
afar,

To whom as to the stars I raise my
eyes,
Draw me to your large skies,
Where God and quiet are.

Love's mouth is rose-red, and his voice
is sweet,

His feet are winged, his eyes are as
clear fire;

But I have no desire
To follow his winged feet.

Friendships may change, or friends may
pass away,

And Fame's a bride that men soon
weary of;

Since rest is not with Love,
No joy that is may stay.

But they whose lives are pure, whose
hearts are high —

Those shining spirits by the world
untamed,

May, at the end, unshamed,
Look on their days gone by.

O pure, strong souls, so star-like, calm,
and bright,

If even I before the end might feel,
Through quiet pulses, steal

Your pureness — with purged sight

I might Spring's gracious work behold
once more,

Might hear, as once I heard, long,
long ago,

Great waters ebb and flow,
Might smell the rose of yore,

Might comprehend the winds and
clouds again,

The saintly, peaceful moonlight hal-
lowing all,

The scent of leaves that fall,
The Autumn's tender pain.

Ah, this, I fear, shall never chance to
me,

And though I cannot shape the life I
would,

It surely still is good
To look where such lives be.

FROM FAR.

"O LOVE, come back, across the weary
way

Thou wentest yesterday —
Dear Love, come back!"

"I am too far upon my way to turn:
Be silent, hearts that yearn
Upon my track."

"O, Love! Love! Love! sweet Love
we are undone,
If thou indeed be gone
Where lost things are."

"Beyond the extremest sea's waste
light and noise,
As from Ghost-land, my voice
Is borne afar."

"O, Love, what was our sin, that we
should be
Forsaken thus by thee?
So hard a lot!"

"Upon your hearts my hands and lips
were set —
My lips of fire — and yet,
Ye knew me not."

"Nay, surely, Love! We knew thee
well, sweet Love!
Did we not breathe and move
Within thy light?"

"Ye did reject my thorns who wore my
roses;
Now darkness closes
Upon your sight."

"O Love! stern Love! be not impla-
cable.
We loved thee, Love, so well!
Come back to us."

"To whom, and where, and by what
weary way
That I went yesterday,
Shall I come thus?"

"O weep, weep, weep! for Love, who
tarried long
With many a kiss and song,
Has taken wing.

No more he lightens in our eyes like
fire;
He heeds not our desire,
Or songs we sing."

THE TEMPTRESS.

I.

UNTO the awful Temptress at my side,
From whose embrace comes madness
at the end,

I say, "I will not yield, but will de-
fend

My weary soul till body and soul divide."
"Art thou so much in love with grief?"
she cried,

"That thou wilt have no other love
or friend?"

I answered her—"In guile thou
dost transcend

All other foes who have my strength
defied."

"Once thou didst tarry in my halls,"
quoth she,

"And to fair chambers were thy foot-
steps led."

"Blood-red and hot thy kisses were,"
I said,

"Thralled was I, then, who now, at
least, am free;

But if again those floors my feet
should tread,

Then thou and Hell should have me
utterly."

II.

Because she stands so fatally close to
me,

Because I breathe in anguish with
each breath,

Who may not face the awful eyes of
Death,

Nor 'scape the pitiless eyes of Memory;
Because my soul is deaf, nor may it
see,

Because within my ear the Temptress
saith,

"Am I not fair, crowned with my
fragrant wreath?

Have I not pleasant gifts to give to
thee?"—

Because I know the sweet mouth only
lies,

Yet surely know that she is very fair—

I venture not to look into her eyes,
As in a lighter mood I might have done,

Nor touch her hand, nor idle with
her hair,

Seeing of this could come no end but
one.

III.

"Look at me once again," she pleaded
yet—

"Come thou with me, and be no
more alone;

Why should thy heart perpetually
make moan?"

She took my hand. Then, being so
beset,

I spoke no word, but turned, and our
eyes met.

My blood leaped in me, as a flame
wind-blown.

"Call me again," she said, "thy very
own,

And teach thy heart its sorrow to for-
get."

I gazed, and gazing saw that she was
fair

And full of grace; but while I looked,
behold

Her beauty like a robe fell from her
there,

And left her standing, wrinkled, lean,
and old.

"Go hence," I cried, "base mother
of sins untold,

And leave my soul its undefiled despair."

MISS A. MARY F. ROBINSON.

1857—

[BORN at Leamington, Feb. 27, 1857; educated in Belgium, at Brussels, and in Italy, and completed with literary and classical studies at University College, London. Her first volume of poems, entitled *A Handful of Honeysuckles*, appeared in 1878; *The Crowned Hippolytus*, 1881; *The New Arcadia*, 1884. She is the author of several prose works, *Janet Fisher*, *Arden*, *Life of Emily Brontë*, and has also contributed some essays to German periodicals.]

LE ROI EST MORT.

AND shall I weep that Love's no more,
And magnify his reign?
Sure never mortal man before
Would have his grief again.
Farewell the long-continued ache,
The days a-dream, the nights awake,
I will rejoice and merry make,
And never more complain.

King Love is dead and gone for aye,
Who ruled with might and main,
For with a bitter word one day,
I found my tyrant slain,
And he in Heathenesse was bred,
Nor ever was baptized, 'tis said,
Nor is of any creed, and dead
Can never rise again.

LOVE'S EPIPHANY.

TREAD softly here — for Love has passed
this way!
Ay, even while I laughed to scorn His
name
And mocked aloud: There is no Love!
Love came.
The air was glorious with an added day,
I saw the heavens opened far away,
And forth with bright blown hair and
eyes a-flame,
With lyre-shaped wings, filled with the
wind's acclaim,
Flew Love and deigned a moment here
to stay.

I fell upon my face and cried in fear,
O Love! Love! Love! my King and
God!
But when I look'd He was no longer
near.
Since then, I watch beside this grass
He trod,
And pray all day, all night, for any pain
Love can inflict, so He will come again.

PARADISE FANCIES.

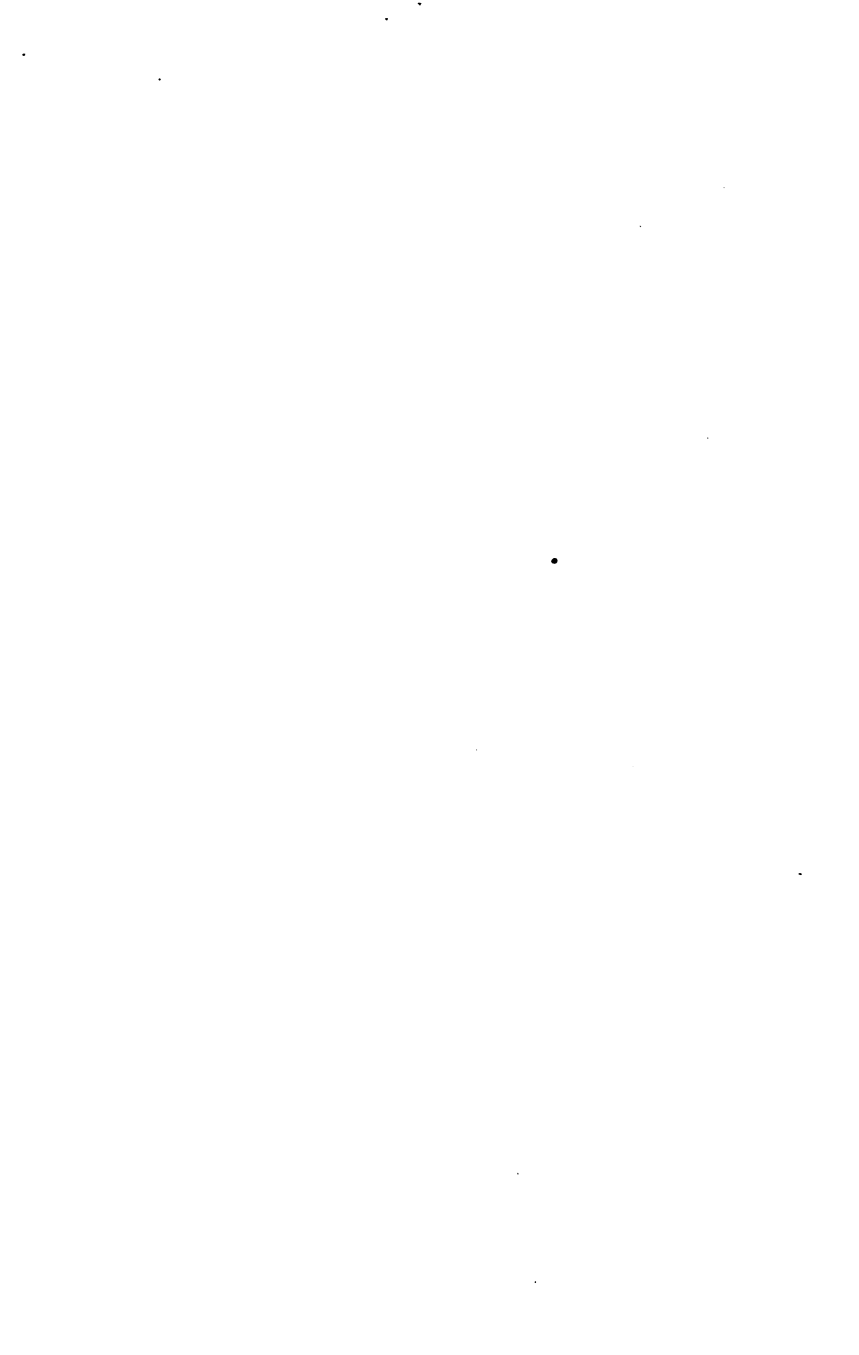
LAST night I met mine own true love
Walking in Paradise,
A halo shone above his hair,
A glory in his eyes.

We sat and sang in alleys green
And heard the angels play,
Believe me, this was true last night,
Though it is false to-day.

Through Paradise garden
A minstrel strays,
An old golden viol
For ever he plays.

Birds fly to his head,
Beasts lie at his feet,
For none of God's angels
Make music so sweet.

And here, far from Zion
And lonely and mute,
I listen and long
For my heart is the lute.



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